

THE  
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF

*Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.*

VOLUME XXVI.



BOSTON:  
FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.  
1870.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

R  
051  
At  
V. 26  
Jul. - Dec. 1870

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870,  
BY FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.,  
in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

UNIVERSITY PRESS: WELCH, BIGELOW, & CO.,  
CAMBRIDGE.

# CONTENTS.

	Page
Afoot on Colorado Desert . . . . .	Stephen Powers . . . . . 707
Black Christmas at Dix Cove . . . . .	. . . . . 678
Burlingame as an Orator, Mr. . . . .	. . . . . 629
Charles Dickens, Four Months with, I., II. . . . .	. . . . . 476, 591
Charles Dickens, Some Memories of . . . . .	J. T. Fields . . . . . 235
Color-Blindness . . . . .	H. C. Angell . . . . . 200
Confessions of a Patent-Medicine Man . . . . .	Ralph Keeler . . . . . 641
Criminal Law at Home and Abroad . . . . .	Francis Wharton . . . . . 69
Day with the Shovel-Makers, A. . . . .	. . . . . 367
Day's Pleasure, A, I., II., III. . . . .	W. D. Howells . . . . . 107, 223, 341
Drives from a French Farm, II. . . . .	Philip Gilbert Hamerton . . . . . 23
English Governess at the Siamese Court, The, IV. . . . .	Mrs. Leonowent . . . . . 144
English Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne . . . . .	G. S. Hillard . . . . . 257
English Workmen, Some . . . . .	Justin McCarthy . . . . . 458
Equal yet Diverse . . . . .	Burt G. Wilder . . . . . 39
Experiments . . . . .	C. A. H. . . . . 542
Ex-Southerner in South Carolina, An . . . . .	N. S. Shaler . . . . . 53
Father Blumhardt's Prayerful Hotel . . . . .	. . . . . 712
Fechter, Charles Albert . . . . .	Kate Field . . . . . 285
Fechter as Hamlet . . . . .	Kate Field . . . . . 553
Flitting . . . . .	W. D. Howells . . . . . 734
Footpaths . . . . .	T. W. Higginson . . . . . 513
French Claims, The . . . . .	E. H. Derby . . . . . 180
German Landlady, A . . . . .	H. H. . . . . 441
Grand Traverse Region of Michigan, The . . . . .	H. W. S. Cleveland . . . . . 191
Half-Way, I., II. . . . .	George Barroco . . . . . 205, 347
Hardhack on the Sensational in Literature and Life . . . . .	. . . . . 195
Highly Explosive . . . . .	Jane G. Austin . . . . . 527
Indian Summer . . . . .	Frances Lee Pratt . . . . . 724
Irony . . . . .	F. H. Hedge . . . . . 414
Israelitish Brethren, Our . . . . .	James Parton . . . . . 385
Jeremiah S. Black and Edwin M. Stanton . . . . .	Henry Wilson . . . . . 463
John Bull at Feed . . . . .	W. J. Stillman . . . . . 748
Joseph and his Friend, VII., VIII., IX., X., XI., XII. . . . .	Bayard Taylor . . . . . 41, 129, 274, 493, 571, 665
Kentuckian's Share in the Coup d'Etat, A. . . . .	Sydney Hyde . . . . . 216
Little Ben . . . . .	Harriet Prescott Spofford . . . . . 399
Miracle Play of 1870, in Bethlehem, New Hampshire, The . . . . .	H. H. . . . . 732
Music as a Means of Culture . . . . .	John S. Dwight . . . . . 321
Music, The Intellectual Influence of . . . . .	John S. Dwight . . . . . 614
Oldtown Fireside Stories . . . . .	Harriet Beecher Stowe . . . . .
The Widow's Bandbox . . . . .	. . . . . 62
" Mis' Elderkin's Pitcher " . . . . .	. . . . . 157
Colonel Eph's Shoe-Buckles . . . . .	. . . . . 424
Captain Kidd's Money . . . . .	. . . . . 522
The Ghost in the Cap'n Brown House . . . . .	. . . . . 654
Polar Expedition and its Hopes, The New American . . . . .	T. B. Manry . . . . . 492
Reminiscence of Benton, A . . . . .	W. C. Todd . . . . . 362
Resemblances between the Buddhist and the Roman . . . . .	. . . . .
Catholic Religions . . . . .	Lydia Maria Child . . . . . 660
Rudolph : a Monograph . . . . .	Barnet Phillips . . . . . 718
Shadow, A . . . . .	T. W. Higginson . . . . . 4
Shipping of the United States, The . . . . .	E. H. Derby . . . . . 82
Silence, A Plea for . . . . .	H. T. Tuckerman . . . . . 608
Speckled Trout . . . . .	John Burroughs . . . . . 409
Tour of Europe for \$181 in Currency, The . . . . .	Ralph Keeler . . . . . 92
Travelling Companions, I., II. . . . .	Henry James, Jr. . . . . 600, 684
Virginian in New England Thirty-Five Years ago, A, I., II., III., IV. . . . .	James Russell Lowell . . . . . 162, 333, 482, 739
Woman's Pulpit, A . . . . .	Elizabeth Stuart Phelps . . . . . 11

V12502

## POETRY.

Alarm-Bell of Atri, The . . . . .	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	1
Burden of the Day, The . . . . .	<i>Bayard Taylor</i>	155
Dorothy in the Garret . . . . .	<i>J. T. Trumbull</i>	188
Handful of Translations, A . . . . .	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	359
In the Old Churchyard at Fredericksburg . . . . .	<i>F. W. Loring</i>	273
Mountain Sonnets . . . . .	<i>Lucy Larcom</i>	332
Murillo's "Immaculate Conception" . . . . .	<i>David Gray</i>	599
My Retreat . . . . .	<i>A. West</i>	449
November Pastoral, A . . . . .	<i>Bayard Taylor</i>	626
Ode . . . . .	<i>C. P. Cranch</i>	231
Prayer-Seeker, The . . . . .	<i>J. G. Whittier</i>	652
Regret . . . . .	<i>Celia Thaxter</i>	413
Return, The . . . . .	<i>A. West</i>	521
Strip of Blue, A . . . . .	<i>Lucy Larcom</i>	676
Swallow, The . . . . .	<i>Celia Thaxter</i>	106
Threnody . . . . .	<i>A. West</i>	308
Under the Skylight . . . . .	<i>C. P. Cranch</i>	457

## REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Abbott's History of Hortense . . . . .	382
Agassiz's Journey in Brazil, and Hartt's Geology and Physical Geography of Brazil . . . . .	764
Alfred de Musset, Selections from the Prose and Poetry of . . . . .	379
Allibone's Critical Dictionary . . . . .	255
American Annual Cyclopædia, The . . . . .	512
Andersen's In Spain and Portugal . . . . .	377
Andersen's Only a Fiddler . . . . .	632
Andersen's O. T. . . . .	383
Baker's New Timothy . . . . .	504
Bazar Book of Decorum, The . . . . .	122
Beecher's Lecture-Room Talks . . . . .	118
Brown's Translation of Spielhagen's Hammer and Anvil . . . . .	636
Carlino . . . . .	382
Coffin's Seat of Empire . . . . .	256
Dall's Alaska and its Resources . . . . .	245
De Mille's Lady of the Ice . . . . .	381
De Schweinitz's Life and Times of David Zeisberger . . . . .	755
Disraeli's Lothair . . . . .	249
Emerson's Society and Solitude . . . . .	119
Galileo, The Private Life of . . . . .	375
George Sand's Monsieur Sylvestre . . . . .	760
Gilman's First Steps in English Literature . . . . .	638
Goldschmidt's Flying Mail, and other Stories . . . . .	637
Haydn and other Poems . . . . .	123
Helps's Companions of my Solitude . . . . .	760
Hingston's Genial Showman . . . . .	511
Hoyt's Report on Education . . . . .	639
Keeler's Vagabond Adventures . . . . .	759
Lady Eastlake's Life of John Gibson, Sculptor . . . . .	124
Life and Travels of Colonel James Smith, and Drake's Pioneer Life in Kentucky . . . . .	507
Locker's London Lyrics . . . . .	510
Ludlow's Heart of the Continent . . . . .	120
Macleod's Days in North India . . . . .	638
Mackenzie's Translation of Hesketh's Life of Bismarck . . . . .	252
Miss Van Kortland . . . . .	509
Orton's Andes and the Amazon . . . . .	127
Peterson's Modern Job . . . . .	511
Prentice's Wit and Humor in Paragraphs . . . . .	635
Reid's Valerie Aylmer . . . . .	761
Rossetti's Poems . . . . .	115
Ruggles's Method of Shakespeare . . . . .	254
Smart's Race for a Wife . . . . .	256
Smart's Breezie Langton . . . . .	384
Steele's (Mrs.) So runs the World away . . . . .	128
Swift's Robert Greathouse . . . . .	384
Ténot's Paris in December, 1851 . . . . .	510
Wallace's Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection . . . . .	757
Waring's Handy-Book of Husbandry . . . . .	634



THE  
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

*A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art,  
and Politics.*

---

VOL. XXVI.—JULY, 1870.—NO. CLIII.

---

THE ALARM-BELL OF ATRI.

AT Atri in Abruzzo, a small town  
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,—  
One of those little places that have run  
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,  
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,  
“I climb no farther upward, come what may”;—  
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,  
So many monarchs since have borne the name,  
Had a great bell hung in the market-place  
Beneath a roof, projecting some small space,  
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.  
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,  
And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,  
Made proclamation, that whenever wrong  
Was done to any man, he should but ring  
The great bell in the square, and he, the king,  
Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.  
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How happily the days in Atri sped,  
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.  
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,  
The hempen rope at length was worn away,  
Unravell'd at the end, and, strand by strand,  
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,  
Till one, who noted this in passing by,  
Mended the rope with braids of briony,  
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine  
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

---

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., in the Clerk's Office  
of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

VOL. XXVI.—NO. 153.

I

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt  
 A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,  
 Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods,  
 Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,  
 Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports  
 And prodigalities of camps and courts ;—  
 Loved, or had loved them ; for at last, grown old,  
 His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,  
 Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,  
 Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,  
 To starve and shiver in a naked stall,  
 And, day by day, sat brooding in his chair,  
 Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said : "What is the use or need  
 To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,  
 Eating his head off in my stables here,  
 When rents are low and provender is dear ?  
 Let him go feed upon the public ways ;  
 I want him only for the holidays."  
 So the old steed was turned into the heat  
 Of the long, lonely, silent, shadowless street ;  
 And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,  
 Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime  
 It is the custom in the summer-time,  
 With bolted doors, and window-shutters closed,  
 The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed ;  
 When suddenly upon their senses fell  
 The loud alarum of the accusing bell !  
 The Syndic started from his sweet repose,  
 Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose  
 And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace,  
 Went panting forth into the market-place,  
 Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung,  
 Reiterating with persistent tongue,  
 In half-articulate jargon, the old song :  
 "Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong !"

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade,  
 He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,  
 No shape of human form, of woman born,  
 But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,  
 Who with uplifted head and eager eye  
 Was tugging at the vines of briony.  
 "Domeneddio !" cried the Syndic straight,  
 "This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state !  
 He calls for justice, being sore distressed,  
 And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd  
Had rolled together, like a summer cloud,  
And told the story of the wretched beast  
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,  
With much gesticulation and appeal  
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.  
The Knight was called and questioned; in reply  
Did not confess the fact, did not deny;  
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,  
And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,  
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,  
That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read  
The proclamation of the King; then said:  
"Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,  
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;  
Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds,  
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!  
These are familiar proverbs; but I fear  
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.  
What fair renown, what honor, what repulse  
Can come to you from starving this poor brute?  
He who serves well and speaks not merits more  
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.  
Therefore the law decrees, that as this steed  
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed  
To comfort his old age, and to provide  
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The Knight withdrew abashed; the people all  
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.  
The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,  
And cried aloud: "Right well it pleaseth me!  
Church-bells at best but ring us to the door;  
But go not in to mass; my bell doth more:  
It cometh into court and pleads the cause  
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws;  
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,  
The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

*Henry W. Longfellow.*

## A SHADOW.

I SHALL always remember one winter evening, a little before Christmas-time, when I took a long, solitary walk in the outskirts of the town. The cold sunset had left a trail of orange light along the horizon, the dry snow tinkled beneath my feet, and the early stars had a keen, clear lustre that matched well with the sharp sound and the frosty sensation. For some time I had walked toward the gleam of a distant window, and as I approached, the light showed more and more clearly through the white curtains of a little cottage by the road. I stopped, on reaching it, to enjoy the suggestion of domestic cheerfulness in contrast with the dark outside. I could not see the inmates, nor they me; but something of human sympathy came from that steadfast ray.

As I looked, a film of shade kept appearing and disappearing with rhythmic regularity in a corner of the window, as if some one might perhaps be sitting in a low rocking-chair beside it. Presently the motion ceased, and suddenly across the curtain came the shadow of a woman. She raised in her arms the shadow of a baby, and kissed it; then both disappeared, and I walked on.

What are Raphael's Madonnas but the shadow of a mother's love, fixed in permanent outline forever? Here the group actually moved upon the canvas. The curtains which hid it revealed it. The ecstasy of human love passed in brief, intangible panorama before me. It was something seen, yet unseen; airy, yet solid; a type, yet a reality; fugitive, yet destined to last in my memory while I live. It said more to me than would any Madonna of Raphael's, for his mother never kisses her child. I believe I have never passed over that road since then, never seen the house, never heard the names of its occupants. Their character, their

history, their fate, are all unknown. But these two will always stand for me as disembodied types of humanity, the Mother and the Child, they seem nearer to me than my immediate neighbors, yet they are as ideal and impersonal as the goddesses of Greece or as Plato's archetypal man.

I know not the parentage of that child, whether black or white, native or foreign, rich or poor. It makes no difference. The presence of a baby equalizes all social conditions. On the floor of some Southern hut, scarcely so comfortable as a dog-kennel, I have seen a dusky woman look down upon her infant with such an expression of delight as painter never drew. No social culture can make a mother's face more than a mother's, as no wealth can make a nursery more than a place where children dwell. Lavish thousands of dollars on your baby-clothes, and after all the child is prettiest when every garment is laid aside. That becoming nakedness, at least, may adorn the chubby darling of the poorest home.

I know not what triumph or despair may have come and gone through that wayside house since then, what jubilant guests may have entered, what lifeless form passed out. What anguish or what sin may have come between that woman and that child; through what worlds they now wander, and whether separate or in each other's arms,—this is all unknown. Fancy can picture other joys to which the first happiness was but the prelude, and, on the other hand, how easy to imagine some special heritage of human woe and call it theirs!

"I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest,  
Lord of thy house and hospitality;  
And Grief, uneasy lover, might not rest  
Save when he sat within the touch of thee."

Nay, the foretaste of that changed fortune may have been present, even in the kiss. Who knows what absorbing

emotion, beside love's immediate impulse, may have been uttered in that shadowy embrace? There may have been some contrition for ill-temper or neglect, or some triumph over ruinous temptation, or some pledge of immortal patience, or some heart-breaking prophecy of bereavement. It may have been simply an act of habitual tenderness, or it may have been the wild reaction toward a neglected duty; the renewed self-consecration of the saint, or the joy of the sinner that repenteth? No matter. She kissed the baby. The feeling of its soft flesh, the busy struggle of its little arms between her hands, the impatient pressure of its little feet against her knees, these were the same, whatever the mood or circumstance beside. They did something to equalize joy and sorrow, honor and shame. Maternal love is love, whether a woman be a wife or only a mother. Only a mother!

The happiness beneath that roof may, perhaps, have never reached so high a point as at that precise moment of my passing. In the coarsest household, the mother of a young child is placed on a sort of pedestal of care and tenderness, at least for a time. She resumes, something of the sacredness and dignity of the maiden. Coleridge ranks as the purest of human emotions that of a husband towards a wife who has a baby at her breast, — "a feeling how free from sensual desire, yet how different from friendship!" And to the true mother, however cultivated, or however ignorant, this period of early parentage is happier than all else, in spite of its exhausting cares. In that delightful book, the letters of Mrs. Richard Trench, (mother of the well-known English writer), the most agreeable passage is perhaps that in which, after looking back upon a life spent in the most brilliant society of Europe, she gives the palm of happiness to the time when she was a young mother. She writes to her god-daughter: "I believe it is the happiest time of any woman's life, who has affectionate feelings, and is blessed with healthy and well-disposed

children. I know at least that neither the gayeties and boundless hopes of early life, nor the more grave pursuits and deeper affections of later years, are by any means comparable in my recollection with the serene, yet lively pleasure of seeing my children playing on the grass, enjoying their little temperate supper, or repeating 'with holy look' their simple prayers, and undressing for bed, growing prettier for every part of their dress they took off, and at last lying down, all freshness and love, in complete happiness, and an amiable contest for mamma's last kiss."

That kiss welcomed the child into a world where joy predominates. The vast multitude of human beings enjoy existence and wish to live. They all have their earthly life under their own control. Some religions sanction suicide; the Christian Scriptures nowhere explicitly forbid it; and yet it is a rare thing. Many persons sigh for death when it seems far off, but the inclination vanishes when the boat upsets, or the locomotive runs off the track, or the measles set in. A wise physician once said to me: "I observe that every one wishes to go to heaven, but I observe that most people are willing to take a great deal of very disagreeable medicine first." The lives that one least envies — as of the Digger Indian or the outcast boy in the city — are yet sweet to the living. "They have only a pleasure like that of the brutes," we say with scorn. But what a racy and substantial pleasure is that! The flashing speed of the swallow in the air, the cool play of the minnow in the water, the dance of twin butterflies round a thistle-blossom, the thundering gallop of the buffalo across the prairie, nay, the clumsy walk of the grizzly bear; it were doubtless enough to reward existence, could we have joy like such as these, and ask no more. This is the hearty physical basis of animated life, and as step by step the savage creeps up to the possession of intellectual manhood, each advance brings with it new sorrow and new joy, with the joy always leading.

There are many who will utterly disavow this creed that life is desirable in itself. A fair woman in a ball-room, exquisitely dressed, and possessed of all that wealth could give, once declared to me her belief—and I think honestly—that no person over thirty was consciously happy, or would wish to live, but for the fear of death. There could not even be pleasure in one's children, she asserted, since they were living in such a world of sorrow. Asking the opinion, within half an hour, of another woman as fair and as favored by fortune, I found directly the opposite verdict. "For my part I can truly say," she answered, "that I enjoy every moment I live." The varieties of temperament and of physical condition will always afford us these extremes; but the truth lies between them, and most persons will endure many sorrows and still find life sweet.

And the mother's kiss welcomes the child into a world where good predominates as well as joy. What recreants must we be, in an age that has abolished slavery in America and popularized the governments of all Europe, if we doubt that the tendency of man is upward! How much that the world calls selfishness is only generosity with narrow walls,—a too exclusive solicitude to maintain a wife in luxury or make one's children rich! In an audience of rough people a generous sentiment always brings down the house. In the tumult of war both sides applaud an heroic deed. A courageous woman, who had traversed alone, on benevolent errands, the worst parts of New York, told me that she never felt afraid except in the solitudes of the country; wherever there was a crowd, she found a protector. A policeman of great experience once spoke to me with admiration of the fidelity of professional thieves to each other, and the risks they would run for the women whom they loved; when "Bristol Bill" was arrested, he said, there was found upon the burglar a set of false keys, not quite finished, by which he would certainly, within twenty-four hours, have had his

mistress out of jail. Parent-Duchatelet found always the remains of modesty among the fallen women of Paris hospitals; and Mayhew, amid the London outcasts, says that he thinks better of human nature every day. Even among politicians, whom it is our American fashion to revile as the chief of sinners, there is less of evil than of good. In Wilberforce's "Memoirs" there is an account of his having once asked Mr. Pitt whether his long experience as Prime Minister had made him think well or ill of his fellow-men. Mr. Pitt answered, "Well"; and his successor, Lord Melbourne, being asked the same question, answered, after a little reflection, "My opinion is the same as that of Mr. Pitt."

Let us have faith. It was a part of the vigor of the old Hebrew tradition to rejoice when a man-child was born into the world; and the maturer strength of nobler ages should rejoice over a woman-child as well. Nothing human is wholly sad, until it is effete and dying out. Where there is life there is promise. "Vitality is always hopeful," was the verdict of the most refined and clear-sighted woman who has yet traversed the rough mining villages of the Rocky Mountains. There is apt to be a certain coarse virtue in rude health; as the Germanic races were purest when least civilized, and our American Indians did not unlearn chastity till they began to decay. But even where vigor and vice are found together, they still may hold a promise for the next generation. Out of the strong cometh forth sweetness. Parisian wickedness is not so discouraging merely because it is wicked, as from a suspicion that it is draining the life-blood of the nation. A mob of miners or of New York bullies may be uncomfortable neighbors, and may make a man of refinement hesitate whether to stop his ears or to feel for his revolver; but they hold more promise for the coming generations than the line which ends in Madame Bovary or the Vicomte de Camors.

But behind that cottage curtain, at

any rate, a new and prophetic life had begun. I cannot foretell that child's future, but I know something of its past. The boy may grow up into a criminal, the woman into an outcast, yet the baby was beloved. It came "not in utter nakedness." It found itself heir of the two prime essentials of existence,—life and love. Its first possession was a woman's kiss; and in that heritage the most important need of its career was guaranteed. "An ounce of mother," says the Spanish proverb, "is worth a pound of clergy." Jean Paul says that in life every successive influence affects us less and less, so that the circumnavigator of the globe is less influenced by all the nations he has seen than by his nurse. Well may the child imbibe that reverence for motherhood which is the first need of man. Where woman is most a slave, she is at least sacred to her soul. The Turkish sultan must prostrate himself at the door of his mother's apartments, and were he known to have insulted her, it would make his throne tremble. Among the savage African Tovaricks, if two parents disagree, it is to the mother that the child's obedience belongs. Over the greater part of the earth's surface, the foremost figures in all temples are the Mother and Child. Christian and Buddhist nations, numbering together two thirds of the world's population, unite in this worship. Into the secrets of the ritual that baby in the window had already received initiation.

And how much spiritual influence may in turn have gone forth from that little one. The coarsest father gains a new impulse to labor from the moment of his baby's birth; he scarcely sees it when awake, and yet it is with him all the time. Every stroke he strikes is for his child. New social aims, new moral motives, come vaguely up to him. The London costermonger told Mayhew that he thought every man would like his child to have a better start in the world than himself. After all, there is no tonic like the affections. Philosophers express wonder that the divine

laws should give to some young girl, almost a child, the custody of an immortal soul. But what instruction the baby brings to the mother! She learns patience, self-control, endurance; her very arm grows strong, so that she can hold the dear burden longer than the father can. She learns to understand character, too, by dealing with it. "In training my first children," said a wise mother to me, "I thought that all were born just the same, and that I was wholly responsible for what they should become. I learned by degrees that each had a temperament of its own, which I must study before I could teach it." And thus, as children grow older, their dawning instincts guide those of the parents; their questions suggest new answers, and to have loved them is a liberal education.

For the height of heights is love. The philosopher dries into a skeleton like that he investigates, unless love teaches him. He is blind among his microscopes, unless he sees in the humblest human soul a revelation that dwarfs all the world beside. While he grows gray in ignorance among his crucibles, every girlish mother is being illuminated by every kiss of her child. That house is so far sacred, which holds within its walls this new-born heir of eternity. But to dwell on these high mysteries would take us into depths beyond the present need of mother or of child, and it is better that the greater part of the baby-life should be that of an animated toy.

Perhaps it is well for all of us that we should live mostly on the surfaces of things and should play with life, to avoid taking it too hard. In a nursery the youngest child is a little more than a doll, and the doll is a little less than a child. What spell does fancy weave on earth like that which the one of these small beings performs for the other? This battered and tattered doll, this shapeless, featureless, possibly legless creature, whose mission it is to be dragged by one arm, or stood upon its head in the bathing-tub, until it finally reverts to the rag-bag whence it came,



— what an affluence of breathing life is thrown around it by one touch of dawning imagination! Its little mistress will find all joy unavailing without its sympathetic presence, will confide every emotion to its pen-and-ink ears, and will weep passionate tears if its extremely soiled person is pricked when its clothes are mended. What psychologist, what student of the human heart, has ever applied his subtle analysis to the emotions of a child toward her doll?

I read lately the charming autobiography of a little girl of eight years, written literally from her own dictation. Since "Pet Marjorie" I have seen no such actual self-revelation on the part of a child. In the course of her narration she describes, with great precision and correctness, the travels of the family through Europe in the preceding year, assigning usually the place of importance to her doll, who appears simply as "My Baby." Nothing can be more grave, more accurate, more serious than the whole history, but nothing in it seems quite so real and alive as the doll. "When we got to Nice, I was sick. The next morning the doctor came, and he said I had something that was very much like scarlet fever. Then I had Annie take care of baby, and keep her away, for I was afraid she would get the fever. She used to cry to come to me, but I knew it would n't be good for her."

What firm judgment is here, what tenderness without weakness, what discreet motherhood! When Christmas came, it appears that baby hung up her stocking with the rest. Her devoted parent had bought for her a slate with a real pencil. Others provided thimble and scissors and bodkin and a spool of thread, and a travelling-shawl with a strap, and a cap with tarlatan ruffles. "I found baby with the cap on early in the morning, and she was so pleased she almost jumped out of my arms." Thus in the midst of visits to the Coliseum and St. Peter's, the drama of early affection goes always on. "I used to take her to hear the

band, in the carriage, and she went everywhere I did."

But the love of all dolls, as of other pets, must end with a tragedy, and here it comes. "The next place we went to was Lucerne. There was a lovely lake there, but I had a very sad time. One day I thought I'd take baby down to breakfast, and, as I was going up stairs, my foot slipped and baby broke her head. And O, I felt so bad! and I cried out, and I ran up stairs to Annie, and mamma came, and O, we were all so sorry! And mamma said she thought I could get another head, but I said, 'It won't be the same baby.' And mamma said, maybe we could make it seem so."

At this crisis the elder brother and sister departed for Mount Righi. "They were going to stay all night, and mamma and I stayed at home to take care of each other. I felt very bad about baby and about their going, too. After they went, mamma and I thought we would go to the little town and see what we could find." After many difficulties, a waxen head was discovered. "Mamma bought it, and we took it home and put it on baby; but I said it was n't like my real baby, only it was better than having no child at all!"

This crushing bereavement, this reluctant acceptance of a child by adoption, to fill the vacant heart, — how real and formidable is all this rehearsal of the tragedies of maturer years! I knew an instance in which the last impulse of ebbing life was such a gush of imaginary motherhood. A dear young friend of mine, whose sweet charities prolong into a third generation the unbounded benevolence of old Isaac Hopper, used to go at Christmas-time with dolls and other gifts to the poor children on Randall's Island. Passing the bed of a little girl whom the physician pronounced to be unconscious and dying, the kind visitor insisted on putting a doll into her arms. Instantly the eyes of the little invalid opened, and she pressed the gift eagerly to her heart, murmuring over it and caressing it. The matron afterwards wrote that



the child died within two hours, wearing a happy face, and still clinging to her new-found treasure.

And beginning with this transfer of all human associations to a doll, the child's life interfuses itself readily among all the affairs of the elders. When it appears, formality vanishes; the most oppressive ceremonial is a little relieved when children enter. Their presence is pervasive and irresistible, like that of water, which adapts itself to any landscape, — always takes its place, welcome or unwelcome, — keeps its own level and seems always to have its natural and proper margin. Out of doors how children mingle with nature, and seem to begin just where birds and butterflies leave off! Leigh Hunt, with his delicate perceptions, paints this well: "The voices of children seem as natural to the early morning as the voice of the birds. The suddenness, the lightness, the loudness, the sweet confusion, the sparkling gaiety, seem alike in both. The sudden little jangle is now here and now there; and now a single voice calls to another, and the boy is off like the bird." So Heine, with deeper thoughtfulness, noticed the "intimacy with the trees" of the little wood-gatherer in the Hartz Mountains; soon the child whistled like a linnet, and the other birds all answered him; then he disappeared in the thicket with his bare feet and his bundle of brushwood. "Children," thought Heine, "are younger than we, and can still remember the time when they were trees or birds, and can therefore understand and speak their language; but we are grown old, and have too many cares, and too much jurisprudence and bad poetry in our heads."

But why go to literature for a recognition of what one may see by opening one's eyes? Before my window there is a pool, two rods square, that is haunted all winter by children, — clearing away the snow of many a storm, if need be, and mining downward till they strike the ice. I look this morning from the window, and the pond is

bare. In a moment I happen to look again, and it is covered with a swarm of boys; a great migrating flock has settled upon it, as if swooping down from parts unknown to scream and sport themselves here. The air is full of their voices; they have all tugged on their skates instantaneously, as it were by magic. Now they are in a confused cluster, now they sweep round and round in a circle, now it is broken into fragments and as quickly formed again; games are improvised and abandoned; there seems to be no plan or leader, but all do as they please, and yet somehow act in concert, and all chatter all the time. Now they have alighted, every one, upon the bank of snow that edges the pond, each scraping a little hollow in which to perch. Now every perch is vacant again, for they are all in motion; each moment increases the jangle of shrill voices, — since a boy's outdoor whisper to his nearest crony is as if he was hailing a ship in the offing, — and what they are all saying can no more be made out than if they were a flock of gulls or blackbirds. I look away from the window once more, and when I glance out again there is not a boy in sight. They have whirled away like snowbirds, and the little pool sleeps motionless beneath the cheerful wintry sun. Who but must see how gradually the joyous life of the animal rises through childhood into man, — since the soaring gnats, the glancing fishes, the sliding seals are all represented in this mob of half-grown boyhood just released from school.

If I were to choose among all gifts and qualities that which, on the whole, makes life pleasantest, I should select the love of children. No circumstance can render this world wholly a solitude to one who has this possession. It is a freemasonry. Wherever one goes, there are the little brethren and sisters of the mystic tie. No diversity of race or tongue makes much difference. A smile speaks the universal language. "If I value myself on anything," said the lonely Hawthorne, "it is on hav-

ing a smile that children love." They are such prompt little beings, too ; they require so little prelude ; hearts are won in two minutes, at that frank period, and so long as you are true to them they will be true to you. They use no argument, no bribery. They have a hearty appetite for gifts, no doubt, but it is not for these that they love the giver. Take the wealth of the world and lavish it with counterfeited affection : I will win all the children's hearts away from you by empty-handed love. The gorgeous toys will dazzle them for an hour ; then their instincts will revert to their natural friends. In visiting a house where there are children I do not like to take them presents : it is better to forego the pleasure of the giving than to divide the welcome between yourself and the gift. Let that follow after you are gone.

It is an exaggerated compliment to women when we ascribe to them alone this natural sympathy with childhood. It is an individual, not a sexual trait, and is stronger in many men than in many women. It is nowhere better exhibited in literature than where the happy Wilhelm Meister takes his boy by the hand, to lead him "into the free and lordly world." Such love is not universal among the other sex, though men, in that humility which so adorns their natures, keep up the pleasing fiction that it is. As a general rule any little girl feels some glimmerings of emotion towards anything that can pass for a doll, but it does not follow that, when grown older, she will feel as ready an instinct toward every child. Try it. Point out to a woman some bundle of blue-and-white or white-and-scarlet in some one's arms at the next street corner. Ask her, "Do you love that baby?" Not one woman in three will say promptly, "Yes." The others will hesitate, will bid you wait till they are

nearer, till they can personally inspect the little thing and take an inventory of its traits ; it may be dirty, too ; it may be diseased. Ah, but this is not to love children, and you might as well be a man. To love children is to love childhood, instinctively, at whatever distance, the first impulse being one of attraction, though it may be checked by later discoveries. Unless your heart commands at least as long a range as your eye, it is not worth much. The dearest saint in my calendar never entered a railway car that she did not look round for a baby, which, when discovered, must always be won at once into her arms. If it was dirty, she would have been glad to bathe it ; if ill, to heal it ; it would not have seemed to her anything worthy the name of love, to seek only those who were wholesome and clean. Like the young girl in Holmes's most touching poem, she would have claimed as her own the outcast child whom nurses and physicians had abandoned.

"Take her, dread Angel ! Break in love  
This bruised reed and make it thine !"  
No voice descended from above,  
But Avis answered, 'She is mine !'"

When I think of the self-devotion which the human heart can contain, — of those saintly souls that are in love with sorrow, and that yearn to shelter all weakness and all grief, — it inspires an unspeakable confidence that there must also be an instinct of parentage beyond this human race, a heart of hearts, *cor cordium*. As we all crave something to protect, so we long to feel ourselves protected. We are all infants before the Infinite ; and as I turned from that cottage window to the resplendent sky, it was easy to fancy that mute embrace, that shadowy symbol of affection, expanding from the narrow lattice till it touched the stars, gathering every created soul into the arms of Immortal Love.

T. W. Higginson.

## A WOMAN'S PULPIT.

I FELL to regretting to-day, for the first time in my life, that I am an old maid; for this reason: I have a very serious, long, religious story to tell, and a brisk matrimonial quarrel would have been such a vivacious, succinct, and secular means of introducing it.

But when I said, one day last winter, "I want some change," it was only Mädden who suggested, "Wait for specie payment."

And when I said, for I felt sentimental, and it was Sunday too, "I will offer myself as a missionary in Boston," I received no more discouraging reply than, "I think I see you! You'd walk in and ask if anything could be done for their souls to-day? And if they said No, you'd turn around and come out!"

And when I urged, "The country heathen requires less courage; I will offer myself in New Vealshire," I was met by no louder lion than the insinuation, "Perhaps I meant to turn Universalist, then?"

"Mädden!" said I, "you know better!"

"Yes," said Mädden.

"And you know I could preach as well as anybody!"

"Yes," said Mädden.

"Well!" said I.

"Well!" said Mädden.

So that was all that was said about it. For Mädden is a woman and minds her own business.

It should be borne in mind, that I am a woman "myself, Mr. Copperfull," and that the following correspondence, now for the first time given to the public, was accordingly finished and filed, before Mädden ever saw or thought of it.

This statement is not at all to the point of my purpose, further than that it may have, as I suppose, some near or remote bearings, movable on springs to demand, upon the business abilities

—by which, as nearly as I can make out, is meant the power of holding one's tongue — of the coming woman, and that I am under stress of oath never to allow an opportunity to escape me, of strewing my garments in the way of her distant, royal feet.

"To be sparing," as has been said, "of prefatory, that is to say, of condemnatory remarking," I append at once an accurate vellum copy of the valuable correspondence in question.

HERCULES, February 28, 18—.

SECRETARY OF THE NEW VEALSHIRE HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: — I am desirous of occupying one of your vacant posts of ministerial service: place and time entirely at your disposal. I am not a college graduate, nor have I yet applied for license to preach. I am, however, I believe, the possessor of a fair education, and of some slight experience in usefulness of a kind akin to that which I seek under your auspices, as well as of an interest in the neglected portions of New England, which *ought* to warrant me success in an attempt to serve their religious welfare.

For confirmation of these statements I will refer you, if you like, to the Rev. Dr. Dagon of Dagönsville, and to Professor Tacitus of Sparta.

An answer at your earliest convenience, informing me if you are disposed to accept my services, and giving me details of terms and times, will oblige,

Yours respectfully,

J. W. BANGS.

HARMONY, N. V., March 5, 18—.

J. W. BANGS, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR: — Your lack of collegiate education is an objection to your filling one of our stations, but not an insurmountable one. I like your letter, and am inclined to think favorably of the question of accepting your services. I should probably send you among the

Gray Hills, and in March. We pay six dollars a week and "found." Will this be satisfactory? Let me hear from you again.

Truly yours,

Z. Z. ZANGROW,  
*Sect. N. V. H. M. S.*

P. S. I have been too busy as yet to pursue your recommendations, but have no doubt that they are satisfactory.

HERCULES, March 9, 18—.

REV. DR. ZANGROW.

DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 5th is at hand. Terms are satisfactory. I neglected to mention in my last that I am a woman.

Yours truly,

JERUSHA W. BANGS.

HARMONY, N. V., March 9, 18—.

JERUSHA W. BANGS.

DEAR MADAM:—You have played me an admirable joke. Regret that I have no time to return it.

Yours very sincerely,

Z. Z. ZANGROW, *Sect.*

HERCULES, March 11th.

DEAR SIR:—I was never more in earnest in my life.

Yours,

J. W. BANGS.

HARMONY, March 14th.

DEAR MADAM:—I am sorry to hear it.

Yours,

Z. Z. ZANGROW.

HERCULES, March 15, 18—.

REV. DR. ZANGROW.

MY DEAR SIR:—After begging your pardon for encroaching again upon your time and patience, permit me to inquire if you are not conscious of some slight—we will call it by its mildest possible cognomen—inconsistency in your recent correspondence with me? By your own showing, I am individually and concretely qualified for the business in question; I am generally and abstractly beyond its serious recognition. As an educated American Christian, I am capable, by the word that goeth forth out of my mouth, of saving the Vealshire Mountain soul. As an

educated American Christian woman, I am remanded by the piano and the crochet-needle to the Hercules parlor soul.

You will—or you would, if it fell to your lot—send me under the feminine truce flag of "teacher" into Virginia to speak on Sabbath mornings to a promiscuous audience of a thousand negroes; you forbid me to manage a score of White-Mountaineers. Mr. Spurgeon's famous lady parishioner may preach to a "Sabbath-school class" of seven hundred men: you would deny her the scanty hearing of your mission pulpits.

My dear sir, to crack a hard argument, you have, in the words of Sir William the logical, "mistaken the associations of thought for the connections of existence." If you will appoint me a brief meeting at your own convenience in your own office in Harmony, I shall not only be very much in debt to your courtesy, but I shall convince you that you ought to send me into New Vealshire.

Meantime I am

Sincerely yours,

J. W. BANGS.

HARMONY, March 18, 18—.

MY DEAR MISS BANGS:—You are probably aware that, while it is not uncommon in the Universalist pulpit to find the female preacher, she is a specimen of humanity quite foreign to Orthodox ecclesiastical society.

I will confess to you, however (since you are determined to have your own way), that I have expressed in our hurried correspondence rather a denominational and professional than an individual opinion.

I can give you fifteen minutes on Tuesday next at twelve o'clock in my office, No. 41 Columbia Street.

It will at least give me the pleasure to make your personal acquaintance, whether I am able or not to gratify your enthusiastic and somewhat eccentric request.

I am, my dear madam,

Cordially yours,

Z. Z. ZANGROW, *Sect.*

I went, I saw, I conquered. I stayed fifteen minutes, just. I talked twelve of them. The secretary sat and drummed meditatively upon the table for the other three. He was a thin man in a white cravat. Two or three other thin men in white cravats came in as I was about to leave. The secretary whispered to them; they whispered to the secretary: they and the secretary looked at me. Somebody shook his head: somebody else shook his head. The secretary, drumming, smiled. Drumming and smiling, he bowed me out, merely remarking that I should hear from him in the course of a few days.

In the course of a few days I heard from him. I have since acquired a vague suspicion, which did not dawn at the time upon my broadest imagination, that the secretary sent me into New Vealshire as a private, personal, metaphysical speculation upon the woman question, and that the New Vealshire Home Missionary Society would sooner have sent me to heaven.

However that may be, I received from the secretary the following:—

HARMONY, N. V., March 23, 18—.

DEAR MISS BANGS:—I propose to send you as soon as possible to the town of Storm, New Vealshire, to occupy on trial, for a few weeks, a small church long unministered to, nearly extinct. You will be met at the station by a person of the name of Dobbins, with whom I shall make all necessary arrangements for your board and introduction.

When can you go?

Yours, etc.,

Z. Z. ZANGROW, *Sect.*

HERCULES, March 24, 18—.

MY DEAR DR. ZANGROW:—I can go to-morrow.

Yours, etc.,

J. W. BANGS.

A telegram from the secretary, however, generously allowed me three days "to pack." If I had been less kindly entreated at his hands, I should have had nothing to pack but my wounded dignity. I *always* travel in a bag.

Did he expect me to preach out a Saratoga trunkful of flounces? I explosively demanded of Mädchen?

"He is a man," said Mädchen, soothingly, "and he has n't behaved in the least like one. Don't be hard upon him."

I relented so far as to pack a lace collar and an extra paper of hairpins. Mädchen suggested my best bonnet. I am sorry to say that I locked her out of the room.

For the benefit of any of my sex who may feel induced to follow in my footsteps, I will here remark that I packed one dress, Barnes on Matthew, Olshausen on something else, a Tischendorff Testament, Mädchen's little English Bible, Jeremy Taylor (Selections), and my rubber boots. Also, that my bag was of the large, square species, which gapes from ear to ear.

"It is n't here," said Mädchen, patiently, as I locked the valise.

"Mädchen," said I, severely, "if you mean my Florentine, I am perfectly aware of it. I am going to preach in black ties, — always!"

"Storm!" said Mädchen, concisely. As that was precisely what I was doing, to the best of my abilities, I regarded Mädchen confusedly, till I saw the Pathfinder on her knees, her elbows on the Pathfinder, and her chin in her hands.

"It is n't here," repeated Mädchen, "nor anything nearer to it than Whirlwind. That's in the eastern part of Connecticut."

I think the essentially feminine fancy will before this have dwelt upon the fact that the secretary's letter was not, to say the least of it, opulent in directions for reaching the village of Storm. I do not think mine is an essentially feminine fancy. I am sure this never had occurred to me.

When it comes to Railway Guides, I am not, nor did I ever profess to be, strong-minded. When I trace, never so patiently, the express to Kamtschatka, I am let out of the Himalaya, Saturday-night accommodation. If I aim at a morning call in the Hima-

layas, I am morally sure to be landed on the southern peak of Patagonia. Mädchen, you understand, would leave her card in the Himalayas, if she had to make the mountains when she got there.

So, when Mädchen closed the Pathfinder with a snap of despair, I accepted her fiat without the wildest dream of disputing it, simply remarking that perhaps the conductor would know.

"Undoubtedly," said Mädchen, with her scientific smile. "Tell him you are going to see Mr. Dobbin of New Vealshire. He cannot fail to set you down at his back door."

He did, or nearly. If I cannot travel on paper, I can on iron. Although in the Pathfinder's index I am bewildered, routed, *non est inventus*, "a woman and an idiot," I can master the *patois* of brakemen and the hearts of conductors with unerring ease. I am sure I don't know how I got to Storm, and when I got there I was sure I didn't know how I was to get back again; but the fact remains that I got there. I repeat it with emphasis. I beg especially to call the masculine attention to it. I desire the future historian of "Woman in the Sacred Desk," as he playfully skims the surface of antiquated opposition to this then long-established phase of civilization, to make a note of it, that there *was* a woman, and she at the disadvantage of a pioneer, who got there.

Before proceeding to a minute account of my clerical history, I should like to observe, for the edification of the curious as well as for the instruction of the imitative, that I labored under the disadvantage of ministering to two separate and distinct parishes, which it was as impossible to reconcile as hot coals and parched corn. These were the Parish Real and the Parish Ideal. At their first proximity to each other, my ideal parish hopped in the corn-popper of my startled imagination, and, as nearly as I can testify, continued in active motion till the popper was full.

Let us, then, in the first place, briefly consider (you will bear, I am sure,

under the circumstances, with my "porrochial" style)

### *The Parish Ideal.*

It was "in the wilderness astray," but it abounded in fresh meat and canned vegetables. Its inhabitants were heathen, of a cultivated turn of mind. Its opportunities were infinite, its demands delicately considerate; its temper was amiable, its experience infantine. It numbered a score or so of souls, women and children for the most part; with a few delightful old men, whose white hairs would go down in sorrow to the grave, should they miss, in the afternoon of life, the protecting shade of my ministrations. I collected my flock in some rude tenement,—a barn perhaps, or antiquated school-house,—half exposed to the fury of the elements, wholly picturesque and poetical. Among them, but not of them, at a little table probably, with a tallow candle, I sat and talked, as the brooks run, as the clouds fly, as waves break; smoothly, as befitted a kind of New Vealshire *conversazione*; eloquently, as would Wesley, as would Whitfield, as would Chalmers, Spurgeon, Beecher.

Royally but modestly, I ruled their stormy hearts. (N. B. No pun intended.) Their rude lives opened, paved with golden glories, to my magic touch. Hearts, which masculine wooing would but have intrenched in their shells of ignorance and sin, bowed, conquered, and chained to their own well-being and the glory of God—or their minister—by my woman's fingers. I lived among them as their idol, and died—for I would die in their service—as their saint. Mädchen might stay at home and make calls. For me, I had found the arena worthy of my possibilities, and solely created for my happiness.

I wish to say just here, that, according to the best information which I can command, there was nothing particularly uncommon, certainly nothing particularly characteristic of my sex, in

this mental *pas seul* through which I tripped. I suspect that I was no more interested in myself, and as much interested in my parishioners, as most young clergymen. The Gospel ministry is a very poor business investment, but an excellent intellectual one. Your average pastor must take care of his own horse, dress his daughter in her rich relations' cast-off clothing, and never be able to buy the new Encyclopædia, as well as at the end of twenty years as of two. But he bounds from his recitation-room into a position of unquestioned and unquestionable official authority and public importance, in two months. No other profession offers him this advantage. To be sure, no other profession enfolds the secret, silent, tremendous struggles and triumphs, serving and crowning of the Christian minister,—a struggle and service which no patent business motive can touch at arm's length; a triumph and crown which it is impossible to estimate by the tests of the bar, the bench, the lecture-room. But as it is perfectly well known that this magazine is never read on Sundays, and that the introduction of any but "week-day holiness" into it would be the ruin of it, I refrain from pursuing my subject in any of its finer, inner lights, such as you can bear, you know, after church, very comfortably; and have only to bespeak your patience for my delay in introducing you to

#### *The Parish Real.*

I arrived there on Saturday night, at the end of the day, a ten miles' stage-ride, and a final patch of crooked railway, in a snow-storm. Somebody who lectures some where described the unique sensations of hunting in a railway station for a "committee" who never saw you, and whom you never saw. He should tell you how I found Mr. Dobbin, for I am sure I cannot. I found myself landed in a snow-drift—I suppose there was a platform under it, but I never got so far—with three other women. The three women had on waterproofs; I had on a water-

proof. There were four men and a half, as nearly as I could judge, in slouched hats, to be seen in or about the little crazy station. One man, one of the whole ones, was a ticketed official of some kind; the other two were lounging against the station walls, making a spittoon of my snow-drift; the half-man was standing with his hands in his pockets.

"Was you lookin' for anybody in partikkelar?" said one of the waterproofs, thoughtfully, or curiously, as I stood dismally regarding the prospect.

"Thank you. Yes. Can you tell me if Mr. Do—"

"obbins," said the half-man at this juncture, "Bangs?"

"Yes, sir."

"New parson?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's the talk!" said Mr. Dobbins. "Step right round here, ma'am!"

"Right round here," brought us up against an old buggy sleigh, and an old horse with patient ears. "Hold on a spell," said Mr. Dobbins, "I'll put ye in."

Now Mr. Dobbins was not, as I have intimated, a large man. Whether he were actually a dwarf, or whether he only got so far and stopped, I never satisfactorily discovered. But at all events, I could have "put" Mr. Dobbins into anything twice as comfortably as I could support the reversal of the process; to say nothing of the fact that the ascent of a sleigh is not at most a superhuman undertaking. However, not wishing to wound his feelings, I submitted to the situation, and Mr. Dobbins handed me in and tucked me up, with consummate gallantry. I mention this circumstance, not because I was prepared for, or expected, or demanded, in my ministerial capacity, any peculiar deference to my sex, but because it is indicative of the treatment which, throughout my ministerial experience, I received.

"Comfortable?" asked Mr. Dobbins after a pause, as we turned our faces eastward, towards a lonely landscape of billowy gray and white, and in



the jaws of the storm ; ' ' cause there ' s four miles and three quarters of this. Tough for a lady. ' '

I assured him that I was quite comfortable, and that if the weather were tough for a lady, I was too.

" You don ' t ! " said Mr. Dobbins.

Another pause followed, after which Mr. Dobbins delivered himself of the following : —

" Been at the trade long ? "

" Of preaching ? Not long. "

" Did n ' t expect it, you know " (confidentially). " Not such a young un. Never thought on ' t. "

Not feeling called upon to make any reply to this, I made none, and we braved in silence the great gulps of mountain wind that wellnigh swept the buggy sleigh over.

" Nor so good lookin ' , neither, " said Mr. Dobbins, when we had ridden perhaps half a mile.

This was discouraging. A vision of Mädchen scientifically smiling, of the Rev. Dr. Z. Z. Zangrow dubiously drumming, of the New Vealshire Home Missionary Society shaking its head, drifted distinctly by me, in the wild white whirlpool over Mr. Dobbins ' s hat.

Were my professional prospects to be gnawed at the roots by a dispensation of Providence for which I was, it would be admitted by the most prejudiced, not in the least accountable ? Were the Universalist clergywomen never young and " good lookin ' ? "

I did not ask Mr. Dobbins the question, but his next burst of eloquence struck athwart it thus : —

" Had ' em here in spots, ye see ; Spiritooalist and sech. There ' s them as thinks ' t ain ' t scriptooral in women folks to hev a hand in the business, noway. Then ag ' in there ' s them as feels very like the chap whose wife took to beatin ' of him ; ' It amuses her, and it don ' t hurt me. ' Howsomever, there ' s them as jest as lieves go to meetin ' as not, when there ' s nothin ' else goin ' on. Last one brought her baby, and her husband he sat with his head ag ' in the door, and held it. "

To these consoling observations Mr.

Dobbins added, I believe, but two others in the course of our four miles and three quarters ' drive ; these were equally cheering : —

" S ' pose you know you ' re ticketed to Samphiry ' s. "

I was obliged to admit that I had never so much as heard a rumor of the existence of Samphiry.

" Cousin of mine, " explained Mr. Dobbins, " on the mother ' s side. Children got the mumps down to her place. Six on ' em. "

It will be readily inferred that Mr. Dobbins dropped me in the drifts about Samphiry ' s front door, in a subdued state of mind. Samphiry greeted me with a sad smile. She was a little yellow woman in a red calico apron. Six children, in various picturesque stages of the disease which Mr. Dobbins had specified, hung about her.

" Law me, child ! " said Samphiry, when she had got me in by the fire, taken my dripping hat and cloak, and turned me full in the dying daylight and living firelight. " Why, I don ' t believe you ' re two year older than Mary Ann ! "

Mary Ann, an overgrown child of perhaps seventeen, in short dresses buttoned up behind, sat with her mouth open, and looked at me during the expression of this encouraging comparison.

I assumed my severest ministerial gravity and silence, but my heart was sinking.

I had salt-pork and barley bread for supper, and went to bed in a room where the ice stood on my hair all night, where I wrapped it around my throat as a preventive of diphtheria. I was prepared for hardship, however, and bore these little physical inconveniences bravely ; but when one of Mary Ann ' s brothers, somewhere in the extremely small editions, cried aloud from midnight to five A. M., and Samphiry apologized for the disturbance the next morning on this wise : " — Hope you was n ' t kept awake last night, I ' m sure. They generally cry for a night or two before they get through with it. If



you'd been a man-minister now, I don't s'pose I should have dared to undertake the keep of you, with mumps in the house; but it's so different with a woman; she's got so much more fellow-feeling for babies; I thought you would n't mind!" — I confess that my heart dropped "deeper than did ever plummet sound." For about ten minutes I would rather have been in Hercules making calls than in New Vealshire preaching the Gospel.

I was aroused from this brief state of despair, however, by the remembrance of my now near-approaching professional duties; and after a hot breakfast (of salt-pork and barley bread), I retired to my icy room to prepare my mind appropriately for my morning's discourse.

The storm had bent and broken since early dawn. The sun and the snow winked blindly at each other. The great hills lifted haughty heads out of wraps of ermine and gold. Outlines in black and gray of awful fissures and caverns gaped through the mass of wealthy color which they held. Little shy, soft clouds fled over these, frightened, one thought; now and then a row of ragged black teeth snapped them up; I could see them struggle and sink. Which was the more relentless, the beauty or the power of the sight, it were difficult choosing. But I, preparing to preach my first sermon, and feeling in myself (I hope) the stillness and smallness of the very valley of humiliation, did not try to choose. I could only stand at my window and softly say, "Before the mountains were brought forth, THOU art."

I do not know whether Mary Ann heard me, but when she appeared at that crisis with my "shaving-water," and blushed scarlet, transfixed in the middle of the room, with her mouth open, to beg pardon for the mistake, but "she'd got kinder used to it with the last minister, and never thought till she opened the door and see my crinoline on the chair!" I continued, with a gentle enthusiasm: —

"That is a grand sight, my dear,  
VOL. XXVI. — NO. 153.

over there. It ought to make one very good, I think, to live in the face of such hills as those."

"I want to know!" said Mary Ann, coming and gaping over my shoulder. "Why, I get as used to 'em as I do to washing-day!"

I had decided upon extempore preaching as best adapted to the needs of my probable audience, and, with my icy hands in the warm "shaving-water" and my eyes on the icy hills, was doing some rambling thinking about the Lord's messages and messengers, — a subject which the color and dazzle and delight of the morning had touched highly to my fancy; but wondering, through my slicing of introduction, firstly, secondly, a, b, c, d, and conclusion, if the rural tenement in which we should worship possessed a dinner-bell, or a gong, or anything of that sort, which could be used as summons to assemble, and if it were not quite time to hear the sound, when Mary Ann introduced herself upon the scene again, to signify that Mr. Dobbins awaited my pleasure down stairs. Somewhat confused by this sudden announcement, I seized my Bible and my hat, and presented myself promptly but palpitating.

"Morning," said Mr. Dobbins, with a pleasant smile. "Rested yet?"

I thanked him, and was quite rested.

"You don't!" said Mr. Dobbins.

"Wal, you see I come over to say that meetin' 's gin up for to-day."

"Given up!"

"Wal, yes. Ye see there's such a heft of snow, and no paths broke, and seein' it was a gal as was goin' to preach, me and the other deacon we thought she'd get her feet wet, or suthin', and so we 'greed we would n't ring the bell! Thought ye'd be glad to be let off, after travellin' all day yesterday, too!"

I looked at Mr. Dobbins. Mr. Dobbins looked at me. There was a pause.

"Will your paths be broken out by night?" I asked, with a terrible effort at self-control.

"Wal, yes. In spots; yes; middlin' well."

"Will my audience be afraid of wetting their feet, after the paths are broken?"

"Bless you, no!" said Mr. Dobbins, staring, "they're used to 't."

"Then you will please to appoint an evening service, and ring your bell at half past six precisely. I shall be there, and shall preach, if there is no one but the sexton to hear me. And next Sabbath you will oblige me by proceeding with the regular services, whatever the weather, without the least anxiety for my feet."

"If you was n't a minister, I should say you was spunky," said Mr. Dobbins, thoughtfully. He regarded me for some moments with disturbed interest, blindly suspicious that somebody was offended, but whether pastor or parishioner he could not make out. He was still undecided, when he took to his hat, and I to my "own sweet thoughts."

This incident vitally affected my programme for the day. It was harrowing, but it was stimulative. There was the inspiration of the rack about it. The *animus* of the stake was upon me. I could die, but I would not surrender. I would gain the respect of my parishioners, whether—well, yes—whether I gained their souls or not; I am not ashamed to say it now, partly because of the true, single, gnawing hunger for usefulness for usefulness' sake, and for higher than usefulness' sake, which came to me afterwards, and which, you remember, is all left out for the Sunday magazines; partly because the acquisition of my people's respect was a necessary antecedent to that of their salvation.

So by help of a fire which I cajoled from Samphiry, and the shaving-water which was warmer than the fire, I contrived to employ the remainder of the Sabbath in putting my first sermon upon paper.

The bell rang, as I had directed, at half past six. It did not occur to me at the time that it sounded less like a dinner-gong than a church-bell of average size and respectability. I and my

sermon were both quite ready for it, and I tramped off bravely (in my rubber boots), with Mary Ann as my guide, through the drifted and drifting paths. Once more, for the benefit of my sex, I may be permitted to mention that I wore a very plain street suit of black, *no crimps*, a white collar of linen, and a black tie; and that I retained my outside garment—a loose sack—in the pulpit.

"Here we are," said Mary Ann, as I floundered up half blinded from the depths of a three-foot drift. Here we were indeed. If Mary Ann had not been with me I should have sat down in the drift, and—no, I do not think I should have cried, but I should have gasped a little. *Why* I should have been horribly unprepared for the sight of a commodious white church, with a steeple, and a belfry and stone steps, and people going up the steps in the latest frill and the stove-pipe hat, the reader who has ever tried to patronize an American seamstress, or give orders to an American servant, or ask an American mechanic if he sees a newspaper, must explain. The citizens of Storm might be heathen, but they were Yankees; what more could be said? Sentence a Yankee into the Desert of Sahara for life, and out of the "sandwiches there" he would contrive means to live like "other folks."

However, I did not sit down in the drift, but went on, with meeting-house and worshippers all in an unnatural light like stereoscopic figures, and sat down in the pulpit; a course of conduct which had at least one advantage,—it saved me a cold.

Mr. Dobbins, it should be noted, met me at the church door, and conducted me, with much respect, up the pulpit stairs. When he left me, I removed my hat and intrenched my beating heart behind a hymn-book.

It will be understood that, while I was not unpractised in Sabbath-school teaching, mission prayer-meeting exhortation, "remarks" at sewing-schools, and other like avenues of religious influence, of the kind considered suitable

for my sex, I had never engaged in anything which could be denominated public speech; and that, when the clear clang of the bell hushed suddenly, and the pause on the faces of my audience — there may have been forty of them — warned me that my hour had come, I was in no wise more ready to meet it than any Miss A, B, or C, who would be content to employ life in making sofa-pillows, but would be quite safe from putting it to the *outré* purpose of making sermons.

So I got through my introductory exercises with a grim desperation, and made haste to my sermon. Once with the manuscript in my hands, I drew breath. Once having looked my audience fairly in the eye, I was prepared to conquer or be conquered by it. There should be no half-way work between us. So I held up my head and did my best.

The criticism of that sermon would be, I suspect, a choice morning's work for any professor of homiletics in the country. Its divisions were numerous and startling; its introduction occurred just where I thought it would sound best, and its conclusion was adjusted to the clock. I reasoned of righteousness and judgment to come, in learned phrase. Theology and metaphysics, exegesis and zoölogy, poetry and botany, were impressed liberally into its pages. I quoted Sir William Hamilton, Strauss, Aristotle, in liberal allowance. I toyed with the names of Schleiermacher and Copernicus. I played battledoor and shuttlecock with "views" of Hegel and Hobbes. As nearly as I can recollect, that sermon was a hash of literature in five syllables, with a seasoning of astronomy and Adam.

I had the satisfaction of knowing, when I read as modestly, reverently, and as much like an unanointed church-member as I knew how, a biblical benediction, and sat down again on the pulpit cushions, that if I had not preached the Gospel, I had at least subdued the church-going population of Storm.

Certain rough-looking fellows, upon whom I had had my eye since they came in, — there were several of them, grimy and glum, with keen eyes; men who read Tom Paine, you would say, and had come in "to see the fun," — while I must admit that they neither wept nor prayed, left the house in a respectful, stupid way that was encouraging.

"You gin it to us!" said Mr. Dobbins, enthusiastically. "Folks is all upstot about ye. That there was an eloquent discourse, marm. Why, they don't see but ye know jest as much as if ye was n't a woman!"

And when I touched Mary Ann upon the shoulder to bring her home, I found her sitting motionless, not quite strangled stiff. She had made such a cavern of her mouth, during my impassioned peroration, that an irreligious boy somewhere within good aim had snapped an India-rubber ball into it, which had unfortunately stuck.

Before night, I had reason to feel assured from many sources that I had "made a hit" in my corner of New Vealshire. But before night I had locked myself into the cool and dark, and said, as was said of the Charge of the Six Hundred: "It is magnificent; but it is not war!"

But this is where the Sunday part of my story comes in again, so it is of no consequence to us. Suffice it to say that I immediately appointed a little prayer-meeting, very much after the manner of the ideal service, for the following Wednesday night, in the school-house, with a little table, and a tallow candle, too. The night was clear, and the room packed. The men who read Tom Paine were there. There were some old people present who lived out of walking distance of the church. There were a few young mothers with very quiet children. I succeeded in partially ventilating the room, and chanced on a couple of familiar hymns. It needed only a quiet voice to fill and command the quiet place. I felt very much like a woman, quite enough like a lady, a little, I hope, like a Christian too.

Like the old Greek sages, I "was not in haste to speak; I said only that which I had resolved to say." The people listened to me, and prayed as if they felt the better for it. My meeting was full of success and my heart of hope.

Arrived at this point in my narrative, I feel myself in strong sympathy with the famous historian of Old Mother Morey. For, when "my story's just begun," why, "now, my story's done."

"Ce n'est pas la victoire, mais le combat," which is as suitable for autobiographical material, as to "make the happiness of noble hearts."

From the time of that little Wednesday-evening meeting my life in Storm was a triumph and a joy, in all the better meanings that triumph and joy can hold. My people respected me first and loved me afterwards. I taught them a little, and they taught me a great deal. I brightened a few weeks of their dulled, drowsy, dejected life: they will gild years of mine.

I desire especially to record that all sense of personal embarrassment and incongruity to the work rapidly left me. My people at once never remembered and never forgot that I was a woman. The rudest of the readers of the "Age of Reason" tipped his hat to me, and read "Ecce Homo" to gratify me, and after that the Gospel of John to gratify himself.

Every Sabbath morning I read a plain-spoken but carefully written sermon, which cost me perhaps three days of brain-labor. Every Sabbath afternoon I talked of this and that, according to the weather and the audience. Every Wednesday night I sat in the school-house, behind the little table and the tallow candle, with the old people and the young mothers, and the hush, and the familiar hymns, and lines of hungry faces down before me that made my heart ache at one look and bound at the next. It used to seem to me that the mountains had rather starved than fed them. They were pinched, compressed, shut-down, shut-in faces. All their possibilities and developments of evil were

those of the dwarf, not of the giant. They were like the poor little Chinese monsters, moulded from birth in pitchers and vases; all the crevices and contortions of life they filled, stupidly. Whether it was because, as Mary Ann said, they "got as used to the mountains as they did to washing-day," and the process of blunting to one grandeur dulled them to all others, I can only conjecture; but of this my New Vealshire experience convinced me: the temptations to evil of the city of Paris will bear no comparison to those of the grandest solitude that God ever made. It is in repression, not in extension, that the danger of disease lies to an immortal life. No risks equal those of ignorance. Daniel Webster may or may not escape the moral shipwrecks of life, but what chance has an idiot beside him?

"It's enough to make a man wish he'd been born a horse in a treadmill and done with it!" said Happen to me one day. Happen was a poor fellow on whom I made my first "parish call"; and I made a great many between Sunday and Sunday. He lived five miles out of the village, at the end of an inexpressible mountain road, in a gully which lifted a pinched, purple face to the great Harmonia Range. I made, with difficulty, a riding-skirt out of my waterproof, and three miles an hour out of Mr. Dobbins's horse, and got to him.

The road crawled up a hill into his little low brown shanty, and there stopped. Here he had "farmed it, man and boy," till the smoke of Virginia battles puffed over the hills into his straightforward brown young eyes.

"So I up and into it, marm, two years on't tough; then back again to my hoe and my wife and my baby, to say nothing of the old lady,—you see her through the door there, bedridden this dozen year,—and never a grain of salt too much for our porridge, I can tell ye, when one day I'm out to cut and chop, ten mile deep in the furrest,—alon' too,—and first I know I'm hit and down with the trunk of a great hickory lyin' smash! along this here leg.

Suffer? Well; it was a day and a half before they found me; and another half-day afore you can get the nighest doctor, you see, over to East Storm. Well, mebbe he did his best by me, but mebbe he did n't know no more how to set a bone nor you do. He vowed there was n't no fracture there. Fracture! it was jelly afore his eyes. So he ties it up and leaves a tumbler of suthin', and off. Mortified? Yes. Been here ever since — on this sofy — yes. Likely to be here — bless you, yes! My wife, she tends the farm and the baby and the old lady and me. Sometimes we have two meals a day, and again we don't. When you come to think as your nighest neighbor's five mile off, and that in winter-time, — why, I can see, a-lookin' from my sofy six feet of snow drifted across that there road to town, — and nought but one woman in gunshot of you, able to stir for you if you starve; why, you feel, sometimes, now, marm, beggin' your pardon, you feel like hell! There's summer-folks in their kerridges comes riding by to see them there hills, — and kind enough to me some of 'em is, I'll say that for 'em, — and I hear them a-talking and chattering among themselves, about 'the grand sight,' says they. 'The d—d sight,' says I; for I lie on my sofy and look over their heads, marm, at things they never see, — lines and bars like, over Harmonia, red-hot, and criss-cross like prison grates. Which comes mebbe of layin' and lookin' so long, and fanciful. They say, I'd stand a chance to the hospital to New York or Boston, mebbe. I hain't gin it up yet. I've hopes to go and try my luck some day. But I suppose it costs a sight. And my wife, she's set her heart on the leg's coming to of itself, and so we hang along. Sometimes folks send me down books and magazines and such like. I got short o' reading this winter and read the Bible through; every word, from 'In the beginning' to 'Amen.' It's quite a pretty little story-book, too. True? I don't know about that. Most stories set up to be true. I s'pose if I was a

parson, and a woman into the bargain, I should think so."

Among my other parochial discoveries, I learned one day, to my exceeding surprise, that Samphiry—who had been reticent on her family affairs—was the widow of one of my predecessors. She had married him when she was young and pretty, and he was young and ambitious,—"Fond of his book, my dear," she said, as if she had been talking of some dead child, "but slow in speech, like Aaron of old. And three hundred and fifty dollars was tight living for a family like ours. And his heart ran out, and his people, and maybe his sermons, too. So the salary kept a-dropping off, twenty-five dollars at a time, and he could n't take a newspaper, besides selling the library mostly for doctor's bills. And so he grew old and sick and took to farming here, without the salary, and baptized babies and prayed with sick folks free and willing, and never bore anybody a grudge. So he died year before last, and half the valley turned out to bury him. But that did n't help it any, and I know you'd never guess me to be a minister's widow, as well as you do, my dear. I'm all washed out and flattened in. And I can't educate my children, one of them. If you'll believe it, I don't know enough to tell when they talk bad grammar half the time, and I'd about as lieves they'd eat with their knives as not. If they get anything to eat, it's all I've got heart to care. I've got an aunt down in Massachusetts, but it's such a piece of work to get there. So I suppose we shall live and die here, and I don't know but it's just as well."

What a life it was! I felt so young, so crude, so blessed and bewildered beside it, that I gave out that night, at evening prayers, and asked Samphiry to "lead" for herself and me. But I felt no older, no more finished, no less blessed or bewildered, when she had done so.

I should not neglect to mention that I conducted several funerals while I was in Storm. I did not know how,

but I knew how to be sorry, which seemed to answer the same purpose ; at least they sought me out for the object from far and near. On one occasion I was visited by a distant neighbor, with the request that I would bury his wife. I happened to know that the dead woman had been once a member of the Methodist church in East Storm, whose pastor was alive, active, and a man.

"Would it not be more suitable," I therefore suggested, "at least more agreeable to the feelings of Brother Hand, if you were to ask him to conduct either the whole or a part of the service?"

"Waal, ye see, marm," urged the widower, "the cops was partikular sot on hevin' you, and as long as I promised her afore she drawed her last that you should conduct the business, I think we'd better perceed without any reference to Brother Hand. I've been thinking of it over, and I come to the conclusion that he couldn't take offence on so slight an occasion!"

I had ministered "on trial" to the people of Storm, undisturbed by Rev. Dr. Zangrow, who, I suspect, was in private communication of some sort with Mr. Dobbins, for a month,—a month of pouting, spring weather, and long, lazy walks for thinking, and brisk, bright ones for doing ; of growing quite fond of salt-pork and barley bread ; of calling on old, bedridden women, and hunting up neglected girls, and keeping one eye on my Tom Paine friends ; of preaching and practising, of hoping and doubting, of struggling and succeeding, of finding my heart and hands and head as full as life could hold ; of feeling

that there was a place for me in the earnest world, and that I was in my place ; of feeling thankful every day and hour that my womanhood and my work had hit and fitted ; of a great many other things which I have agreed not to mention here,—when one night the stage brought me a letter which ran : —

HERCULES, April 23, 18—.

MY DEAR :—I have the measles.

MÄDCHEN.

Did ever a woman try to do anything, that some of the children did not have the measles?

I felt that fate was stronger than I. I bowed my head submissively, and packed my valise shockingly. Some of the people came in a little knot that night to say good by. The women cried and the men shook hands hard. It was very pleasant and very heart-breaking. I felt a dismal foreboding that, once in the clutches of Hercules and Mädchen, I should never see their dull, dear faces again. I left my sorrow and my Jeremy Taylor for Happen, and my rubber-boots for Samphiry. I tucked the lace collar and the spare paper of hairpins into Mary Ann's upper drawer. I begged Mr. Dobbins's acceptance of Barnes on Matthew, with the request that he would start a Sunday school.

In the gray of the early morning the patient horse trotted me over, with lightened valise and heavy heart, to the crazy station. When I turned my head for a farewell look at my parish, the awful hills were crossed with Happen's red-hot bars, and Mary Ann, with her mouth open, stood in her mother's crumbling door.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

## DRIVES FROM A FRENCH FARM.

## II.

## BIBRACTE.

IN the first of these papers I described some of the outside appearances of what is going forward on the summit of Mount Beuvray, where a determined and enthusiastic antiquary has spent several summers, and many bank-notes also, in the study of Gaulish antiquity. During my stay at his encampment, one night, when it was late enough for us to be sure of uninterrupted hours, — when the workmen were asleep in their narrow huts, or had descended to their families in the valley, and all picnic parties had returned to the places whence they came, — I begged M. Bulliot to give me a succinct account of the great Bibracte controversy. It was, of course, more interesting to me, as I heard it at midnight in the camp itself, surrounded by Celtic remains just recently disinterred, and on the summit of that hill of refuge whose fortifications I had followed through forest and broom, than it is likely to be to readers beyond the broad Atlantic; but it is one of the best privileges of literature to bring many minds into unison with that of the writer, and an author may, without presumption, count upon interesting others if only he has been really interested himself.

Any intelligent person, however little of an antiquarian, would have felt interested in my place. My host had given, year after year, such genuine and undeniable proofs of devotion to his great enterprise, that it was not possible to listen to him without attention. Labors pursued solely for the increase of the world's knowledge, without any selfish aim beyond the noble desire to see one's name attached to a discovery, — labors pursued, too, in all but unbroken silence, without self-assertion, without the least evidence of vanity, in patient persistence against calumny,

against unceasing efforts to make them appear futile and of no account, — labors such as these give weight to a man's words. And I did not come altogether unprepared. I had heard the other side first, especially the constant reassertion of the falsehood that M. Bulliot had found nothing on the Beuvray, except the walls of a few cottages. For even now, when antiquities have been found upon the Beuvray *literally by cart-loads*, it is still repeated in the neighborhood that nothing has been discovered there.

The point of the controversy is, whether the Celtic Bibracte of Cæsar was situated at the top of Mount Beuvray or on the site afterwards occupied by Augustodunum, the modern Autun.

This controversy has raged in the neighborhood for many years, and if the reader will only imagine a similar controversy in his own neighborhood, causing every man to imply, more or less politely, that his neighbor was something lower than an idiot, he will at once realize the chronic local disturbance which has resulted from it. The quarrel has become of national importance since the Emperor Napoleon took a part in it, and sided with M. Bulliot. His Majesty has received many an envenomed letter on the subject since the publication of the *Vie de Cæsar*, but as he never reads any letters himself except such as are at the same time very short, and written in a big, legible hand, with sufficient spaces between the lines, it is likely that one of his secretaries received the brunt of these attacks.

The passage in the Emperor's Life of Cæsar which clearly committed him to M. Bulliot's party is the following note (Vol. II. p. 59), which stands opposite to one of the beautiful maps with which the work is enriched.



Even the map itself committed him, for there the line of march of the Roman army is so traced, that, by an inevitable deduction (supposing this line of march to be the true one) Bibracte cannot have been at Autun. But in the map preceding this one, the "General Map of the Campaign of the Year 696," Bibracte is positively fixed upon the Beuvray. Here is the note in question :—

"It is generally admitted that Bibracte stood upon the site of Autun, on account of the inscription found in this latter city in the seventeenth century, and preserved in the cabinet of antiquities at the Imperial Library. Another opinion, which identifies Bibracte with the Mount Beuvray (a hill of great extent, thirteen kilometres to the west of Autun) had, however, found, long ago, a few supporters. It may be observed, in the first place, that the Gauls selected for the sites of their cities, when they were able to do so, places difficult of access; in hilly countries they chose steep heights (as, for example, Gergovia, Alesia, Uxellodunum, etc.); in flat countries they chose lands surrounded by marshes (as Avaricum). The Ædni, consequently, would not have built their principal town on the site of Autun, situated at the foot of the hills. It used to be thought that a table-land as high as that of the Mount Beuvray (its summit is 810 metres above the sea) could not have been occupied by a great city. And yet the existence of eight or ten roads, which lead to this table-land, abandoned for so many centuries, and of which some are in quite a surprising state of preservation, ought to have led to an opposite conclusion. Let us add that recent excavations leave no doubt about the matter. They have brought to light, over an extent of 240 acres, foundations of Gaulish walls, some round and some square, mosaics, foundations of Gallo-Roman walls, gateways, chiselled stones, heaps of tiles, amphoræ in prodigious quantities, a semicircular theatre, etc. In short, everything leads us to place Bibracte on the Mount Beuvray; the striking

resemblance between the two names, the designation of *φρούριον*, which Strabo gives to Bibracte, and even the vague and persistent tradition which, reigning amongst the inhabitants of the district, makes the Mount Beuvray a venerated centre."

The fatality in this controversy is, that not one ancient author uses a phrase or an expression which can really be held to settle it. For instance, there is that word *φρούριον* of Strabo, which had a general sense, *citadel, garrison town*, and a special sense, *hill-fort*. If Strabo used it in this special sense, the point in dispute would be settled beyond question, but there is nothing to prove that he did so, and Augustodunum might have been a *φρούριον*, according to the non-specialized meaning of the word. So with Julius Cæsar himself, though he visited Bibracte in person, and mentioned it in his Commentaries, there is not a syllable of natural description relative to its site. A modern writer would hardly, under any circumstances, fail to give us, at least, a few words of such description as might serve to identify a locality, but Cæsar does not tell us whether Bibracte was on a hill, or near a river, or in the midst of a level plain.

It has been observed, however, that Strabo used the word *πόλις* to designate such a town as Châlons, for instance, reserving *φρούριον* for the Gaulish fortresses; and with reference to the silence of Cæsar concerning the landscape about Bibracte, it may be added that he gives at least a measurement,—that of the distance of Bibracte from his line of march when pursuing the Helvetii.

Into all the discussion about that line of march it is impossible for me to enter. The dispute is simply interminable, and can have little interest for readers who are not familiar with the localities. But it is worth mentioning, as an additional instance of the curious way in which modern investigation often finds the solution of a difficulty to be dependent upon something with



which it has apparently no connection whatever. Only the other day the place where Cæsar landed on the coast of Britain was settled by some observations on the tide, made by order of the Admiralty at the request of the Society of Antiquaries.\* Just in the same way, if it could be ascertained beyond a doubt what was the line of march pursued by Cæsar as he followed the Helvetii, it would be easy to choose between Autun and the Beuvray as the site of the Bibracte of the Gauls. For Cæsar tells us that this stronghold of Bibracte was at a distance of eighteen Roman miles from his line of march, which he quitted to seek provisions there. And Cæsar expressly says that the distance was not greater (*non amplius millibus passuum XVIII. aberat*). Now if the line of march given in the Emperor's Life of Cæsar be the true one, it settles the question, for the Beuvray is separated from it by the distance given by Cæsar, whereas Autun is not eighteen Roman miles off, but thirty-four, or thereabouts.

Since the excavations, there is, of course, rather more light on the question, but as no inscriptions have been found, there is nothing absolutely deci-

\* "In the last century it was thought that no further light could be obtained beyond that which Cæsar's narrative supplies. Embarking at Boulogne, or near it, he arrived at an opening in the coast which is well understood to be Dover, and there, finding the inhabitants in arms, he steered away, at three in the afternoon, having the wind and tide with him, and disembarked at a place seven or eight miles distant. The narrative does not state whether he proceeded north or south, and whether he landed at Deal or Folkestone it seemed impossible to determine. Now, I should like to point out the ingenious train of reasoning by which the point has been ascertained, no new documents having been obtained, but ascertained by reasoning solely on what was known before. It was observed when Cæsar departed from before Dover, that he had the wind and tide in his favor. Of course we cannot tell what wind was blowing on that day, but with the tide it is different, for, by chance, we know that it was the fourth day before the full moon that Cæsar landed on the coast of Kent; and it seemed possible, by experiments on the direction of the tide on the fourth day before the full moon, to ascertain what was the direction of the tide on the day when Cæsar appeared. This impressed itself very much on several members of the Society of Antiquaries, experiments were made, and it was decided that at the time specified the tide flowed south, and therefore Cæsar's landing took place in the direction of Hythe." — EARL STANHOPE.

sive. The excavations on Mount Beuvray prove undeniably that a great Gaulish city existed there, and this city was most probably Bibracte; but if any one denies that this was Bibracte, he cannot be compelled to renounce his opinion. On the other hand, no Gaulish remains are ever found at Autun, and the recent construction of a railway which entirely traverses the site of the Roman city, and which has necessitated a deep cutting in the heart of it, has brought the strongest negative evidence. No vestige of anything anterior to the Roman period has been discovered there. The streets of the Roman town were as regular as the squares of a chess-board, the square blocks of buildings measuring one hundred and seven metres on each side. If a Gaulish city had existed there before, it is believed by the advocates of the Beuvray theory that some trace of Gaulish construction would have been found in the railway cutting, and that kind of construction is recognizable at a glance by any one who has had the opportunity of studying it.

It is unnecessary, in a paper of this kind, to pursue this quarrel of antiquaries any further. The question cannot be discussed in full detail in less than a volume, and the volume would be one that only an antiquary, and an antiquary acquainted with the localities, would have the patience to read through. The present writer has made himself acquainted with the arguments on both sides, and has come to the conclusion that the Emperor and M. Bulliot are most probably right in putting the Gaulish city on the hill-top, but that all that is clearly proved is the existence of an important Celtic *oppidum* there. After all, since the Emperor had to fix Bibracte somewhere, he did right to place it on the most probable site, even if the evidence in favor of that site were not absolutely conclusive. I believe that the city of Bibracte was situated on the summit of the Beuvray, but I *know* that the hill was a Celtic place of strength. The evidence of this latter fact is abundant

and incontestable, and of itself it goes a long way towards proving the rest. For if we admit the Emperor's supposition, that Gaul in the time of Cæsar, — the whole of Gaul, — did not contain more than eight millions of inhabitants, how improbable it is that two towns of importance would be so near each other as the Beuvray and Augustodunum ! Even in the France of the present day, with its forty millions, towns of any consequence are considerably isolated : Autun is sixty kilometres from Châlons and a hundred from Nevers, and the distances between the great Celtic strongholds were much greater.

The personal history of M. Bulliot's discoveries is as follows : He began, of course, by reading what other men, his predecessors, had had to say upon the subject. First of these was Guy Coquille, author of a history of the Nivernais, which he wrote in the time of Henry III. of France, and Guy Coquille settled the question in twenty lines, placing Bibracte on the Beuvray. In the seventeenth century the question was taken up again by Adrien de Valois, a geographer, who also placed Bibracte on the Beuvray ; and again, in the same century, another geographer, D'Anville, investigated the subject, and at first shared the views of Coquille and De Valois, but afterwards, for want of sufficient evidence (the evidence at that time, before the excavations, being very meagre, comparatively), came to the conclusion that Autun had succeeded Bibracte on the same site. Since then, different learned men have treated the matter in various ways, some suggesting Beaune as the ancient Bibracte, but the majority holding for Autun. However, the celebrated M. Dupin, almost alone in his generation, held the view of Coquille and De Valois. But D'Anville's final opinion was generally received and taught in the schools of Autun, and printed in all geographies and guide-books all the world over.

M. Bulliot at first received and held this opinion, like every other native of Autun, believing himself an inhabitant

of the Bibracte of the Gauls. His archæological studies began with the Roman defensive system, on which he wrote a book. At that time he knew nothing whatever about the Beuvray, but visited it in search of Roman encampments. Finding there not merely the traces of a camp, but the fortifications of an important city, M. Bulliot came to the conclusion that he had before him one of the most remarkable facts in the archæology of the country, and proposed to the Eduen Society to make a survey of the fortifications, of which he generously offered to discharge half the expense. The mountain was carefully surveyed accordingly, and a map of the fortifications published.

M. Bulliot now (1856) began to study the whole question over again, with this new light to help him, and the consequence was that he became convinced that old Guy Coquille had been right, and that the ancient city had been on the mountain's crest.

The next thing was to dig and see if there were any remains of it.

M. Garenne began, and the Viscount D'Aboville, who is proprietor of the mountain, went on with some excavations in the centre of the *oppidum*. M. Bulliot began with the extremities near the fortifications, intending to circumscribe his researches by first ascertaining where the ground was unproductive, and hoping to find the Gaulish buildings in a better state of preservation away from the centre, which would naturally have been most inhabited by the Romans after their conquest. At the same time M. Bulliot directed the excavations of M. D'Aboville.

Now it came to pass that, whilst M. Bulliot was directing the Viscount's workmen, an old friend of his, the Archbishop of Rheims, visited the mountain.

The Archbishop was an utter unbeliever in the Beuvray theory ; he had even written and published passages which treated it as incompatible with common sense. But his mind was open to conviction, and when he saw the diggings he went away with a deep

interest in the question, and an interest of an entirely new kind. Some time afterwards he was at the camp of Châlons, and happening one evening to be dining there with the Emperor, when the conversation turned on those questions of Gallo-Roman antiquity which at that time occupied much of Napoleon's attention, the Archbishop told his Majesty what he had seen on the Beuvray, and went so far as to entreat him to make further excavations there at his own cost. The Emperor did not forget this, and shortly afterwards M. Bulliot was somewhat astonished in his studious solitude by a letter commanding his attendance at the Tuileries. He went there with a map of the mountain, and during a long audience explained to the Emperor the reasons why it was probable that further excavations would repay their expense. The Emperor was convinced, fell in heartily with M. Bulliot's views, and from that time has made an annual allowance for the prosecution of the work.

No labor was lost. From the very first the excavators were rewarded with the most interesting discoveries. Although with the exception of the fortifications (which externally presented merely the appearance of earthworks) there was nothing to indicate man's presence, unless it were the quantities of broken pottery that were everywhere mixed with the ploughed earth, and the numbers of ancient coins that the laborers had picked up, century after century, no sooner had M. Bulliot seriously commenced his researches than he came upon a Gaulish wall built as Cæsar tells us that the walls of Avaricum were built.

If the Emperor's Life of Cæsar should happen to be accessible to the reader, he will find a plan of Avaricum on the eighteenth plate of the second volume, and in the left-hand corner of this plate he will find a section, plan, and elevation of a Gaulish town wall. The construction of these walls may, however, easily be understood without an illustration. In all double walls, ancient or modern, that are well built,

there are stones which English masons call *throughs*, because they pass through the wall in its entire thickness, and serve to bind the smaller stones together. In a Gaulish town wall these throughs were exceedingly abundant, but they were of wood. If the reader has visited Paris he must have noticed the wood-yards, where wood is stored for fuel, and he can scarcely fail to have been struck with the huge walls which are built up with the logs, every log having its sawn end outwards. Now if he will only imagine stones between these logs, so that each log would be separated from its neighbor by a distance of about two feet, he has exactly the outward appearance of a Gaulish town wall. Only the stone wall was a mere outward coating, like the iron armor on a plated frigate. Behind this stone armor the spaces between the logs were filled with earth. There were also longitudinal beams in the interior of the wall running at right angles to the throughs, and laid upon them. These beams were forty feet long, and were nailed to the throughs with long iron nails. All this is correctly set forth in the Emperor's book, but it may be necessary to warn the reader that some translators of Cæsar have misunderstood his explanation of Gaulish building, and have made him say that the walls were forty feet thick, because the beams were forty feet long. These long beams were not the throughs; their office was to hold the throughs together, and they ran at right angles to them, in the interior of the wall. The thickness of the wall, that is, the length of the throughs, was nearer fourteen feet than forty.

This bit of detail about Gaulish construction is a necessary preface to what I have now to relate. When M. Bulliot excavated the fortifications of Bibracte he found the wall constructed precisely as Cæsar had described that of Avaricum. The wood, of course, had decayed, but the holes remained where the throughs had been, and there were ligneous fragments in abundance. *The great iron nails also, which had fastened*

*the longitudinal beams to the throughs, were still standing.* The reader will please to remember that I write as an eyewitness, having myself been present during a portion of the excavations, and having examined the structure of the wall as it was brought once more to the light of day.

Then they found a ditch eleven metres wide and five deep, and in the ditch quantities of fragments of ornaments, — bracelets of glass and schist, specimens of polished stone, broken hand-mills (for grinding corn and wheat); and near the gates in the walls heaps of cinders and calcined wood led to the belief that wooden towers of defence had existed there, — those wooden towers which are known to have been an essential part of the defensive system of the Gauls.

It was discovered also that one of the many streams which flow from the springs of the Beuvray had been artificially detained in five basins made with *béton* and impermeable clay.

The first entrance of the city which was thoroughly explored presented this curious feature. The walls themselves *turned inwards*, forming the two sides of a passage about forty yards long and twenty yards wide. And the ditch of each wall turned in also, so that the passage between the ditches was only five yards.

A matter of more general interest than the fortifications is the construction of the houses. The Gauls were very poorly lodged, and it seems to me, after examining their houses (where the earth had just been cleared away from them, and everything was still in the best possible state of preservation), that their notions of domestic architecture were not nearly so much advanced as their ideas of military defence. A people that knew how to build a town wall eighty feet high, capable of resisting battering-rams, and at the same time so arranged as to be fire-proof, notwithstanding the immense quantity of wood employed in its construction, a people whose system of fortification was admired by so con-

summate a general as Cæsar, might have been expected to construct something better for its domestic uses than the wigwam of a North American Indian. Yet the best and richest mansions of Bibracte were merely large round huts with low walls of stone and wood and mud; and as for the dwellings of the poor, they resembled in size, and most probably in cleanliness, nothing so much as a pigsty. Amongst the houses excavated in 1869 two or three small staircases were discovered; but these do not seem to imply the existence of a second story: they were probably nothing but a means of access to habitations below the level of the soil. To keep the walls from falling there were upright posts of wood; and M. Bulliot has become so accustomed to the Gaulish system of construction, that I have heard him tell his workmen beforehand the exact spots where they would find remains of these posts, or at all events the holes where they had been. Sometimes the wood was found in a recognizable state of preservation; more commonly the soil in the post-holes presented traces of wood carbonized. It may be well to explain how the post-holes are recognizable where all is filled with soil. The floors of the houses were hard, and are still much harder than the soil which has accumulated above them. When the workmen come down to a floor they stop, and simply clear away the soft earth which encumbers it. The floor being cleared, several soft spots are found at regular intervals where the pick meets little resistance. These soft spots are cleared out, and indications of wood are invariably found in them. They are the post-holes. Will the reader believe that M. Bulliot's enemies sometimes go so far as to say that he makes these holes on purpose?

The places occupied by the beams and throughs in the town wall are indicated in the same way, but here the antiquary has the advantage of finding the long nails in their places, often with wood still sticking to them.

In the way of Roman or Gallo-Ro-

man work, some aqueducts and a theatre have been discovered, and in the theatre the remains of a mosaic. Many of the houses show evidence of Roman teaching and influence.

Immense quantities of pottery have been found. I was myself present when the workmen came upon a whole bed of large amphoræ in fine preservation. They lay there by dozens, one upon another. It was a place which had been used as a cemetery, and these amphoræ contained cinders. There are also plates and a great variety of vases, often very beautifully ornamented. I stood by the side of a workman when he came upon a little vase of exquisite design, scarcely thicker than a visiting-card, and so fragile that the wonder was how any fragment of it could have been preserved. Great numbers of these vases have been ingeniously restored by a clever artist at Autun, and to the uninitiated it seems at first surprising how a vase can be restored from such meagre data; but when the design is a simple one, repeated all round the circumference, it is sufficient to have a very small segment of it to reconstruct the whole. The precious little vase above mentioned was, however, perfect or nearly so.

Many of the houses at Bibracte were covered with tiles, probably at a comparatively late period. These tiles are found in great abundance, in some places literally in heaps.

M. Bulliot is very deeply interested in everything that helps to illustrate the condition of the arts in ancient Gaul. Many ornaments have been found at Bibracte, some of elegant workmanship, with enamel. An enameller's shop has also been discovered, and I was present when his bellows were found. The tube of the bellows, being in earthenware, was perfectly preserved, and on the floor of the shop many bits of enamel were picked up. It is curious that this art should have been so far advanced amongst a people who were so backward in domestic architecture. Amongst other ornaments a

brooch was found, exactly of the kind known in Scotland as the brooch of Lorn; but this was a solitary instance. Just at the close of 1869 some curious specimens of sheet-iron, pierced in patterns, turned up amongst masses of rubbish.

The number of coins which occur is remarkable, but their variety is not equal to their number. The workmen receive a bonus of fifty centimes for every coin found, and consequently they hand them over very faithfully, it being impossible to sell such coins in the neighborhood for half a franc each. One workman showed me fifteen in his purse, which he had found all together, — rather a good find for him, — seven francs and a half!

The diggings of 1869 have been so fruitful that M. Bulliot intends to improve his camp next year by the addition of a stone edifice, which if not very luxurious will no doubt be as good as the houses of ancient Bibracte, and a true antiquary has scarcely a right to be more luxurious than that. Still, so far as my experience of M. Bulliot's hospitality goes, I venture to predict that the food and drink in new Bibracte will be a great deal better than it ever could have been in the Gaulish city. Had the Gauls coffee, and cognac, and kirsch? Had they tobacco? Old Bibracte may have been very grand in Cæsar's time, with its miles of barbarian fortifications; but I prefer the little camp which we jestingly call Bibracte to-day, — the little camp of wooden huts and canvas tents, with its daily messenger from the valleys, bringing modern food and newspapers. The landscapes around are not less fair than they were in Cæsar's time, the horizons not less vast. Still flows the Arroux in her rocky bed, and still spreads the broad Loire on her plains of shifting sand. The sunsets are as fiery as when their reverberations crimsoned the Celtic citadel, and the valleys lie as peacefully in the blue mist as they did when their tranquillity was guarded from these fortress heights.

*Philip Gilbert Hamerton.*

## EQUAL YET DIVERSE.

"MAN and woman are one, but the man is the one."

"Man and woman are one, but the one is the woman."

"Man and woman are two, equal and identical."

"Man and woman are two halves of one, equal but diverse."

Such are the four creeds of the four parties which include most thinking people of the day.

The first is based upon the past; upon barbaric ages of physical cruelty and oppression, and upon the mental neglect and repression of more modern times; upon every menial service which woman has performed, and upon every aspiration which man has crushed; upon all that has ever flowed from the selfish strength of man joined to woman's weakness and submission.

The second is with some the doctrine of the present, the inevitable reaction toward the opposite extreme. It is preached by misguided or selfish women, and heard by unmanly or over-generous men; to its support is dragged every case of bodily or mental superiority in woman; and when put in practice it becomes a tyranny not less galling than that which it aims to supersede.

The third is, in the expectation of others, the creed of the future; their hearts are dead, and their minds are in doubt between the two extreme doctrines; so they take refuge in a mean and negative view; they burrow away from the light, and in the darkness they affirm, There is neither man nor woman any more.

But the last is, under Providence, the real creed of the future; far off, perhaps, but certain as the other life, where we may see all things clearly if we will: equal but not identical; diverse yet complementary; the man for the woman, and the woman for the man.

Such are different readings of the doctrine, man and woman are two halves of one, equal but diverse.

And it is to be hoped that many of my readers believe that there is a real and fundamental distinction of sex, which serves as the basis for two departments of labor and obligation; that the "man is half and the woman half"; that each has what the other lacks; and that, since "things indispensable are economically equal, equivalency rather than identity" is the true relation of the sexes in the work of life.

Some of the above sentences are quoted from the writings of a brilliant woman,\* but men are not wanting to confirm the doctrine in both prose and verse.

Says Emerson, "Everything is a half and suggests another thing to make it whole."

A charming poet writes,

"Female and male God made the man,  
His image is the whole, not half"; †

and again,

"Nature, with endless being rife,  
Parts all things into him and her,  
And in the arithmetic of life  
The smallest unit is a pair."

Turning from the English poet to the German philosopher, we read, "Every single thing is a duplicity." ‡ And by a theologian we are told "that there are duties proper to the man, and duties proper to the wife; and that the wife cannot enter into the duties proper to the man, nor the man into the duties proper to the wife, and discharge them aright"; § for it was a law of Moses that "there shall not be the garment of a woman upon a man, nor the garment of a man upon a woman." ||

Now in all these teachings there is implied an *equality* between the sexes;

\* Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

† Patmore, *The Angel in the House*.

‡ Oken, *Physiophilosophy*.

§ Swedenborg.

|| Deuteronomy xxii. 5.



and this is confirmed by the experience of all those who, having heard "ye twain are now one flesh," are living a truly happy life; for each day proves to them that their very diversity is the ground of their unity; that "heart" is the equal of "head"; that the beauty and depth and warmth of affection may be fairly mated with the strength and height and light of thought; and that neither is, or can aspire to be, the superior of the other.

We leave a further "confession of faith" to the close of this article; and, in view of the general and peculiar interest which the relations of the sexes excites at the present time; in view of the diverse opinions held by different parties; in view of the superabundance of ideas and suggestions, and theories and suggestions already afloat and constantly launched; and especially in view of the apparently slight basis of fact which most of them possess, our better way is to avoid discussion of principles, and to bring together into the smallest possible compass all the positive information we have bearing upon the mental and physical relation of the sexes, among animals as well as men, and to leave it as a contribution toward a more reliable basis for discussion than now seems to exist.

We take for granted that not even the fiercest iconoclasts aim their argumentative sledges at the time-honored recognition of distinct sexual functions in the individuals of a pair. Let us look, then, only for those peculiarities which, not being in themselves essential to the reproduction of the species, have been called *accessory sexual features*.

Under this title will come all distinction of *size* and *color*; all difference in *form*; all peculiarities of *habit* and *instinct*, too, whether such as involve the entire creature or are confined to the separate functions of particular organs.

In order to present as much material as possible, before alluding to any points likely to excite discussion, let us commence, not with man, where

every fact is differently interpreted by different parties, but with the lower groups of the animal kingdom.

Our first example is perhaps the most remarkable, and exemplifies nearly all the peculiarities to be found anywhere, distinguishing the sexes from each other. In the exquisite shell which is called the paper nautilus lodges a creature closely resembling a common "squid," or cuttle-fish, having eight arms or tentacles covered with suckers, with which it adheres to other bodies; as a whole, this animal is a female, and eggs are found in her which are deposited and hatched, thus showing that they must have been fertilized by the male; but no male of this species has been known to exist until quite recently, when it was found that one of the eight arms of the female became charged with an impregnating fluid, spontaneously detached itself from the body, and, taking on an independent existence, floated off in search of a mate. This detached arm, indeed, had been so far from suspicion of any previous attachment to the female nautilus, that it was placed in a distinct genus, called *Hectocotylus*. But now that we know what it really is, it is not easy to dignify it even by the name of animal at all; it is rather a fragment of an animal, endowed with fertilizing properties and the power of independent existence for a brief period; very much as if a single stamen of a monœcious flower should float away upon the wind, and so be carried to the pistil of another flower.

Scarcely less insignificant in size and structural importance is the male of some kinds of spider; that, for instance, of the *Nephila plumipes* is about one hundred and twenty-five times smaller than the female, is dull in color, spindle-shanked, and destitute of ornamentation; he is cowardly in disposition, and abstemious in habit, though not from choice apparently, but from lack of ability to construct a web for taking food: he roams disconsolately around the borders of his partner's web, a "body hanging upon the verge

of government," and is in daily apprehension of being devoured by her, though she is sometimes so considerate (not for him, but for the future of her race) as to carry him upon her broad back when they require to change their location. These are all negative and unworthy characteristics; and indeed almost his only positive claims to distinction are the enlarged, club-shaped ends of his palpi, or feelers, which in the female taper gradually to a point. This difference exists with all spiders, and, excepting with the diving spider (*Argyroneta aquatica*), the female is always the larger; but I am aware of no other such aggravated instance of "men's wrongs" as that of the *Nephila plumipes*, in the arachnidian order of insects. Let us now turn to the true or winged representatives of the class.

Here it is an almost universal rule that the female is larger than the male; and this disproportion is sometimes so great, that in a beetle described by Reaumur the male was as a "hare set beside the largest cow"; the female of many gall insects is so large that the male traverses her back as an ample area for a walk. Whatever original difference exists is often due to the space required in the abdominal region of the females for the development of the immense number of eggs which they produce, and it is, of course, greatly exaggerated while the eggs are forming; in the white ant, for instance, the abdomen of the female becomes so distended that she exceeds the male many thousand times in bulk.

But while most insects conform to the above rule, at least in respect to the abdominal region of the body, there are some notable exceptions. The female dragon-flies are sometimes smaller, and never larger than the males; the males of the *Dynastidæ* and *Lucanidæ*, among the beetles are considerably the larger; the male hive-bee is more robust than the female, and the difference is still more marked in some other allied species; the same is true among some of the *Diptera*, or two-winged flies. And when we con-

sider the other regions of the insect body, especially the organs of offence and defence and of locomotion, we shall find many cases in which the male is evidently the better supplied. The male stag-beetle has tremendous jaws, serrated upon their edges and strongly hooked at their extremities, those of the female being much less formidable; the male humblebee has a heavy curly beard upon the jaws, while the female has none; and the male antennæ are almost always larger, being sometimes composed of a greater number of joints, or, when feathered, as in certain moths, much broader and handsomer than those of the female.

In some insects wings occur upon only one sex, and this is always the male: such are, among the beetles, the glow-worm, or *lampyrus*; among the *Orthoptera*, the cockroaches; among the moths, many species, as our common cankerworm; and finally, among the bugs, the aphides, or plant-lice.

In most of the *Hymenoptera* the wings of each side are joined by little hooks upon the anterior edge of the hinder wings, which catch upon a slight rim on the posterior edge of the fore-wing; and it is found that the number of these hooks varies immensely in different species. Generally the female has the greater number, as in the humble-bees and some other wild bees; but the male hive-bee, or drone, has twenty-one hooks, and the female, or queen, only seventeen; and in other kinds of bee, the difference is much greater, even as twenty-three to thirteen. By reference to the habits of all these insects it appears that the number of hooks is greater in those species and in that sex which perform the more rapid and continued flights, the hooks serving to connect the action of the two wings on each side.

The wings of the male house-cricket are so constructed as to serve in the production of sound when one is rubbed over the other; the nervures, or raised lines of the wings, are irregularly arranged, and moreover there is upon the lower surface of each wing a very



strong nervure covered by minute teeth, which play upon the nervures of the other wing, and so produce the "shrilling."

The female lampyris, or glow-worm, being destitute of wings with which to put herself in the path of the male, is compensated by the possession of luminous organs which occupy two or three segments of the abdomen, while the male has only a small luminous point on each side of one of these segments; her light, however, ceases after the eggs are deposited.

Experienced cultivators of the silk-worm are generally able to distinguish the male from the female cocoon by the more pointed ends of the former; and it is said that some persons can predict the sex of the fowl to be hatched from an egg; but in neither of these cases are the rules infallible.

As is well known, the stings of bees and wasps correspond in structure to the tubular organs through which the ichneumons deposit their eggs in or upon the bodies of other creatures; but this latter instrument, the ovipositor, exists as such only in the female ichneumons; and it appears that the males of even the dreaded mosquitoes should be exonerated from the charges against the race, for they are said to be "beautiful, both physically and morally, as they do not bite; their manners are more retiring than those of their stronger-minded partners, as they rarely enter our dwellings, and live unnoticed in the woods." We suspect the author of the above quotation of attempting an allegory respecting Socrates and Xantippe.

Differences in the color, the shape, the degree of pubescence, etc., of the two sexes of insects are very numerous, and familiar to every student of entomology; it is enough to say here, that in many cases the difference is such as would otherwise entitle us to consider the two sexes as different species, and even genera; indeed, there is one beetle the female of which has five joints to all the feet, and the male only four to the hinder pair; the one, there-

fore, coming under the pentamerous, the other under the heteromerous group of insects, if only those organs were regarded; but for these and many other instances of sexual differences, the reader is referred to Kirby and Spence's Entomology.\*

Aside from the differences of habit and instinct, which would naturally exist with extreme distinctions of size and structure, there are other peculiarities to be observed in the character of the male and female of some insects, as shown by their proceedings. We can as yet assign no reason for the laziness of the male bee; nor can we easily understand why the worker in the hive should perform all the duties of both laborers and soldiers, since among the white ants the soldiers have one type of structure and the laborers another; so that they may be distinguished by their size and appearance as well as by their actions.

The males, too, of some species associate in large numbers during the pairing season; the little root beetle of England (*Hoplia argentea*) appears in myriads, unaccompanied by a single female; and the males of the cockchafer and fern-chaffer at that season hover in swarms over the trees and hedges where the female lies concealed.

Among the Crustacea, the female is supplied with the means of retaining her eggs after they are excluded from the body; in some species the anterior limbs have peculiar flat appendages for holding the eggs under the thorax, and in others they are retained beneath the abdomen by appendages of that region; these latter, of which the ordinary crabs are instances, have the abdomen so much widened as to distinguish them at first sight from the males; and, as among the insects, the differences sometimes affect other organs so much as to have caused naturalists to place the two sexes in two distinct genera.

Among the worms, the lowest class of articulate animals, the male is generally the smaller; but in Bilharia, a curious parasitic species of Africa, the

\* Vol. III. p. 298.

female is much the smaller and lies enfolded in a concavity upon one side of the male.

We have seen, then, that, as a rule, the female of articulated animals is the larger and more powerful of the two sexes.

The limits assigned to this article preclude an equal consideration of all the classes of vertebrates, so I will mention only one or two striking instances of sexual differences in the fishes and the reptiles, and then pass on to the higher and warm-blooded groups.

The male salmon has a hooked jaw, with which it fights with other males; and the males of some species of skates have teeth very much sharper than the females, and probably use them as weapons, since it can scarcely be supposed that the two sexes live upon different kinds of food.

I do not know which is the larger among fishes, or among the reptiles generally; but in Surinam is a very remarkable toad of which the female is immense, and the male, the little "man toad" as the natives call it, a very insignificant creature.

The birds have been well said to represent the insects; and the analogy holds good when we examine the diversified and often apparently contradictory relation which the sexes bear to each other in different species. Among the insects, however, there are very few (excepting, of course, the true social species, as ants, bees, and white ants) which provide for their young after the latter are hatched. The parents take great care to place the eggs in such situations as shall insure an abundance of food for the newly hatched larvæ, and they then either die or perform the same labors elsewhere for another brood. But what is thus an exception among the aerial articulates is the almost universal rule among the aerial vertebrates; and the birds far surpass the cold-blooded fishes and reptiles in the variety, extent, and duration of the offices they perform for the sake of their offspring, not only in

the location and construction of nests, but in the feeding and protection of the young after hatching.

Among the birds, too, there is an additional element whose importance has led many naturalists to recognize a twofold division of the entire class in reference to it. No observer of the habits of the feathered tribes can fail to have noted that the condition in which the young leave the egg is very different in different species; that, for instance, a newly hatched chicken is as lively and active, and as fully in possession of all its faculties, as the old hen herself; it runs briskly about after its mother, makes astonishing efforts to feed, and generally gets into trouble of one sort or another so early that even the proud parent seems at times to consider her offspring rather precocious. Now the species which are found to be thus able at birth to look out for themselves to a greater or less extent are called *Præcoces*; and they are the common fowls, in all variety, — the turkeys, partridges, and quails, the plovers and bustards, the snipes and curlews, coots and rails, the ducks and geese, the penguins, auks, and grebes; but, on the other hand, the young pigeon is helpless, and is not only fed by the mother with what she collects for them, but also with a whitish fluid secreted by the crop, so that the relation between them seems prophetic of the close and intimate dependency which exists among the mammalia. The young eagles also are unable to fly, and must be for a long time fed by the parent birds; they are very scantily supplied with feathers, too, whereas the *Præcoces* are covered with thick down, and can thus maintain their proper temperature, at least while in active motion; and, in view of the nursing duties of the parents in the birds of prey, the pigeons, the ordinary singing birds, the parrots, and cuckoos, the gulls and the cormorants, the cranes and storks, the name *Altrices* has been given to them.

Now, it is interesting to note that all of the *Altrices* are decidedly *aerial* birds; or, if a part of their time is

spent upon the water, or upon the earth, as with the last two groups, they also possess very considerable power of flight; but nearly all of the *Præcoces* are heavy bodied, some having no power of flight whatever, and the others passing by far the larger part of their lives either swimming or wading or walking, but never seeking their food upon the wing. In this respect we are certainly inclined to rank the *Altrices* higher than the *Præcoces*.

But now let us see what are the relations of the sexes in these two groups. As a rule, the *Altrices*, are monogamous; they live in pairs, and the two mates share all the work of the family, sometimes with a more or less complete division of labor, sometimes by taking turns at each kind of duty. But among the *Præcoces* one group, that of the fowls, are confirmed polygamists; and, however gallant the cock may be in public, when, strutting grandly at the head of his peripatetic harem, he summons his wives to pick up a worm, and looks upon their struggle for the morsel with an air of self-abnegation and supreme indifference to all considerations of appetite; however all this may be, no sooner does one of the hens retire for what is no doubt the chief purpose of her existence, than he appears to forget all about her, never goes to inquire for her well-being, and, beyond an unearthly scream in answer to her cackle of oviposition, never manifests the least concern for the result; she may set many weary days upon her eggs, but he never carries food to her; and, even after the chickens are hatched, seems to look upon them rather in the light of a necessary evil, which it is no unpardonable sin to peck at and to step upon. Here is a striking contrast to what we saw among the pigeons and the birds of prey. But does this low state of family relation exist among the other precocious birds? It would be interesting to know; but the information seems to be very scanty, or at most confined to particular species. In domestication the ducks and geese are

polygamous, but we do not know how it is in nature. I am inclined to think that the other groups—all wading or swimming birds—live in pairs, but they are zoologically in bad company; and, so long as it is not certain, we must regard the *Præcoces* as presenting a lower grade of domestic relations than the *Altrices*.

Now comes the question which really concerns us in this connection,—how do the males and the females compare with each other in these two groups as to size, beauty of plumage, and disposition?

That there are differences between the two sexes of many species is too well known to require further mention; and these differences are often so great that the two would never be suspected of belonging to the same species; but while this is recognized by some authors so far as to induce them to give separate descriptions and measurements of the two sexes, it is not heeded at all by others, or even by the former in all their works; so that the state of our information is extremely unsatisfactory when we seek to generalize as to one feature among all the groups of birds.

Among the *Præcoces*, the only group concerning which all the facts are certain is the *Gallinæ*, or fowl-tribe, in which the male is conspicuously larger, stronger, handsomer, and often provided with appendages (the comb, wattle, and spur) which the female either wants altogether or possesses in a less degree. The common fowl, the turkey, and, *par excellence*, the peacock, are striking examples. The same rule seems to hold among the *Lamellirostræ* or duck family, and the male is the brighter in plumage if not always the larger. And as in the *Gallinæ*, both the voice and the disposition differ decidedly in the two sexes.

Among the wading birds the female is said by one author to be the larger, but in some species the male is the more brightly colored; and concerning the short-winged penguin and auks, I have no information.

With the Altrices, our information is more extensive, but at the same time somewhat contradictory. Among the birds of prey the *female* is always the larger; her length exceeding that of the male by one or two inches, according to the size of the species. The reason for this it is not easy to understand, but it has probably some reference to the females having not only to take living prey as well as the male, but also to cover the young and shelter them, at least more than he, although he may at times relieve her. But though smaller in size, he is more brilliant in plumage, like all the other Altrices of which the facts are recorded; and the male is also the *larger* among the doves, the perchers, and singing birds, the pelicans and cormorants, the gulls and the petrels; as to the cranes and storks, the parrots and cuckoos, I know nothing certainly.

The male carrier pigeon has wattles under the head, reminding us of the larger combs and wattles of the cocks and the turkey-cocks; the latter has also a peculiar tuft of long hair on the breast. Among the singing birds the males always excel in musical power, and every work upon the habits of birds mentions traits of character peculiar to one of the sexes; so many are known as to lead us to infer that their existence is universal, but until naturalists recognize all such facts as bearing upon the discussion of very important principles, only the more striking instances will be recorded by them.

Of the two hundred and fifty species of birds described in Samuels's "Ornithology of New England," only about sixty are referred to as presenting sexual differences; but what is already known of these and of some tropical species shows the utter insufficiency of a measurement or a description of either plumage, structure, or habits which does not include both sexes.

I approach the consideration of the Mammalia with interest, and at the same time with considerable caution; for it is the class to which man himself belongs, so far as concerns his bodily or-

ganization, and of which he is, both by structure and by function as well as by the decree of his Maker, the ruler and the archetype. Throughout the class we can trace an effort to approximate the human body; from the horizontal whale, through the gradually elevated seals and quadrupeds, to the semi-erect apes, all its members strive, though forever in vain, to attain the vertical position of man. In all our studies of their habits and dispositions, their organs and functions, constant reference is made to the human body, and to the natural passions and appetites and social and domestic relations of man; and, finally, try to shut our eyes to it as we may, not a fact or an opinion can be stated upon the relations of the two sexes among the mammalia, without our passing an immediate judgment upon it accordingly as it seems to favor or disprove the particular theory which we hold at the time concerning what are, or have been, or ought to be, the relation of man to woman and woman to man.

As has been already intimated, I have my own opinion upon this point; but, in its basis, it savors of religion rather than of science, and cannot, therefore, be advanced here where it is my especial purpose to offer some purely scientific facts grouped in the simplest manner, and not at all with reference to any particular theory of sexual relation.

The first and simplest distinction to be looked for is that of size; and among the Mammalia there is a uniformity which enables us to offer a statement, doubtless refreshing to the weary reader who, after reading the bird section half a dozen times, still feels himself in danger of forgetting "which are which." *All male mammals are larger and stronger than the females*; there are, of course, individual exceptions, but that is the rule.

To say that they are also handsomer will, for the reason already stated, bring a blush of modesty to the brow of manhood, a glow of assent to the cheek of womanhood, and, perchance a flush of

indignation to both cheeks and brows of some who, through either native deficiency or mistaken views or disappointed affections, deny that manhood and womanhood any longer exist.

But, in truth, perhaps, it ought not so to be said; for the colors of the Mammalia are rarely bright in either sex, and so the beauty of neither is comparable with that of the birds whose hues are certainly more brilliant in the males. And it is probable that the general opinion that the male among our common animals is the handsomer comes from the very same mistaken view of what constitutes excellence of both mind and body with men; of this, more further on; but it is certain that in the possession, or at least in the greater development of certain weapons and showy appendages, the male mammal presents in very many cases the more striking and imposing appearance.

The lion has a flowing mane, which his mate wants altogether; though there is a species, or at least a variety, inhabiting Guzerat in India, where neither sex has a mane; and not again until we reach the human family does the quantity or the collection of the hairy covering constitute a sexual peculiarity.

Horns and teeth, like hair, are really and primarily outgrowths from the skin, and are only attached to the bony skeleton at a later period, to give them greater firmness and availability as organs of combat and of mastication.

The one or two horns upon the snout of the rhinoceros are considered to be a mere agglutination of hairs, growing side by side, and attached by their base to a rough spot upon the bones of the nose. There does not appear to be any sexual distinction in them.

The true horns in pairs are found only in the order Ruminantia, or "cud-chewers," including the cattle, sheep, deer, antelopes, and giraffes; and with all these they are larger in the male, and in a few species exist only in that sex, or are merely rudimentary in the

female, as in some antelopes. The greater number of branches upon the horns of the male deer and stags, and the strongly curved form which they assume in the rams and he-goats, are well known. It is true that among the domestic cattle, the bulls have the smallest horns, the cows rather larger, and the oxen the largest and most strongly curved; but the exception is more apparent than real, since the horns of the bull, though smaller, are sharper and straighter and more effective in thrusting than those of either the cow or the ox; and, more than that, the neck of the bull is so very much stronger as to enable him to use his short sharp horns to the best advantage; and so, taking quality into consideration rather than quantity, the rule holds good, that the male ruminant is better supplied with horns than the female.

There are some other ruminating animals which have no horns at all, — the camels and llamas; but these have as weapons of offence and defence sharp-pointed teeth in both jaws, which do not exist or are not sharp-pointed in the ordinary Ruminants; and these teeth are larger and sharper in the male camel and llama than in the female.

And this leads us to consider the teeth among the other Mammalia, — not the chewing or grinding teeth, which are subservient only to digestion, and which, since both sexes eat the same food, would not be expected to present any sexual distinction; but, sharp-pointed teeth existing in nearly all mammals which may be used for seizing and tearing food, and which in the males are more largely developed, so as to be quite formidable weapons. Such are the long canine teeth of the male lion and tiger, of the male gorilla and other apes, and boars of some wild species in which they project beyond the lips, and may even curve upward and over so as to be capable of inflicting terrible wounds; the stallion has short but sharp canines in both jaws, the gelding has them smaller, and in the mare they are wanting altogether.

All these teeth are true "canines," but in some species the front or incisor teeth may take on the form and function of tusks; those of the elephants and mastodons and mammoths, for instance, are enormously developed incisor teeth, which are larger and more strongly curved in the male than in the female; though in certain parts of Africa the elephants are said not to differ as to the tusks in the two sexes. I venture to suggest, however, that in this, as in many other cases, the comparisons have not been made with sufficient care.

In the Narwhal the young of both sexes possess two rudimentary tusks at the end of the upper jaw, which in the female never project beyond the gum; but in the male that of the left side soon increases in length, and finally forms a straight though twisted tusk, which may attain a thickness of four inches, and a length of nine or ten feet.

Among the lower orders of the true Mammalia — as the Rodents and Insectivora — the sexes are externally so much alike as to require a very close comparison in order to detect them; but with the Marsupials — as the opossums, kangaroos, and the like — most of them inhabiting Australia, the female is at once known by the possession of the *marsupium*, a pouch upon the abdomen in which the young are deposited, and where, by sucking the milk from the nipples which open into it, they gradually advance from the immature and perfectly helpless condition in which they are first born to one corresponding with that in which the ordinary mammals come into the world. The males have no such open pouch, but under the skin of the abdomen may be felt the two slender marsupial bones, which in them as in the females reach forward and outward from the loin of the pelvis.

In the male *Ornithorhynchus* is a very peculiar hollow spur upon each hind leg, and a gland concealed at its base, both these being rudimentary in the female. Its use is not known.

The mammary glands, the milk-secreting organs which distinguish the Mammalia from all other classes of vertebrates, are likewise distinctive marks of sex within the class; not by their existence in the female alone, but by their greater size and ordinary functional development; for, like men, all the males of the monkeys, the quadrupeds, the seals, and the whales possess rudimentary glands, or at least the nipples, in the various locations where they are developed in the females; in some, as in the bats and apes, two in number upon the chest; in others numerous along the whole lower surface of the body; in others, as in the cow and horse, few in number, and brought within a small space between the hinder legs; even in mankind, however, their position may be altered, for in an otherwise well-formed man there was a breast about three inches in diameter, with a nipple, located upon the front of one thigh; no milk could be obtained from it, but there have been at different times several male individuals who not only possessed well-developed mammary glands, but even secreted through them a milky fluid capable of nourishing infants; in all these cases the general form and aspect of the body was rather feminine.

And this leads us to a consideration of the outline and proportions of the body in the two sexes. These have been studied more by artists than by anatomists, and are so generally admitted as to require a mere mention here. The shoulders of man are wider, but the hips in woman; the legs of man are longer, so that when standing he is the taller; but there is little or no difference in the length of the trunk, so that when sitting the distinction is lost.

But beside these definite peculiarities, the two sexes are usually distinguishable by the general form and character of all parts. In man the skin is rougher, the hands and feet larger, the cheekbones more prominent, and all the joints larger; there is less fat between the muscles, so that the form is



less rounded than in the female ; but beyond all this there are distinctions constant and easy to see, though not easy to describe, between the masculine and feminine features which rarely allow us to mistake the one for the other.

From the external to the true internal organs an easy passage is afforded by the vocal apparatus, which, though concealed from direct view, yet projects beneath the skin, and still more readily indicates sexual differences by the quality and quantity of the sounds produced.

The greater size of the male larynx is indicated by the prominence called "Adam's apple"; and the length of the "chink of the glottis," through which air passes in speaking or singing, is as three in man to two in woman.

In considering the size of various internal organs, we ought to give both the absolute weight and the weight relative to that of the entire body.

For instance, the average heart of women weighs eight or ten ounces, and that of man ten or twelve ; which fact, when viewed in the common idea of the heart's mental relations, rather militates against the affectional superiority of woman. But if these figures are compared with the weight of the body in the two sexes, the case looks better ; for in man the heart is as one to one hundred and sixty-nine, in woman as one to one hundred and forty-nine. The action of the heart, too, is more rapid in women, the average pulsations being five or ten more per minute than in men of the same age.

The lungs, however, are, both absolutely and relatively, larger in man, constituting in him one thirty-seventh, and in woman one forty-third, of the weight of the body. The statements regarding the number of respirations per minute are contradictory ; but we should incline to expect them to be more numerous in man. The red blood-corpuscles are said to be more numerous in man than in woman.

It is said by good authorities that women are more impressible to the

action of medicines than men, and that the action is apt to be also more irregular ; they are also said to endure surgical operations better than the sterner sex.

And now, last but by no means least, the nervous system claims our attention ; and he would be a very brave or a very ignorant person who should venture, without some trepidation, upon the presentment of facts, much less of opinions. He stands between two fiercely hostile parties, and a hair's-breadth leaning toward the one will call down upon him the wrath and condemnation of the other. I will therefore state the facts of other people, and let my readers form their own opinions.

By the careful weighing of many human brains it has been found : —

1. That the average brain of man weighs fifty ounces, and that of woman weighs forty-four ounces.

2. That the cerebrum, which is generally regarded as the organ of the higher mental powers, is not as a rule larger in proportion to the cerebellum, in either man or woman.

And if the advocates of man's superiority base their claim for him upon a larger organ of the mind than exists in woman, they must take into account a third fact.

3. That both elephants and whales, the latter of which have never been deemed to possess any remarkable intelligence, have brains weighing from eighty to one hundred and sixty ounces, whereas the largest human brains — those of Cuvier and Dupuytren — weighed only fifty-nine and fifty-eight ounces respectively ; if, then, it is objected that the human brain is bigger in proportion to the size of the body than that of the whale or elephant, we must first explain away this next fact.

4. In certain birds, in some small quadrupeds, and even in some monkeys, the size of the brain is, relatively to the size of the body, greater than in man.

It is evident, now, that neither absolute nor relative size proves anything ;



and even if it did, little help would be afforded in our estimate of masculine and feminine mental organs; for the proportion between the weight of the brain and that of the body is the same in the two sexes, or, according to some authors, a little larger in woman.

Some assistance might be derived from a comparison of the size of the brain with that of the nerves which proceed from it, or, what would probably amount to the same thing, a comparison of the gray or cellular and dynamic nervous substance with the white or fibrous and conducting portions; for it is certain that in this respect the brain of man excels all others. But there are no observations which enable us to make the comparison between the two sexes of human beings.

Let us, then, leave mere quantity out of the question entirely, and consider the quality of brains and their structural complexity. This promises well; for

5. Although there are apparent and perhaps real exceptions among the animals as compared with each other, — the sheep's brain, for instance, being more convoluted than the cat's, — yet there is no question but that the human brain surpasses that of all others, — even that of the apes, — in the number and depth of its convolutions and the amount of the gray matter. But here, unfortunately, there are no materials for making such a comparison between the brain of man and of woman.

If now we attempt to judge of them by the degree or quality of their intellectual manifestations, then we at once diverge from the safe, though narrow highway of facts into the broad fields of individual estimates and opinions, which would indeed involve the begging of the very question which we are trying to solve.

Here I leave the subject. If the height of wisdom is to be aware of our ignorance, my candid readers are certainly wiser than before, and may move

forward in the investigation with no fear of having to retrace their steps.

And if I may be permitted to suggest what seems to me to be the teaching of the animal kingdom upon this matter, it would be that, among the more highly organized forms, and among those which seem to represent the better and nobler qualities of humanity, the principle of division of labor is carried to the greatest degree; that thus the male and the female mutually aid and comfort one another; that each may perform more or less completely the offices usually in charge of the other; but that the male does the courting, the fighting, and the larger part of the talking; that he is generally the larger and stronger, often the handsomer, and is provided with weapons and endowed with greater vocal powers; that the female, on the contrary, is less striking in appearance, more retiring in disposition, softer and gentler in conversation, careful of her offspring, and ready to defend them too, with what strength she may possess; that, in short, the male is best fitted to shine in public, the female in private; the male abroad, the female at home; and that each feels the other to be so fully essential that neither envy nor contempt can exist between them.

And that, finally, if any distinction can be drawn between them, it is that, while both work together and equally well, the powers of the male seem to flow from the heart through the head, and those of the female as instinctive perceptions of necessities from the head through the heart, so as to fit her better for works of intimate care and affection.

And Nature, the unperverted mouth-piece of God, does not say to us that the head is better than the heart, or the heart better than the head, but that each is the equal of the other, and each noble and good and beautiful in its own way.

*Burt G. Wilder.*

## JOSEPH AND HIS FRIEND.

## CHAPTER XVII.

"I HAVE a plan," said Julia, a week or two later. "Can you guess it? No, I think not; and yet, you *might*! O, how lovely the light falls on your hair: it is perfect satin!"

She had one hand on his shoulder, and ran the fingers of the other lightly through his brown locks. Her face, sparkling all over with a witching fondness, was lifted towards his. It was the climax of an amiable mood which had lasted three days.

What young man can resist a playful, appealing face, a soft, caressing touch? Joseph smiled, as he asked, —

"Is it that I shall wear my hair upon my shoulders, or that we shall sow plaster on the clover-field, as old Bishop advised you the other day?"

"Now, you are making fun of my interest in farming; but wait another year! I am trying earnestly to understand it, but only so that ornament—beauty—what was the word in those lines you read last night?—may grow out of Use. That's it—Beauty out of Use! I know I've bored you a little sometimes—just a little, now, confess it!—with all my questions; but this is something different. Can't you think of anything that would make our home, O *so* much more beautiful?"

"A grove of palm-trees at the top of the garden? Or a lake in front, with marble steps leading down to the water?"

"You perverse Joseph! No: something possible, something practicable, something handsome, something profitable! Or, are you so old-fashioned that you think we must drudge for thirty years, and only take our pleasure after we grow rheumatic?"

Joseph looked at her with a puzzled, yet cheerful face.

"You don't understand me yet!" she exclaimed. "And indeed, indeed,

I dread to tell you, for one reason: you have such a tender regard for old associations,—not that I'd have it otherwise, if I could. I like it: I trust I have the same feeling: yet a little sentiment sometimes interferes practically with the improvement of our lives."

Joseph's curiosity was aroused. "What do you mean, Julia?" he asked.

"No!" she cried; "I will not tell you until I have read part of pa's letter, which came this afternoon. Take the arm-chair, and don't interrupt me."

She seated herself on the window-sill and opened the letter. "I saw," she said, "how uneasy you felt when the call came for the fourth instalment of ten per cent on the Amaranth shares, especially after I had so much difficulty in persuading you not to sell the half. It surprised *me*, although I knew that, where pa is concerned, there's a good reason for everything. So I wrote to him the other day, and this is what he says,—you remember, Kanuck is the company's agent on the spot:—

"Tell Joseph that in matters of finance there's often a wheel within a wheel. Blenkinsop, of the Chowder Company, managed to get a good grab of our shares through a third party, of whom we had not the slightest suspicion. I name no name at present, from motives of prudence. We only discovered the circumstance after the third party left for Europe. Looking upon the Chowder as a rival, it is our desire, of course, to extract this entering wedge before it has been thrust into our vitals, and we can only accomplish the end by still keeping secret the discovery of the torpedoes (an additional expense, I might remark), and calling for fresh instalments from *all* the stockholders. Blenkinsop, not being within the inside ring,—and no possibility of *his* getting in!—will

naturally see only the blue of disappointment where we see the rose of realized expectations. Already, so Kanuck writes to me, negotiations are on foot which will relieve our Amaranth of this parasitic growth, and a few weeks — days — hours, in fact, may enable us to explode and triumph! I was offered, yesterday, by one of our shrewdest operators, who has been silently watching us, ten shares of the Sinnemahoning Hematite for eight of ours. Think of that, — the Sinnemahoning Hematite! No better stock in the market, if you remember the quotations! Explain the significance of the figures to your husband, and let him see that he has — but no, I will restrain myself and make no estimate. I will only mention, under the seal of the profoundest secrecy, that the number of shafts now sinking (or being sunk) will give an enormous flowing capacity when the electric spark fires the mine, and I should not wonder if our shares then soared high over the pinnacles of all previous speculation!

"No, nor I!" Julia exclaimed, as she refolded the letter; "it is certain, — positively certain! I have never known the Sinnemahoning Hematite to be less than 147. What do you say, Joseph?"

"I hope it may be true," he answered. "I can't feel so certain, while an accident — the discovery of the torpedo-plan, for instance — might change the prospects of the Amaranth. It will be a great relief when the time comes to 'realize,' as your father says."

"You only feel so because it is your first experience; but for your sake I will consent that it shall be the last. We shall scarcely need any more than this will bring us; for, as pa says, a mere competence in the city is a splendid fortune in the country. You need leisure for books and travel and society, and you shall have it. Now, let us make a place for both!"

Thereupon she showed him how the parlor and rear bedroom might be thrown into one; where there were alcoves for bookcases and space for a

piano; how a new veranda might be added to the western end of the house; how the plastering might be renewed, a showy cornice supplied, and an air of elegant luxury given to the new apartment. Joseph saw and listened, conscious at once of a pang at changing the ancient order of things, and a temptation to behold a more refined comfort in its place. He only asked to postpone the work; but Julia pressed him so closely, with such a multitude of unanswerable reasons, that he finally consented to let a mechanic look at the house, and make an estimate of the expense.

In such cases, the man who deliberates is lost.

His consent once reluctantly exacted, Julia insisting that she would take the whole charge of directing the work, a beginning was made without delay, and in a few days the ruin was so complete that the restoration became a matter of necessity.

Julia kept her word only too faithfully. With a lively, playful manner in the presence of the workmen, but with a cold, inflexible obstinacy when they were alone, she departed from the original plan, adding showy and expensive features, every one of which, Joseph presently saw, was devised to surpass the changes made by the Hopetons in their new residence. His remonstrances produced no effect, and he was precluded from a practical interference by the fear of the workmen guessing his domestic trouble. Thus the days dragged on, and the breach widened without an effort on either side to heal it.

The secret of her temporary fondness gave him a sense of positive disgust when it arose in his memory. He now suspected a selfish purpose in her caresses, and sought to give her no chance of repeating them, but in the company of others he was forced to endure a tenderness which, he was surprised to find, still half deceived him, as it wholly deceived his neighbors. He saw, too, — and felt himself powerless to change the impression, — that Julia's popularity increased with her

knowledge of the people, while their manner towards him was a shade less frank and cordial than formerly. He knew that the changes in his home were so much needless extravagance, to them ; and that Julia's oft-repeated phrase (always accompanied with a loving look), "Joseph is making the old place so beautiful for me !" increased their mistrust, while seeming to exalt him as a devoted husband.

It is not likely that she specially intended this result ; while, on the other hand, he somewhat exaggerated its character. Her object was simply to retain her growing ascendancy : within the limits where her peculiar faculties had been exercised she was nearly perfect ; but she was indifferent to tracing the consequences of her actions beyond those limits. When she ascertained Mr. Chaffinch's want of faith in Joseph's entire piety, she became more regular in her attendance at his church, not so much to prejudice her husband by the contrast, as to avoid the suspicion which he had incurred. To Joseph, however, in the bitterness of his deception, these actions seemed either hostile or heartless ; he was repelled from the clearer knowledge of a nature so foreign to his own. So utterly foreign : yet how near beyond all others it had once seemed !

It was not a jealousy of the authority she assumed which turned his heart from her : it was the revelation of a shallowness and selfishness not at all rare in the class from which she came, but which his pure, guarded youth had never permitted him to suspect in any human being. A man familiar with men and women, if he had been caught in such toils, would have soon discovered some manner of controlling her nature, for the very shrewdest and falsest have their vulnerable side. It gave Joseph, however, so much keen spiritual pain to encounter her in her true character, that such a course was simply impossible.

Meanwhile the days went by, the expense of labor and material had already doubled the estimates made by

the mechanics, bills were presented for payment, and nothing was heard from the Amaranth. Money was a necessity, and there was no alternative but to obtain a temporary loan at a county town, the centre of transactions for all the debtors and creditors of the neighboring country. It was a new and disagreeable experience for Joseph to appear in the character of a borrower, and he adopted it most reluctantly ; yet the reality was a greater trial than he had suspected. He found that the most preposterous stories of his extravagance were afloat. He was transforming his house into a castle : he had made, lost, and made again a large fortune in petroleum ; he had married a wealthy wife and squandered her money ; he drove out in a carriage with six white horses ; he was becoming irregular in his habits and heretical in his religious views ; in short, such marvellous powers of invention had been exercised that the Arab story-tellers were surpassed by the members of that quiet, sluggish community.

It required all his self-control to meet the suspicions of the money-agents, and convince them of the true state of his circumstances. The loan was obtained, but after such a wear and tear of flesh and spirit as made it seem a double burden.

When he reached home, in the afternoon, Julia instantly saw, by his face, that all had not gone right. A slight effort, however, enabled her to say carelessly and cheerfully, —

"Have you brought me my supplies, dear ?"

"Yes," he answered curtly.

"Here is a letter from pa," she then said. "I opened it, because I knew what the subject must be. But if you're tired, pray don't read it now, for then you may be impatient. There's a little more delay."

"Then I'll not delay to know it," he said, taking the letter from her hand. A printed slip, calling upon the stockholders of the Amaranth to pay a *fifth* instalment, fell out of the envelope. Accompanying it there was a hasty

note from B. Blessing: "Don't be alarmed, my dear son-in-law! Probably a mere form. Blenkinsop still holds on, but we think this will bring him at once. If it don't, we shall very likely have to go on *with* him, even if it obliges us to unite the Amaranth and the Chowder. In any case, we shall ford or bridge this little Rubicon within a fortnight. Have the money ready, if convenient, but do not forward unless I give the word. We hear, through third parties, that Clementina (who is now at Long Branch) receives much attention from Mr. Spelter, a man of immense wealth, but, I regret to say, no refinement."

Joseph smiled grimly, when he finished the note. "Is there never to be an end of humbug?" he exclaimed.

"There, now!" cried Julia; "I knew you'd be impatient. You are so unaccustomed to great operations. Why, the Muchacho Land Grant—I remember it, because pa sold out just at the wrong time—hung on for seven years!"

"D— curse the Muchacho Land Grant, and the Amaranth too!"

"Are n't you ashamed!" exclaimed Julia, taking on a playful air of offence; "but you're tired and hungry, poor fellow!" Therewith she put her hands on his shoulders, and raised herself on tiptoe to kiss him.

Joseph, unable to control his sudden instinct, swiftly turned away his head.

"O you wicked husband, you deserve to be punished!" she cried, giving him what was meant to be a light tap on the cheek.

It was a light tap, certainly; but perhaps a little of the annoyance which she banished from her face had lodged, unconsciously, in her fingers. They left just sting enough to rouse Joseph's heated blood. He started back a step, and looked at her with flaming eyes.

"No more of that, Julia! I know, *now*, how much your arts are worth. I am getting a vile name in the neighborhood,—losing my property,—losing my own self-respect,—because I have

allowed you to lead me! Will you be content with what you have done, or must you go on until my ruin is complete?"

Before he had finished speaking she had taken rapid counsel with herself, and decided. "Oh, oh! such words to me!" she groaned, hiding her face between her hands. "I never thought *you* could be so cruel! I had *such* pleasure in seeing you rich and free, in trying to make your home beautiful; and now this little delay, which no business-man would think anything of, seems to change your very nature! But I will not think it's your true self: something has worried you to-day,—you have heard some foolish story—"

"It is not the worry of to-day," he interrupted, in haste to state his whole grievance, before his weak heart had time to soften again,—"*it* is the worry of months past! It is because I thought you true and kind-hearted, and I find you selfish and hypocritical! It is very well to lead me into serious expenses, while so much is at stake, and now likely to be lost,—it is very well to make my home beautiful, especially when you can outshine Mrs. Hopeton! It is easy to adapt yourself to the neighbors, and keep on the right side of them, no matter how much your husband's character may suffer in the process!"

"That will do!" said Julia, suddenly becoming rigid. She lifted her head, and apparently wiped the tears from her eyes. "A little more and it would be too much, for even *me*! What do I care for 'the neighbors'? persons whose ideas and tastes and habits of life are so different from mine? I have endeavored to be friendly with them for *your* sake: I have taken special pains to accommodate myself to their notions, just because I intended they should justify *you* in choosing me! I believed—for you told me so—that there was no calculation in love, that money was dross in comparison; and how could I imagine that you would so soon put up a balance and begin to weigh the two? Am I your wife or

your slave? Have I an equal share in what is yours, or am I here merely to increase it? If there is to be a question of dollars and cents between us, pray have my allowance fixed, so that I may not overstep it, and may save myself from such reproaches! I knew you would be disappointed in pa's letter: I have been anxious and uneasy since it came, through my sympathy with you, and was ready to make any sacrifice that might relieve your mind; and now you seem to be full of unkindness and injustice! What shall I do, O what shall I do?"

She threw herself upon a sofa, weeping hysterically.

"Julia!" he cried, both shocked and startled by her words, "you purposely misunderstand me. Think how constantly I have yielded to you, against my own better judgment! When have you considered my wishes?"

"When?" she repeated: then, addressing the cushion with a hopeless, melancholy air, "he asks, when! How could I misunderstand you? your words were as plain as daggers. If you were not aware how sharp they were, call them back to your mind when these mad, unjust suspicions have left you! I trusted you so perfectly, I was looking forward to such a happy future, and now—now, all seems so dark! It is like a flash of lightning: I am weak and giddy: leave me,—I can bear no more!"

She covered her face, and sobbed wretchedly.

"I am satisfied that you are not as ignorant as you profess to be," was all Joseph could say, as he obeyed her command, and left the room. He was vanquished, he knew, and a little confused by his wife's unexpected way of taking his charges in flank instead of meeting them in front, as a man would have done. *Could* she be sincere? he asked himself. Was she really so ignorant of herself, as to believe all that she had uttered? There seemed to be not the shadow of hypocrisy in her grief and indignation. Her tears were real: then why not her smiles and caresses? Ei-

ther she was horribly, incredibly false,—worse than he dared dream her to be,—or so fatally unconscious of her nature that nothing short of a miracle could ever enlighten her. One thing, only, was certain: there was now no confidence between them, and there might never be again.

He walked slowly forth from the house, seeing nothing, and unconscious whither his feet were leading him.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

STILL walking, with bent head, and a brain which vainly strove to work its way to clearness through the perplexities of his heart, Joseph went on. When, wearied at last, though not consciously calmer, he paused and looked about him, it was like waking from a dream. Some instinct had guided him on the way to Philip's forge: the old road had been moved to accommodate the new branch railway, and a rapid ring of hammers came up from the embankment below. It was near the point of the hill where Lucy's school-house stood, and even as he looked she came, accompanied by her scholars, to watch the operation of laying the track. Elwood Withers, hale, sunburnt, full of lusty life, walked along the sleepers directing the workmen.

"He was right,—only too right!" muttered Joseph to himself. "Why could I not see with his eyes? 'It's the bringing up,' he would say; but that is not all. I have been an innocent, confiding boy, and thought that years and acres had made me a man. O, *she* understood me,—she understands me now; but in spite of her, God helping me, I shall yet be a man."

Elwood ran down the steep side of the embankment, greeted Lucy, and helped her to the top, the children following with whoops and cries.

"Would it have been different," Joseph further soliloquized, "if Lucy and I had loved and married? It is hardly treating Elwood fairly, to suppose such

a thing, yet—a year ago—I might have loved her. It is better as it is: I should have stepped upon a true man's heart. Have they drawn nearer? and if so, does he, with his sturdier nature, his surer knowledge, find no flaw in her perfections?"

A morbid curiosity to watch the two suddenly came upon him. He clambered over the fence, crossed the narrow strip of meadow, and mounted the embankment. Elwood's back was towards him, and he was just saying: "It all comes of taking an interest in what you're doing. The practical part is easy enough, when you once have the principles. I can manage the theodolite already, but I need a little showing when I come to the calculations. Somehow, I never cared much about study before, but here it's all applied as soon as you've learned it, and that fixes it, like, in your head."

Lucy was listening with an earnest, friendly interest on her face. She scarcely saw Joseph until he stood before her. After the first slight surprise, her manner towards him was quiet and composed: Elwood's eyes were bright, and there was a fresh intelligence in his appearance. The habit of command had already given him a certain dignity.

"How can I get knowledge which may be applied as soon as learned?" Joseph asked, endeavoring to assume the manner furthest from his feelings. "I'm still at the foot of the class, Lucy," he added, turning to her.

"How?" Elwood replied. "I should say by going around the world alone. That would be about the same for you as what these ten miles I'm overseeing are to me. A little goes a great way with me, for I can only pick up one thing at a time."

"What kind of knowledge are you looking for, Joseph?" Lucy gravely asked.

"Of myself," said he, and his face grew dark.

"That's a true word!" Elwood involuntarily exclaimed. He then caught Lucy's eye, and awkwardly added:

"It's about what we all want, I take it."

Joseph recovered himself in a moment, and proposed looking over the work. They walked slowly along the embankment, listening to Elwood's account of what had been done and what was yet to do, when the Hopeton carriage came up the highway, near at hand. Mrs. Hopeton sat in it alone.

"I was looking for you, Lucy," she called. "If you are going towards the cutting, I will join you there."

She sent the coachman home with the carriage, and walked with them on the track. Joseph felt her presence as a relief, but Elwood confessed to himself that he was a little disturbed by the steady glance of her dark eyes. He had already overcome his regret at the interruption of his rare and welcome chance of talking with Lucy, but then Joseph knew his heart, while this stately lady looked as if she were capable of detecting what she had no right to know. Nevertheless, she was Lucy's friend, and that fact had great weight with Elwood.

"It's rather a pity to cut into the hills and bank up the meadows in this way, is n't it?" he asked.

"And to disturb my school with so much hammering," Lucy rejoined; "when the trains come, I must retreat."

"None too soon," said Mrs. Hopeton. "You are not strong, Lucy, and the care of a school is too much for you."

Elwood thanked her with a look, before he knew what he was about.

"After all," said Joseph, "why should n't nature be cut up? I suppose everything was given to us to use, and the more profit the better the use, seems to be the rule of the world. 'Beauty grows out of Use,' you know."

His tone was sharp and cynical, and grated unpleasantly on Lucy's sensitive ear.

"I believe it is a rule in art," said Mrs. Hopeton, "that mere ornament, for ornament's sake, is not allowed. It must always seem to answer some pur-



pose, to have a necessity for its existence. But, on the other hand, what is necessary should be beautiful, if possible."

"A loaf of bread, for instance," suggested Elwood.

They all laughed at this illustration, and the conversation took a lighter turn. By this time they had entered the narrower part of the valley, and on passing around a sharp curve of the track found themselves face to face with Philip and Madeline Held.

If Mrs. Hopeton's heart beat more rapidly at the unexpected meeting, she preserved her cold, composed bearing. Madeline, bright and joyous, was the unconscious agent of unconstraint, in whose presence each of the others felt immediately free.

"Two inspecting committees at once!" cried Philip. "It is well for you, Withers, that you did n't locate the line. My sister and I have already found several unnecessary curves and culverts."

"And *we* have found a great deal of use and no beauty," Lucy answered.

"Beauty!" exclaimed Madeline. "What is more beautiful than to see one's groceries delivered at one's very door? Or to have the opera and the picture-gallery brought within two hours' distance? How far are we from a lemon, Philip?"

"You were a lemon, Mad, in your vegetable, pre-human state; and you are still acid and agreeable."

"Sweets to the sweet!" she gayly cried. "And what, pray, was Miss Henderson?"

"Don't spare me, Mr. Held," said Lucy, as he looked at her with a little hesitation.

"An apple."

"And Mrs. Hopeton?"

"A date-palm," said Philip, fixing his eyes upon her face.

She did not look up, but an expression which he could not interpret just touched her lips and faded.

"Now, it's your turn, Miss Held," Elwood remarked: "what were we men?"

"O, Philip, a prickly pear, of course; and you, well, some kind of a nut; and Mr. Asten —"

"A cabbage," said Joseph.

"What vanity! Do you imagine that you are all head, — or that your heart is in your head? Or that you keep the morning dew longer than the rest of us?"

"It might well be," Joseph answered; and Madeline felt her arm gently pinched by Philip, from behind. She had tact enough not to lower her pitch of gayety too suddenly, but her manner towards Joseph became grave and gentle. Mrs. Hopeton said but little: she looked upon the circling hills, as if studying their summer beauty, while the one desire in her heart was to be away from the spot, — away from Philip's haunting eyes.

After a little while, Philip seemed to be conscious of her feeling. He left his place on the opposite side of the track, took Joseph's arm and led him a little aside from the group.

"Philip, I want you!" Joseph whispered; "but no, not quite yet. There is no need of coming to you in a state of confusion. In a day or two more I shall have settled a little."

"You are right," said Philip: "there is no opiate like time, be there never so little of it. I felt the fever of your head in your hand. Don't come to me, until you feel that it is the one thing which must be done! I think you know why I say so."

"I do!" Joseph exclaimed. "I am just now more of an ostrich than anything else; I should like to stick my head in the sand, and imagine myself invisible. But — Philip — here are six of us together. One other, I know, has a secret wound, perhaps two others: is it always so in life? I think I am selfish enough to be glad to know that I am not specially picked out for punishment."

Philip could not help smiling. "Upon my soul," he said, "I believe Madeline is the only one of the six who is not busy with other thoughts than those we all seem to utter. Specially

picked out? There is no such thing as special picking out, in this world! Joseph, it may seem hard and school-master-like in me to say 'wait!' yet that is the only word I can say."

"Good evening, all!" cried Elwood. "I must go down to my men; but I'd be glad of such an inspection as this, a good deal oftener."

"I'll go that far with you," said Joseph.

Mrs. Hopeton took Lucy's arm with a sudden, nervous movement. "If you are not too tired, let us walk over the hill," she said; "I want to find the right point of view for sketching our house."

The company dissolved. Philip, as he walked up the track with his sister, said to himself: "Surely, she was afraid of me. And what does her fear indicate? What, if not that the love she once bore for me still lives in her heart, in spite of time and separated fates? I should not, *dare* not think of her; I shall never again speak a word to her which her husband might not hear; but I cannot tear from me the dream of what she might be, the knowledge of what she is, false, hopeless, fatal, as it all may be!"

"Elwood," said Joseph, when they had walked a little distance in silence, "do you remember the night you spent with me, a year ago?"

"I'm not likely to forget it."

"Let me ask you one question, then. Have you come nearer to Lucy Henderson?"

"If no further off means nearer, and it almost seems so in my case, — yes!"

"And you see no difference in her, — no new features of character, which you did not guess, at first?"

"Indeed, I do!" Elwood emphatically answered. "To me she grows less and less like any other woman, — so right, so straightforward, so honest in all her ways and thoughts! If I am ever tempted to do anything — well, not exactly mean, you know, but such as a man might as well leave undone, I have only to say to myself: 'If you're not thoroughly good, my boy, you'll

lose her!' and that does the business, right away. Why, Joseph, I'm proud of myself, that I mean to deserve her!"

"Ah!" A sigh, almost a groan, came from Joseph's lips. "What will you think of me?" he said. "I was about to repeat your own words, — to warn you to be cautious, and take time, and test your feelings, and not to be too sure of *her* perfection! what can a young man know about women? He can only discover the truth after marriage, and then — they are indifferent how it affects him — *their* fortunes are made!"

"I know," answered Elwood, turning his head away slightly; "but there's a difference between the women you seek, and work to get, and the women who seek, and work to get you."

"I understand you."

"Forgive me for saying it!" Elwood cried, instantly repenting his words. "I could n't help seeing and feeling what you know now. But what man — leastways, what friend — could ha' said it to you with any chance of being believed? You were like a man alone in a boat above a waterfall; only *you* could bring yourself to shore. If I stood on the bank and called, and you did n't believe me, what then? The Lord knows, I'd give this right arm, strong as it is, to put you back where you were a year ago."

"I've been longing for frankness, and I ought to bear it better," said Joseph. "Put the whole subject out of your thoughts, and come and see me as of old. It is quite time I should learn to manage my own life."

He grasped Elwood's hand convulsively, sprang down the embankment, and took to the highway. Elwood looked after him a minute, then slowly shook his head and walked onward towards the men.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Hopeton and Lucy had climbed the hill, and found themselves on the brow of a rolling upland, which fell on the other side, towards the old Calvert place. The day was hot. Mrs. Hopeton's knees trembled

under her, and she sank on the soft grass at the foot of a tree. Lucy took a seat beside her.

"You know so much of my trouble," said the former, when the coolness and rest had soothed her, "and I trust you so perfectly, that I can tell you all, Lucy. Can you guess the man whom I loved, but must never love again?"

"I have sometimes thought—" but here Lucy hesitated.

"Speak the name in your mind, or, let me say 'Philip Held,' for you! Lucy, what am I to do? he loves me still: he told me so, just now, where we were all together below there!"

Lucy turned with a start, and gazed wonderingly upon her friend's face.

"Why does he continue telling me what I must not hear? with his eyes, Lucy! in the tones of his voice, in common words which I am forced to interpret by *his* meaning! I had learned to bear my inevitable fate, for it was not an unhappy one; I can bear even his presence, if he were generous enough to close his heart as I do,—either that, or to avoid me; for I now dread to meet him again."

"Is it not," Lucy asked, "because the trial is new, and takes you by surprise and unprepared? May you not be fearing more than Mr. Held has expressed, or, at least, intended?"

"The speech that kills, or makes alive, needs no words. What I mean is, there is no *resistance* in his face. I blush for myself, I am indignant at my own pitiful weakness, but something in his look to-day made me forget everything that has passed since we were parted. While it lasted, I was under a spell,—a spell which it humiliates me to remember. Your voices sounded faint and far off; all that I have, and hold, seemed to be slipping from me. It was only for a moment, but, Lucy, it frightened me. My will is strong, and I think I can depend upon it; yet what if some influence beyond my control were to paralyze it?"

"Then you must try to win the help of a higher will; our souls always win something of that which they wrestle

and struggle to reach. Dear Mrs. Hopeton, have you never thought that we are still as children who cannot have all they cry for? Now, that you know what you fear, do not dread to hold it before your mind and examine what it is: at least, I think that would be my instinct,—to face a danger at once when I found I could not escape it."

"I have no doubt you are right, Lucy," said Mrs. Hopeton; but her tone was sad, as if she acquiesced without clearly believing.

"It seems very hard," Lucy continued, "when we cannot have the one love of all others that we need, harder still when we must put it forcibly from our hearts. But I have always felt that, when we can bring ourselves to renounce cheerfully, a blessing will follow. I do not know how, but I must believe it. Might it not come at last, through the love that we have, though it now seems imperfect?"

Mrs. Hopeton lifted her head from her knees, and sat erect. "Lucy," she said, "I do not believe you are a woman who would ask another to bear what is beyond your own strength. Shall I put you to the test?"

Lucy, though her face became visibly paler, replied: "I did not mean to compare my burden with yours; but weigh me, if you wish. If I am found wanting, you will show me wherein."

"Your one love above all others is lost to you. Have you conquered the desire for it?"

"I think I have. If some soreness remains, I try to believe that it is the want of the love which I know to be possible, not that of the — the person."

"Then, could you be happy with what you call an imperfect love?"

Lucy blushed a little, in spite of herself. "I am still free," she answered, "and not obliged to accept it. If I were bound, I hope I should not neglect my duty."

"What if another's happiness depended on your accepting it? Lucy, my eyes have been made keen by what I have felt. I saw to-day, that a man's

heart follows you, and I guess that you know it. Here is no imperfect love on his part: were you his wife, could you learn to give him so much that your life might become peaceful and satisfied?"

"You do, indeed, test me!" Lucy murmured. "How can I know? What answer can I make? I have shrunk from thinking of that, and I cannot feel that my duty lies there. Yet, if it were so, if I were already bound, irrevocably, surely all my present faith must be false if happiness in some form did not come at last!"

"I believe it would, to you!" cried Mrs. Hopeton. "Why not to me? Do you think I have ever looked for *love* in my husband? It seems, now, that I have been content to know that he was proud of me. If I seek, perhaps I may find more than I have dreamed of; and if I find,—if indeed and truly I find,—I shall never more lack self-possession and will!"

She rose to her full height, and a flush came over the pallor of her cheeks. "Yes," she continued, "rather than feel again the humiliation of to-day, I will trample all my nature down to the level of an imperfect love!"

"Better," said Lucy, rising also,— "better to bend only for a while to the imperfect, that you may warm and purify and elevate it, until it shall take the place of the perfect in your heart."

The two women kissed each other, and there were tears on the cheeks of both.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

ON his way home Joseph reviewed the quarrel with a little more calmness, and, while admitting his own rashness and want of tact, felt relieved that it had occurred. Julia now knew, at least, how sorely he had been grieved by her selfishness, and she had thus an opportunity, if she really loved him, of showing whether her nature were capable of change. He determined to make no further reference to the dissension,

and to avoid what might lead to a new one. He did not guess, as he approached the house, that his wife had long been watching at the front window, in an anxious, excited state, and that she only slipped back to the sofa and covered her head just before he reached the door.

For a day or two she was silent, and perhaps a little sullen; but the payment of the most pressing bills, the progress of the new embellishments, and the necessity of retaining her affectionate playfulness in the presence of the workmen, brought back her customary manner. Now and then a sharp, indirect allusion showed that she had not forgotten, and had not Joseph closed his teeth firmly upon his tongue, the household atmosphere might have been again disturbed.

Not many days elapsed before a very brief note from Mr. Blessing announced that the fifth instalment would be needed. He wrote in great haste, he said, and would explain everything by a later mail.

Joseph was hardly surprised now. He showed the note to Julia, merely saying: "I have not the money, and if I had, he could scarcely expect me to pay it without knowing the necessity. My best plan will be to go to the city at once."

"I think so, too," she answered. "You will be far better satisfied when you have seen pa, and he can also help you to raise the money temporarily, if it is really inevitable. He knows all the capitalists."

"I shall do another thing, Julia. I shall sell enough of the stock to pay the instalment; nay, I shall sell it all, if I can do so without loss."

"Are you —" she began fiercely, but, checking herself, merely added, "see pa first, that's all I stipulate."

Mr. Blessing had not returned from the Custom-House when Joseph reached the city. He had no mind to sit in the dark parlor and wait; so he plunged boldly into the labyrinth of clerks, porters, inspectors, and tide-waiters. Everybody knew Blessing, but nobody

could tell where he was to be found. Finally some one, more obliging than the rest, said : "Try the Wharf-Rat!"

The Wharf-Rat proved to be a "saloon" in a narrow alley behind the Custom-House. On opening the door a Venetian screen prevented the persons at the bar from being immediately seen, but Joseph recognized his father-in-law's voice, saying, "Straight, if you please!" Mr. Blessing was leaning against one end of the bar, with a glass in his hand, engaged with an individual of not very prepossessing appearance. He remarked to the latter, almost in a whisper (though the words reached Joseph's ears), "You understand, the collector can't be seen every day; it takes time, and — more or less capital. The doorkeeper and others expect to be feed."

As Joseph approached, he turned towards him with an angry, suspicious look, which was not changed into one of welcome so soon that a flash of uncomfortable surprise did not intervene. But the welcome once there, it deepened and mellowed, and became so warm and rich that only a cold, contracted nature could have refused to bathe in its effulgence.

"Why!" he cried, with extended hands, "I should as soon have expected to see daisies growing in this sawdust, or to find these spittoons smelling like hyacinths! Mr. Tweed, one of our rising politicians, Mr. Astén, my son-in-law! Astén, of Astén Hall, I might almost say, for I hear that your mansion is assuming quite a palatial aspect. Another glass, if you please: your throat must be full of dust, Joseph,—*pulvis faucibus hæsit*, if I might be allowed to change the classic phrase."

Joseph tried to decline, but was forced to compromise on a moderate glass of ale; while Mr. Blessing, whose glass was empty, poured something into it from a black bottle, nodded to Mr. Tweed, and saying, "Always straight!" drank it off.

"You would not suppose," he then said to Joseph, "that this little room,

dark as it is and not agreeably fragrant, has often witnessed the arrangement of political manœuvres which have decided the City, and through the City the State. I have seen together at that table, at midnight, Senator Slocum, and the Honorables Whitstone, Hacks, and Larruper. Why, the First Auditor of the Treasury was here no later than last week! I frequently transact some of the confidential business of the Custom-House within these precincts, as at present."

"Shall I wait for you outside?" Joseph asked.

"I think it will not be necessary. I have stated the facts, Mr. Tweed, and if you accept them, the figures can be arranged between us at any time. It is a simple case of algebra: by taking  $x$ , you work out the unknown quantity."

With a hearty laugh at his own smartness, he shook the "rising politician's" hand, and left the Wharf-Rat with Joseph.

"We can talk here as well as in the woods," he said. "Nobody ever hears anything in this crowd. But perhaps we had better not mention the Amaranth by name, as the operation has been kept so very close. Shall we say 'Paraguay' instead, or — still better — 'Reading,' which is a very common stock? Well, then, I guess you have come to see me in relation to the Reading?"

Joseph, as briefly as possible, stated the embarrassment he suffered, on account of the continued calls for payment, the difficulty of raising money for the fifth instalment, and bluntly expressed his doubts of the success of the speculation. Mr. Blessing heard him patiently to the end, and then, having collected himself, answered:—

"I understand, most perfectly, your feeling in the matter. Further, I do not deny that in respect to the time of realizing from the Am — Reading, I should say — I have also been disappointed. It has cost me no little trouble to keep my own shares intact, and my stake is so much greater than

yours, for it is *my all!* I am ready to unite with the Chowder, at once: indeed, as one of the directors, I mentioned it at our last meeting, but the proposition, I regret to say, was not favorably entertained. We are dependent, in a great measure, on Kanuck, who is on the spot superintending the Reading; he has been telegraphed to come on, and promises to do so as soon as the funds now called for are forthcoming. My faith, I hardly need intimate, is firm."

"My only resource, then," said Joseph, "will be to sell a portion of my stock, I suppose?"

"There is one drawback to that course, and I am afraid you may not quite understand my explanation. The — Reading has not been introduced in the market, and its *real* value could not be demonstrated without betraying the secret lever by which we intend hoisting it to a fancy height. We could only dispose of a portion of it to capitalists whom we choose to take into our confidence. The same reason would be valid against hypothecation."

"Have *you* paid this last instalment?" Joseph suddenly asked.

"N — no; not wholly; but I anticipate a temporary accommodation. If Mr. Spelter deprives me of Clementina, as I hear (through third parties) is daily becoming more probable, my family expenses will be so diminished that I shall have an ample margin; indeed, I shall feel like a large paper copy, with my leaves uncut!"

He rubbed his hands gleefully; but Joseph was too much disheartened to reply.

"*This* might be done," Mr. Blessing continued. "It is not certain that all the stockholders have yet paid. I will look over the books, and if such be the case, your delay would not be a sporadic delinquency. If otherwise, I will endeavor to gain the consent of my fellow-directors to the introduction of a new capitalist, to whom a small portion of your interest may be transferred. I trust you perceive the relevancy of this caution. We do not mean that our

flower shall always blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the oleaginous air; we only wish to guard against its being 'untimely ripped' (as Shakespeare says) from its parent stalk. I can well imagine how incomprehensible all this may appear to you. In all probability much of *your* conversation at home, relative to crops and the like, would be to me an unknown dialect. But I should not, therefore, doubt your intelligence and judgment in such matters."

Joseph began to grow impatient. "Do I understand you to say, Mr. Blessing," he asked, "that the call for the fifth instalment *can* be met by the sale of a part of my stock?"

"In an ordinary case it might not — under the peculiar circumstances of our operation — be possible. But I trust I do not exaggerate my own influence when I say that it is within *my* power to arrange it. If you will confide it to my hands, you understand, of course, that a slight formality is necessary, — a power of attorney?"

Joseph, in his haste and excitement, had not considered this, or any other legal point: Mr. Blessing was right.

"Then, supposing the shares to be worth only their par value," he said, "the power need not apply to more than one tenth of my stock?"

Mr. Blessing came into collision with a gentleman passing him. Mutual wrath was aroused, followed by mutual apologies. "Let us turn into the other street," he said to Joseph; "really, our lives are hardly safe in this crowd; it is nearly three o'clock, and the banks will soon be closed."

"It would be prudent to allow a margin," he resumed, after their course had been changed: "the money market is very tight, and if a *necessity* were suspected, most capitalists are unprincipled enough to exact according to the urgency of the need. I do not say — nor do I at all anticipate — that it would be so in your case; still, the future is a sort of dissolving view, and my suggestion is that of the merest prudence. I have no doubt that double

the amount — say one fifth of your stock — would guard us against all contingencies. If you prefer not to intrust the matter to my hands, I will introduce you to Honeyspoon Brothers, the bankers, — the elder Honeyspoon being a director, — who will be very ready to execute your commission."

What could Joseph do? It was impossible to say to Mr. Blessing's face that he mistrusted him: yet he certainly did not trust! He was weary of plausible phrases, the import of which he was powerless to dispute, yet which were so at variance with what seemed to be the facts of the case. He felt that he was lifted aloft into a dazzling, secure atmosphere, but as often as he turned to look at the

wings which upheld him, their plumage shrivelled into dust, and he fell an immense distance before his feet touched a bit of reality.

The power of attorney was given. Joseph declined Mr. Blessing's invitation to dine with him at the Universal Hotel, the Blessing table being "possibly a little lean to one accustomed to the bountiful profusion of the country," on the plea that he must return by the evening train; but such a weariness and disgust came over him that he halted at the Farmers' Tavern, and took a room for the night. He slept until long into the morning, and then, cheered in spirit through the fresh vigor of all his physical functions, started homewards.

*Bayard Taylor.*

---

## AN EX-SOUTHERNER IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

A JOURNEY due South in the midst of winter can hardly be otherwise than pleasant. It is a concentrated spring-time, and the traveller traverses with dream-like rapidity the whole series of changes by which the Northern year struggles out of its bondage of ice and snow. To be one day in the midst of snow deep enough to take away any lingering doubt of the arguments in proof of a glacial period, to pass on the next through a country where one sees first the dry fields, with the wrecks of winter on their colder slopes, and then the faint hue of green in the sunny spots; to wake the third morning in an air of heavenly softness, and in a land which seems all flowers, affords, indeed, almost intoxicating pleasure. Were it not for the languor produced by the unaccustomed warmth, a languor which takes away all physical vigor, but leaves the indolent mind intensely sensitive to all physical delights, one would resolve to repeat again and again this enchanting journey, that he might live the best of

many years in these repeated spring-times.

To the observant traveller each mile gives something noteworthy, but there is little that justifies extended description in what meets his eye in a run from Boston to Charleston. The most interesting points are those which he passes in traversing the old war-paths of Virginia. It is remarkable how rapidly all the physical evidences of the war have passed and are passing away. This change is particularly surprising to any one who was familiar with the condition of the country during the years of the war. Over the most of that almost continuous battle-field, along the railway from Washington to Richmond, any one a little inattentive could now pass without perceiving that it had been swept by war as never a region had been swept before.

Near Fredericksburg the railroad passes close to the scene of the worst part of the great battle. Here and there are the low earthworks almost worn down by the rain and frost of the



few winters which they have withstood. The long escarpment of the plateau against which our army broke is bare and furrowed; and the deep-red soil seems stained with the blood which will not wash away. Here the traveller sees for the first time a military cemetery, with its spectral parade of uniformed tombstones arranged in martial order, the last and most distressing manifestation of American fondness for *post-mortem* show. Far more fitting would it have been to leave the ashes of these fallen braves in the ground baptized by their blood, where they were hearsed by their surviving comrades, than to have imposed on them this Egyptian perpetuity. The only physical result of the war in Virginia which remains at all noteworthy is the destruction of the forests. A camp is a great consumer of timber; and the five years in which this region was warred over served to sweep away a large part of the trees. The country around Petersburg retains more of the scars of war than any other part of Virginia. That the ugly gashes of the earth have not healed under the kindly ministrings of frost and rain is chiefly due to the fact that the African citizens of the neighborhood have used them as iron and lead mines ever since the war, and to this day they are always engaged like industrious crows in pecking away for these spoils of the battlefield. There is a certain hazard in this work which, maybe, serves as stimulus to them, for many of the percussion shells retain to this day their explosive properties. It seems indeed strange that these missiles should retain their deadly force so long. Six years ago the drollest man in the nation could not have imagined that at the end of the decade, before the powder had been damped in the unexploded shells or the percussion-caps lost their fire, Jefferson Davis would be keeping an insurance office in Memphis and Joseph Johnson a similar shop at Savannah, and that the great captain who stood so long at bay in Virginia would be master of a school maintained in part by

contributions of Northern men. There is an almost theatrical fitness in the disposition manifested by the leaders of the great Rebellion to go into the insurance business. This occupation seems to suit very well to men who had suffered the most from vicissitudes of fortune.

In Virginia, although there is little sign of thrift and every evidence of poverty among the cultivators of the soil, there is evidently a good heart in the land, which secures a noble future to the agriculture of the State. But when we cross the State line we enter the most hopeless-looking region this side of the Alkali Desert. The Atlantic swamp belt is destined to exercise a great negative influence in the development of the country. A sea of sand which in any less favorable climate would be a desert, with much of its surface so little elevated above the sea that it is scarcely better than a swamp, and studded with marshy islands, it seems capable of producing little except miasma. With our frightful increase in population, it must soon swarm with the people for which the mosquitoes have been waiting for centuries; and in time this inundated Sahara will doubtless prove as fertile as the lower valley of the Po, — a region it resembles in some regards; but it sickens one to think of the generations during which it must bear an unhappy population, living like cranes until they are rich enough to dike the streams and end their amphibious existence. Let us hope and pray that some lucky geological accident may give this region a lift of fifty feet or so, or that the ocean may take back its imperfect work, and not return it until the task is worthier of its workmanship.

The traveller soon loses interest in the prospect which shows him a monotonous woodland, only varying when the black water of the swamp is replaced by the occasional strip of white sand, with here and there the rude buildings of a tar-factory. He is sure to find in the car some more interesting and less monotonous material for

study. In half a hundred Southerners you are sure to find a greater variety of men than among the same number of Northerners. They have grown up farther apart, and so have not shaped themselves on each other, like the cells in a honeycomb or the trees in a forest.

The war has made a material change in the character of the Southern people. Take almost any man you happen to meet, and enter into conversation with him, and you will probably find that his occupation has changed since the war, and that his views of life, and his whole existence in fact, have altered as well. The business spirit has sprung into activity with great suddenness. There is, despite a certain distrust of the present, a deep hope for the future, which is quite consoling. Nearly all those you talk with have been in the Confederate Army in some position or other, — or at least claim to have been. One hears numerous narratives, which it is much to be regretted cannot be preserved. I talked for some hours with a gentleman who commanded a division in the Confederate Army at Fredericksburg during Burnside's attack. It seems, from his description, that the obstacles encountered by the Federal Army were wellnigh insurmountable, and any renewal of the attack on the left of the Confederate position would have been equally disastrous. Another young man told me that he was in the Confederate Army at the time of its surrender to Grant. He says that the men near Lee's head-quarters had heard of the surrender, but could get no statement which made the matter clear. At length they saw Lee come out of his tent, mount a horse, and ride away. His men, actuated by regard for their old commander, and fearing he was about to leave them forever, ran across the fields to head him off. General Lee, divining their intention, tried to take another road and escape them; but others of the mob, that had so lately been his faithful army, stopped his new way also. Finding himself thus at bay, the General dismounted and stood uncovered beside his horse, while his

officers and men thronged in respectful sorrow around him. My informant told me that he climbed a tree within a few feet of the General, and could see that his face was very pale; tears were dropping over his beard, and his whole frame shook with strong emotion. At length, mastering his feelings, he spoke in a calm, strong voice to his men, telling them that he had sought to spare himself and them the pain of these parting words. They had been surrendered to an overwhelming force only after all resistance had proved hopeless, and a brave and generous enemy had granted them the conditions of an honorable capitulation. He bade them go to their homes and take upon themselves again the duties of citizens, each with the assurance that he had done his whole duty. When he ceased to speak, his men pressed around him with great emotion, but directly Lee mounted his horse and rode slowly away.

The narrator of this interesting event was no Thucydides, seemed to have no desire to tell a fine story, nor even to know why I felt such an interest in his narrative.

South Carolina has apparently a little poorer quality of sand for its soil than its sister on the North. It seems, indeed, inconceivable that the region traversed by the railroad should be able to produce the food of its own population under the double disadvantage of meagre soil and wretched cultivation. It owes the little fertility it possesses to the influence of the climate; warmth and comparative freedom from droughts balancing certain other disadvantages.

The population, both white and black, which one sees along the railroad, live in a state of squalor which would indicate great misery in a Northern climate, but which here means only moderate discomfort. In fifty miles one may not see a comfortable-looking plantation-house. On this country the worst form of war could exercise little effect by direct destruction; the only blow given was through the overthrow of slavery. There was never much money

here, nor had there grown up a complicated system of business which could be shocked by a great revolution. But for the social change it brought, these backwoodsmen might have felt the issue of the war less than did the ryots of India.

When the railway has brought the traveller to within a few miles of Charleston, he begins to perceive some evidences of accumulated capital which have been wanting hitherto. From Wilmington to within seven miles of the city it is hard to find evidence that any one has ever capitalized a dollar made out of the soil. The sudden evidence of thrift makes, therefore, a singularly pleasant impression.

But the real peculiarities of South Carolina do not begin to appear until the seaboard is approached. The whole country being flat, the expression of the landscape depends entirely upon the vegetation. The most important elements of this expression, the live-oak and the palmetto, are limited to the littoral region. The train from the north gives the traveller some charming glimpses down the long avenues of live-oaks which lead from the highway toward some old plantation-house. It is not too much to say that these oaks are to this level soil what the hills are to a region of more diversified surface. The solidity of their shade is unparalleled. To the sober gloom of the Northern pine forest they add a deeper shade, which seems to be penetrated with the mysteries of some strange worship. In its youth, the tree is commonplace in appearance, looking at a little distance like a flourishing cherry-tree, but as it passes its fiftieth year it gains a hoary dignity, as an Italian beggar does. Its branches close in until their overlapping leaves shut out the sun; it locks arms with its neighbors, making with them one roof of shade. The long moss drops down from the branches, its spectral-looking festoons beautifully contrasting their ashy hue with the enduring green of the foliage; and its pliant folds, swaying with the slight movements of the air

which alone can penetrate this sanctuary, make the rugged branches seem the more unbending. It is, indeed, an experience deserving to rank with the first sight of the sea, of eternal snow, or the other great sensations which the world affords, to walk from the garish sunlight of a half-tropical sky into this abode of eternal shadow.

It is to the uncommercial traveller a great pleasure to tread the streets of Charleston. One seems at last free from the spirit of material progress which in most of the American towns walks always by one's side with a tiresome tale about mere physical growth. It is a town that has not doubled its population in ten years, which does not hold its place in the affections of its people because of its mushroom growth, on account of its exports, its elevators, or its pork-packing. The war gave the city a great advantage in the way of associations over its rivals on the Atlantic: though it lost in trade, it gained in tradition. At present the main object of the city seems to be to preserve these as carefully as possible.

Even the bitterest enemy of the secession movement, if there be a trace of sympathy in his soul, cannot but feel a sense of pity when he thinks of the hopeless overthrow of all the bright hopes born here a decade ago. They were brave men, actuated by the same high impulses as those who gathered eighty years ago in Independence Hall. They proved their honesty of motive by giving up their lives and fortunes to their cause; and, however the coming generations may deplore their costly mistake, it must award them a place among those who risk all present good in struggling to attain what they believed to be the good of the future.\*

In Charleston one first comes fairly in contact with the race question. The proportion between the races in the large cities to the Northward is such that the negro cannot have any

\* The writer having been a soldier in the Federal Army, and a member of the Republican party through the war, may claim a right to speak thus of the motives of those whose acts he combated with all his strength.

considerable influence on society. He is there no element in the social structure, but only fits himself into the waste nooks, as the rats and swallows do. In this city, however, the negro vote is one half the total vote, and the negroes are a much more intelligent class than in the country districts. Nearly all the mulattoes in the South have found their way to the cities. The mixed races are quick-witted, but generally more unfitted and indisposed to hard labor than the pure blacks. They find in the cities the conditions which suit them best, and crowd out the pure blacks in many of the light occupations for which they have an especial talent. The result of this is unfortunate, and for the future promises to be a great obstacle to the progress of the race. The tendency is to crowd the towns with a dangerous population. The mulatto, like the man of most mixed races, is peculiarly inflammable material. From the white he inherits a refinement unfitting him for all work which has not a certain delicacy about it; from the black, a laxity of morals which, whether it be the result of innate incapacity for certain forms of moral culture or the result of an utter want of training in this direction, is still unquestionably a negro characteristic. The extreme Southern towns are thus crowded with barbers, hotel waiters, and house-servants of the mixed race, who are getting a training in vice and lawlessness which is simply deplorable. The worst of this is, that the pure negro is kept out of just those positions which are most likely to prove a good school for him. Whatever hopes we may have of the future of the pure black, there can be none for the mixed race; and as the cities are the best places for the education of the negro, who is not to be elevated except by contact with the white race, we must regret that he has not now the best opportunity for such contact. It must be observed, however, that the mulattoes are a race at once short-lived and unfruitful, which, if the stock were not kept up, would soon

pass away. The fact that the law of bastardy, which has hitherto had no influence in the South, is now tending to break down the peculiar relations which once subsisted between the races in this section, must be considered, if we would form any idea as to the future of the mixed race. From all I could see and learn, there are far fewer half-breed children born now than before the Rebellion. There seems, indeed, a chance that the production of original half-breeds may be almost done away with, in which case the mixed race, being too feeble to maintain itself, would in a few generations cease to be of any importance in the population.

On the whole, the condition of the negro population in the city of Charleston seems to be rather more satisfactory than might be expected by any one who knows how much this race suffers in all physical respects in being removed from the guardianship of the white owner. A few years ago they were watched over with all the care which invested capital commands. Thus unfitted for self-control, they have been suddenly thrown out into the world, where the race which so lately looked upon them with all the interest of possession now regards them with distrust—their lot has indeed been hard. There seems little doubt, however, that the negro population does not increase as rapidly now as before the emancipation; and although the births may be as numerous as among the whites, the actual increase, owing to the great mortality among the children, must be considerably less,—may, indeed, amount to an absolute decrease. This mortality cannot be actually determined, as there is no satisfactory statistical basis on which to found an assertion. The Board of Health of the city has some statistics tending to show a great excess in the mortality among the freedmen; but the imperfect character of the census of all the Southern cities makes it impossible to take such returns as the basis of calculation. One has to gather it from observation of ne-

gro families or inquiry among those persons who have some opportunities of acquainting themselves with the facts. It is hardly to be believed, however, that this is a necessary or even natural condition of the negro in a state of freedom. There is reason to believe that the lessons of self-care and mutual assistance which his present condition is likely to teach may soon do away with the neglect of the infants and the sick, which is the most painful feature among the freedmen.

The condition of feeling between the two races in Charleston is not so bad as is generally supposed. The naturally docile negro makes no effort at unnecessary self-assertion, unless under the immediate instigation of some dangerous *friends* belonging to the other race, who undertake to manage his destiny. I could not see that their general demeanor is strikingly different from what it was when they were slaves. They were quite as respectful now as then. They are perhaps less merry than before; the careless laugh of the old slave is now rarely heard, for it belonged to a creature who had never pondered the question of where his next meal was to come from. The well-wishers of the negro race see with regret that they seem to have little inclination to take to mechanical pursuits. If success is to be won by them, it must be through the handicrafts. Nor are these of importance to them alone. Accumulation of wealth, which can only be brought about by ceasing to export raw products alone, is necessary to the South, is absolutely required as the basis of its development; and unless the negro, therefore, can handle something requiring more art than the hoe, he can take no part in this work. I have always thought that the race had some taste for the occupations of the artisan; the mulattoes especially often show much talent as rough mechanics, and sometimes even as artists, — probably, on the average, more than would be found among whites in the same condition. But notwithstanding this, it is a rare thing to find a negro adopting

the trade of blacksmith, or carpenter, or any other requiring skilled labor. Some there are in all these occupations, but they have apparently not been recruited under the new condition of things.

If one would form a good idea of the condition of the black population in the South, he should not limit his observations to the cities. Although he will there find some of the gravest defects of the negroes, he sees them at the same time where they are shaped by the white population. He should go to the Sea Islands and study the negroes, where they are the least under the influence of the whites. The Sea Island belt is on many accounts the most curious part of the South. At the bottom of the Great Bay of the Carolinas, — if we may give a name to the nameless bend of the shore which stretches into the land between Capes Hatteras and Florida, — the tides, which have only a foot or two of height on these points, have a rise of about eight feet. This tide acting upon the low shore, as it lifted itself above the sea, cut it into the most complicated system of islands and bays which can be found anywhere on our coast, not excepting the *fjörd* region of Maine or Labrador, which it somewhat resembles. Before the war the region was the seat of the most profitable agricultural industry of the South, — the Sea Island cotton culture. This variety of cotton requires for its growth an annual manuring of mud from the salt marshes, so that its cultivation is not possible except where all parts of the land can be readily supplied with that material. Before the war nearly every available acre of land here was employed in the cotton culture, and probably at least seventy-five thousand negroes were engaged in it. During the war the few native whites who belonged on the plantations were driven away by our armies, the plantation system quite broken up, and the lands confiscated by the government. The large native population of negroes was re-enforced by all the runaways who could

find their way into our lines. This whole body of negroes was, during the occupation of our troops, under an industrious training in all the vices of the camp, diversified, it is true, by a certain amount of ineffectual school-teaching. A noble piece of Quixotism sought to counterbalance the evil of the army by the school, and gave to every commander a vexatious body of camp-followers composed of teachers and preachers, who felt quite ready to build a new civilization on the ruins of that his army marched over; but it has left marks of its work little more permanent than the army itself. One sees now and then a school-house which seems to have withstood the elements, moral and material, warring against it. From one, I heard the drowsy hum which is apt to call up a variety of unpleasant recollections to every adult mind, and a certain difference of pitch in that woful inarticulate sound which comes from imprisoned youth struggling on the educational rack, told me that the school was full of negro children. I ought to have gone in and examined the social phenomenon, but one becomes strangely self-indulgent in this dreamy air, which seems always to wrap the Sea Islands, and I could not at that moment have left the sunshine to see the innermost workings of the most wonderful social machine. One finds now and then a negro who can read a little, — enough to get an idea of a few chapters in his Testament, or the stanzas of some song-book with which to spoil his wild native airs; more frequently you encounter some correct figure, who gives you a military answer to a question, revealing at once that when the boy was growing to be a man he carried a musket long enough to acquire the spirit of the soldier. But school and army are fading away. There is a steady outflow of the white population of these islands, and their places are supplied ten times over by the blacks of the up country, who come down to the shore with the certainty that the sea will yield them a subsistence of "raccoon" oysters, and

with a vague hope that they may find there the government officer who is to give them the "mule and forty acres of land" which have bewrayed the negro's steps ever since the Proclamation.

The intensity of the Africanizing influences at work here can only be conceived by those who know how strong the race characteristics of the negro really are. Observations made upon the negro where he forms only a considerable element of the population are not calculated to show the features one finds here. It must be remembered that a large part of these blacks are sons or grandsons of slaves from the Guinea coast. I was informed that a number of the negroes brought over by the famous schooner *Wanderer* are still among the Sea Islands, so that this people is more closely linked in blood with the ancient and unalterable peoples of Africa than are the whites of the same region with their European stock. In this multitude, heir to the ignorance and superstitions of that original chaos of humanity, Africa, there are only a few hundred whites, and these are mostly congregated about a few small trading towns. Some of the islands, with several thousand negroes upon them, are deserted by all the whites, except, may be, the storekeeper, who exchanges his wares for the products of the half-acre patches of cotton cultivated by the more industrious blacks, or the devoted Northern woman who toils her life away under the delusion that she can fight all Africa with a spelling-book and multiplication-table.

I had occasion to go a long journey in a row-boat with a crew of six negro boatmen. Our course lay through the intricate channels which lead from Bull River to Beaufort. For the first hour the stroke oar was sullen, and the rest of the crew chattered the vague, repetitive nonsense which forms the burden of all negro garrulity. There was an evident embarrassment on account of the presence of a strange white man. Seeing this, I feigned sleep, not a difficult task under the influence of the



warm sun and monotonous clank of the oars in the row-locks. At length, after a moment's pause, which showed a spontaneous impulse, one of the men began a sort of religious chant in a high-pitched voice, which the others joined in a sort of continuous accompaniment of four or five words, ending with a cry mournful enough to have been the expression of great pain. I have forgotten the words of the song; it was something about going to Jesus, I believe; but every time my thoughts go back to the Sea Islands, I see the intense, rapt faces of my crew, their eyes rolling, their heads swaying, their whole bodies swinging to the time of the music, until the boat, which before had only crawled against the tide, swept along by the successive leaps which their strong arms gave to the oars. It was a scene long to be remembered. Those sturdy forms and swarthy faces, which felt away from home when under the cold influence which one of the white race always brings among them, had found their way back to the spiritual Africa through their song. It was as if my feigned slumber had carried me away to that continent where reason is unknown, and life goes by impulse. In a moment I was with them in the home of their race. The low shores with their endless procession of palms, the warm glow of the afternoon sun, the responsive cry which came from some solitary black paddling slowly along with the tide, were well fitted to an African scene. For three hours I was farther away from my race than I have ever been before; and when we came in sight of Beaufort, I could not but feel that its houses, spectral-looking as they were in the twilight, were too real for the reverie which had ended. It should have showed me the conical huts of a negro village; should have been, in fact, what the Charleston people call it,—the capital of the Kingdom of Dahomey.

Until one has had the good fortune to see how thoroughly exotic the negro is, one cannot appreciate the difficulties of making him a part of the social system which fits us. The negro is

not easily read; he hides himself, as is the habit of all oppressed races, quite adroitly sometimes. Under his covering of imitated manners or stolidity slumber the passions of a mental organization widely differing from our own. There are some superb qualities in him, and some which make his best friends almost despair. The firmest bases for hope we have lie in his strong imitative faculties.

The all-important question is, What should we do to secure to this people the highest cultivation of which they are capable? Should we begin by trying to force upon them the last product of our civilization,—intellectual culture,—or should we first try and create in them the conditions of this intellectual culture? It needs no argument to convince an average mind that you could not effect any great alteration in a Comanche by teaching him English grammar. He would be a fool, indeed, who expected that the consequences would be the immediate change in the nature and purposes of the Indian. Now the fact is, we have almost as much to do in order to change the average negro into an intelligent citizen in a white society as we should have if we tried to embody the Indian into our government; and we have begun by teaching him English grammar. The school has its place in civilization, and, as a teacher, I should be the last to belittle its importance; but it is the last step in the development of a race, not the first, and its value consists in the fact that it is the final result of the education of a thousand years of effort; and when we undertake to civilize a race as foreign to us in every trait as the negroes, by imposing upon them this final product of our national growth, we wrong ourselves and them. Those who are clamoring for immediate high-school education for the negro will be the first to condemn him, when it is seen that this will not give him what he needs. And unless he is trained in thrift, unless his conception of life is enlarged, unless he is freed from the instincts which the savage life of a hundred generations



have planted in his blood, this education can do nothing for him. The training which is to shape the sensuous, enthusiastic, fickle negro into a useful citizen must be the training which a society alone can give. This schooling must come from the combined example of his neighbors of the higher race, — men and women sturdily working out their careers, starting from the same level of fortune as he does ; give him the influence of this example, and you give him a chance which he has not at present, which he cannot have until those who have taken his destiny into their hands get some idea of the magnitude of their task.

To give the negro this chance two things need be done. First, every effort must be made to bring the best influence of the existing white population to bear upon him, by removing all barriers of hate which the revolution may have left, and starting that population at once on the road to prosperity. But this population is too small for its work, and is also in itself in need of teaching in its new condition, so that it is necessary to seek in the immigration of an industrious foreign population the teachers needed for the work. Every German family would be to the negro a school worth more to him, at the present stage of his career, than all the universities in the world. I saw at Beaufort a German of that admirable class well trained in both head and hands, who intended trying to found a colony on one of the islands. God grant him success ! His hard-working countrymen may do for this black people what the Incas did for the old Peruvians.

Every move of the government has been clearly against the negro in this district. Confiscating the property of the whites, it cut him off from what would have been, on the whole, the good influence of his former masters. The whites who supplied their places were, perhaps, the worst specimens which could have been sent among the negroes. The property of the whites, taken under the law for the direct tax of 1861, has been absurdly held by the government, the negroes remaining upon it as tenants at will. They pay a tax equal to about fifty per cent on the cash value of much of the land, and have no certain future. In place of some practical teaching in the arts of life, the government has endeavored to civilize them with the alphabet. Besides this, the constant tutelage has fixed in the negro the belief that if he will just sit still and open his mouth, Uncle Samuel will see that he is fed.

Experience, which would act in spite of the government, has taught the negroes something, so that they seem to be slowly gaining in some things. A gentleman of excellent judgment tells me they are more honest than they were just after emancipation. But there can be no real future until the North learns that they cannot exorcise all the evils here with that idol of our modern civilization, a primary school ; until they learn that, the negro, if he is to be lifted up to the level of ourselves, must be raised by strong hands and active brains, by helpers who, not seeking to ease the hard road he has to travel, toil with him, and give the real aid of example.

*N. S. Shaler.*

## OLDTOWN FIRESIDE STORIES.

## THE WIDOW'S BANDBOX.

"**L**ORDY massy! Stick yer hat into the nor'east, Horace, and see 'f ye can't stop out this 'ere wind. I'm e'eny most used up with it."

So spake Sam Lawson, contemplating mournfully a new broad-brimmed straw hat in which my soul was rejoicing.

It was the dripping end of a sour November afternoon, which closed up a "spell o' weather" that had been steadily driving wind and rain for a week past, and we boys sought the shelter and solace of his shop, and, opening the door, let in the wind aforesaid.

Sam had been all day in one of his periodical fits of desperate industry. The smoke and sparks had been seen flying out of his shop chimney in a frantic manner, and the blows of his hammer had resounded with a sort of feverish persistence, intermingled with a doleful wailing of psalm-tunes of the most lugubrious description.

These fits of industry on Sam's part were an affliction to us boys, especially when they happened to come on Saturday; for Sam was as much a part of our Saturday-afternoon calculations as if we had a regular deed of property in him; and we had been all day hanging round his shop, looking in from time to time in the vague hope that he would propose something to brighten up the dreary monotony of a holiday in which it had been impossible to go anywhere or do anything.

"Sam, ain't you coming over to tell us some stories to-night?"

"Bless your soul and body, boys! life ain't made to be spent tellin' stories. Why, I shall hev to be up here workin' till arter twelve o'clock," said Sam, who was suddenly possessed with a spirit of the most austere diligence. "Here I be up to my neck in work,

things kind o' comin' in a heap together. There's Miss Cap'n Broad's andirons, she sent word she must have 'em to-night; and there's Lady Lothrop, she wants her warmin'-pan right off, — they can't non' on 'em wait a minit longer. I've ben a drivin' and workin' all day like a nigger-slave. Then there was Jeduth Pettybone, he brought down them colts to-day, and I worked the biggest part o' the mornin' shoein' on 'em; and then Jeduth he said he could n't make change to pay me, so there wa'n't nothin' comin' in for 't; and then Hepsy she kep' a jawin' at me all dinner-time 'bout that. Why, I warn't to blame now, was I? I can't make everybody do jest right and pay regular, can I? So ye see it goes, boys, gettin' yer bread by the sweat o' your brow; and sometimes sweatin' and not gettin' yer bread. That are 's what I call the *cuss*, the 'riginal cuss, that come on man for hearkenin' to the voice o' his wife, — that are was what did it. It alters kind o' riles me up with Mother Eve when I think on 't. The women hain't no bisness to fret as they do, 'cause they sot this 'ere state o' things goin' in the fust place."

"But, Sam, Aunt Lois and Aunt Nabby are both going over to Miss Mehitabel's to tea. Now you just come over and eat supper with us and tell us a story, do."

"Gone out to tea, be they?" said Sam, relaxing his hammering, with a brightening gleam stealing gradually across his lanky visage. "Wal, that are looks like a providential openin' to be sure. Wal, I guess I 'll come. What's the use o' never havin' a good time? Ef you work yourself up into shoe-strings you don't get no thanks for it, and things in this world's 'bout as broad as they is long: the women 'll scold, turn 'em which way ye will; a

good mug o' cider and some cold victuals over to the Deacon's 'll kind o' comfort a feller up, and your granny, she's sort o' merciful, she don't rub it into a fellow all the time like Miss Lois."

"Now let's see, boys," said Sam, when a comfortable meal of pork and beans had been disposed of, and a mug of cider was set down before the fire to warm. "I s'pect ye 'll like to hear a Down East story to-night."

Of course we did, and tumbled over each other in our eagerness to get the nearest place to the narrator.

Sam's method of telling a story was as leisurely as that of some modern novel-writers. He would take his time for it, and proceed by easy stages. It was like the course of a dreamy, slow-moving river through a tangled meadow flat, — not a rush nor a bush but was reflected in it; in short, Sam gave his philosophy of matters and things in general as he went along, and was especially careful to impress an edifying moral.

"Wal, ye see, boys, ye know I was born down to Newport, — there where it's all ships and shipping, and sich. My old mother she kep' a boardin'-house for sailors down there. Wal, ye see I rolled and tumbled round the world pretty consid'able afore I got settled down here in Oldtown.

"Ye see my mother she wanted to bind me out to a blacksmith, but I kind o' sort o' did n't seem to take to it. It was kind o' hard work, and boys is apt to want to take life easy. Wal, I used to run off to the sea-shore, and lie stretched out on them rocks there, and look off on to the water; and it did use to look so sort o' blue and peaceful, and the ships come a sailin' in and out so sort o' easy and natural, that I felt as if that are 'd be jest the easiest kind o' life a fellow could have. All he had to do was to get aboard one o' them ships and be off seekin' his fortin at t' other end o' the rainbow, where gold grows on bushes and there's valleys o' diamonds.

"So nothin' would do but I gin my old mother the slip, and away I went to sea, with my duds tied up in a handkercher.

"I tell ye what, boys, ef ye want to find an easy life, don't ye never go to sea. I tell ye life on shipboard ain't what it looks to be on shore. I had n't been aboard more'n three hours afore I was the sickest critter that ever ye did see, and I tell you, I did n't get no kind o' compassion. Cap'ns and mates they allers thinks boys hain't no kind o' business to have no bowels nor nothin', and they put it on 'em sick or well. It's jest a kick here and a cuff there and a twist by the ear in t' other place; one a shovin' on 'em this way and another hittin' on 'em a clip, and all growlin' from mornin' to night. I believe the way my ears got so long was bein' hauled out o' my berth by 'em: that are's a sailor's regular way o' wakin' up a boy.

"Wal, by time I got to the Penobscot country all I wanted to know was how to get back again. That are's jest the way folks go all their lives, boys. Its all fuss, fuss, and stew, stew, till ye get somewhere; and then it's fuss, fuss, and stew, stew to get back ag'in; jump here and scratch yer eyes out, and jump there and scratch 'em in ag'in.

"Wal, I kind o' poked round in Penobscot country till I got a berth on the Brilliant that was lyin' at Camden, goin' to sail to Boston.

"Ye see the Brilliant she was a tight little sloop in the government service: 't was in the war times, ye see, and Commodore Tucker that is now (he was Cap'n Tucker then), he had the command on her, — used to run up and down all the coast takin' observations o' the British, and keepin' his eye out on 'em, and givin' on 'em a nip here and a clip there, 'cordin' as he got a good chance. Why, your gran'ther knew old Commodore Tucker. It was he that took Dr. Franklin over Minister to France, and dodged all the British vessels, right in the middle of the war. I tell you that are was like run-

ning through the drops in a thunder-shower. He got chased by the British ships pretty consid'able, but he was too spry for 'em. Arter the war was over, Commodore Tucker took over John Adams, our fust Minister to England. A drefful smart man the Commodore was, but he most like to 'a' ben took in this 'ere time I'm a tellin' ye about, and all 'cause he was sort o' soft-hearted to the women. Tom Tooth-acre told me the story. Tom he was the one that got me the berth on the ship. Ye see I used to know Tom at Newport, and once when he took sick there my mother nussed him up, and that was why Tom was friends with me and got me the berth, and kep' me warm in it too. Tom he was one of your rael Maine boys, that's hatched out, so to speak, in water like ducks. He was born away down there on Harpswell P'int; and they say if ye throw one o' them Harpswell babies into the sea he 'll take to it nateral and swim like a cork; ef they hit their heads ag'in a rock it only dents the rock, but don't hurt the baby. Tom he was a great character on the ship. He could see further and knew more 'bout wind and water than most folks; the officers took Tom's judgment, and the men all went by his say. My mother she chalked a streak o' good luck for me when she nussed up Tom.

"Wal, we wus a lyin' at Camden there, one arternoon, goin' to sail for Boston that night. It was a sort o' soft, pleasant arternoon, kind o' still, and there wa'n't nothin' a goin' on but jest the hens a craw-crawin', and a histin' up one foot and holdin' it a spell 'cause they didn't know when to set it down, and the geese a sissin' and a pickin' at the grass. Ye see Camden was n't nothin' of a place, — 't was jest as if somebody had emptied out a pocketful o' houses and forgot 'em; there were n't nothin' a stirrin' or goin' on, and so we was all took aback, when 'bout four o'clock in the arternoon there come a boat alongside with a tall elegant lady in it, all dressed in deep mournin'; she rared up sort o' prin-

cess-like and come aboard our ship and wanted to speak to Cap'n Tucker. Where she come from or what she wanted or where she was goin' to, we none on us knew; she kep' her veil down so we could n't get sight o' her face. All was she must see Cap'n Tucker alone right away.

"Wal, Cap'n Tucker he was like; the generality o' cap'ns. He was up to 'bout everything that any *man* could do, but it was pretty easy for a woman to come it over him. Ye see cap'ns, they don't see women as men do ashore. They don't have enough of 'em to get tired on 'em; and every woman's an angel to a sea-cap'n. Anyway, the cap'n he took her into his cabin, and he sot her a chair, and was her humble servant to command, and what would she have of him? And we was all a winkin' and a nudgin' each other and a peekin' to see what was to come of it; and she see it, and so she asks, in a sort o' princess' way, to speak to the cap'n alone, and so the doors was shut, and we was left to our own ideas and a wonderin' what it was all to be about.

"Wal, you see, it come out arterwards all about what went on; and things went this way. Jest as soon as the doors was shut and she was left alone with the cap'n, she busted out a cryin' and a sobbin' fit to break her heart.

"Wal, the cap'n he tried to comfort her up; but no, she would n't be comforted, but went on a weepin' and a wailin' and a wringin' on her hands till the poor cap'n's heart was a'most broke, for the cap'n was the tenderest-hearted critter that could be, and could n't bear to see a child or a woman in trouble noways.

"'O cap'n,' said she, 'I'm the most unfortunate woman. I'm all alone in the world,' says she, 'and I don't know what 'll become of me ef you don't keep me,' says she.

"Wal, the cap'n thought it was time to run up his colors, and so says he: 'Ma'am, I'm a married man, and love my wife,' says he, 'and so I can

feel for all women in distress,' says he.

"O, well then,' says she, 'you can feel for me, and know how to pity me. My dear husband 's just died suddenly when he was up the river. He was taken with the fever in the woods. I nussed him day and night,' says she, 'but he died there in a miserable little hut far from home and friends,' says she, 'and I've brought his body down with me, hopin' Providence would open some way to get it back to our home in Boston. And now, cap'n, you must help me.'

Then the cap'n see what she was up to, and he hated to do it and tried to cut her off of askin', but she wa'n't to be put off.

"Now, cap'n,' says she, 'ef you'll take me and the body of my husband on board to-night, I'd be willing to reward you to any amount. Money would be no object to me,' says she.

"Wal, you see, the cap'n he kind o' hated to do it, and he hemmed and hawed, and he tried to 'pologize. He said 't was a government vessel, and he did n't know as he had a right to use it. He said sailors was apt to be superstitious; and he did n't want 'em to know as there was a corpse on board.

"Wal,' says she, 'why need they know?' For you see she was up to every dodge, and she said she'd come along with it at dusk, in a box, and have it just carried to a state-room, and he need n't tell nobody what it was.

"Wal, Cap'n Tucker he hung off, and he tried his best to persuade her to have a funeral, all quiet, there at Camden. He promised to get a minister, and 'tend to it, and wait a day till it was all over, and then take her on to Boston free gratis. But 't was all no go. She wouldn't hear a word to 't. And she reeled off the talk to him by the yard. And when talk failed she took to her water-works again, till finally the cap'n said his resolution was clean washed away, and he jest give up hook and line; and so 't was all settled and arranged that when even-

ing come she was to be alongside with her boat and took aboard.

"When she come out o' the cap'n's room to go off, I see Tom Tooth-acre a watchin' on her. He stood there by the railin's a shavin' up a plug o' baccy to put in his pipe. He did n't say a word, but he sort o' took the measure o' that are woman with his eye and kept a follerin' on her.

"She had a fine sort o' lively look, carried her head up and shoulders back, and stepped as if she had steel springs in her heels.

"Wal, Tom, what do ye say to her?" says Ben Bowdin.

"I don't say nothin',' says Tom, and he lit his pipe; 'tain't my business,' says he.

"Wal, what do you *think*?" says Ben. Tom gin a hist to his trousers.

"My thoughts is my own,' says he, 'and I calculate to keep 'em to myself,' says he. And then he jest walked to the side o' the vessel and watched the woman a gettin' ashore. There was a queer kind o' look in Tom's eye.

"Wal, the cap'n he was drefful sort o' oneasy arter she was gone. He had a long talk in the cabin with Mr. More, the fust officer, and there was a sort o' stir aboard as if somethin' was a goin' to happen; we could n't jest say what it was.

"Sometimes it seems as if when things is goin' to happen a body kind o' feels 'em comin' in the air. We boys was all that way; of course we did n't know nothin' 'bout what the woman wanted, or what she come for, or whether she was comin' ag'in; 'n fact we did n't know nothin' about it, and yet we sort o' expected suthin to come of it; and suthin did come, sure enough.

"Come on night, just at dusk, we see a boat comin' alongside, and there, sure enough, was the lady in it.

"There, she's comin' ag'in,' says I to Tom Toothacre.

"Yes, and brought her baggage with her,' says Tom, and he pointed

down to a long, narrow pine box that was in the boat beside her.

"Jest then the cap'n called on Mr. More, and he called on Tom Toothacre, and among 'em they lowered a tackle and swung the box aboard and put it in the state-room right alongside the cap'n's cabin.

"The lady she thanked the captain and Mr. More, and her voice was jest as sweet as any nightingale, and she went into the state-room after they put the box in, and was gone ever so long with it. The cap'n and Mr. More they stood a whisperin' to each other, and every once in a while they'd kind o' nod at the door where the lady was.

"Wal, by and by she come out with her handkercher to her eyes, and come on deck and begun talkin' to the cap'n and Mr. More, and a wishin' all kinds o' blessin's on their heads.

"Wal, Tom Toothacre did n't say a word, good or bad, but he jest kep' a lookin' at her, watchin' her as a cat watches a mouse. Finally we up sail and started with a fair breeze. The lady she kep' a walkin' up and down, up and down, and every time she turned on her heel, I saw Tom a lookin' arter her and kind o' noddin' to himself.

"'What makes you look arter her so, Tom?' says I to him.

"'Cause I think she *wants* lookin' arter,' says Tom. 'What's more,' says he, 'if the cap'n don't look sharp arter her the Devil'll have us all afore mornin'. I tell ye, Sam, there's mischief under them petticoats.'

"'Why, what do ye think?' says I.

"'Think! I don't think, I knows! That are's no gal, nor widdier neither, if my name's Tom Toothacre! Look at her walk, look at the way she turns on her heel! I've been a watchin' on her. There ain't no woman livin' with a step like that!' says he.

"'Wal, who should the critter be, then?' says I.

"'Wal,' says Tom, 'ef that are ain't a British naval officer, I lose my bet.

I've been used to the ways on 'em, and I knows their build and their step.'

"'And what do you suppose she's got in that long box?' says I.

"'What has she got?' says Tom. 'Wal, folks might say none o' my business; but I s'pects it'll turn out some o' my bisness, and yourn too, if he don't look sharp arter it,' says Tom. 'It's no good, that are box ain't.'

"'Why don't you speak to Mr. More?' says I.

"'Wal, you see she's a chipperin' round and a makin' herself agreeable to both on 'em, you see; she don't mean to give nobody any chance for a talk with 'em; but I've got my eye on her for all that. You see I hain't no sort o' disposition to sarve out a time on one o' them British prison-ships,' says Tom Toothacre. 'It might be almighty handy for them British to have the Brilliant for a coast vessel,' says he, 'but, ye see, it can't be spared jest yet. So, madam,' says he, 'I've got my eye on you.'

"Wal, Tom was as good as his word, for when Mr. More came towards him at the wheel, Tom he up and says to him, 'Mr. More,' says he, 'that are big box in the state-room yonder wants lookin' into.'

"Tom was a sort o' privileged character, and had a way of speaking up that the officers took in good part, 'cause they knew he was a fust-rate hand.

"Wal, Mr. More he looks mysterious and says he, 'Tom, do the boys know what's in that are box?'

"'I bet they don't,' says Tom. 'If they had, you would n't a got 'em to help it aboard.'

"'Wal, you see, poor woman,' says Mr. More to Tom, 'she was so distressed. She wanted to get her husband's body to Boston, and there wa' n't no other way, and so the cap'n he let it come aboard. He did n't want the boys to suspect what it really was.'

"'Husband's body be hanged!' said Tom. 'Guess that are corpse ain't so dead but what there'll be a resurrec-

tion afore mornin', if it ain't looked arter,' says he.

"'Why, what do you mean, Tom?' says Mr. More, all in a blue maze.

"'I mean that are gal that's ben a switchin' her petticoats up and down our deck ain't no gal at all. That are 's a British officer, Mr. More. You give my duty to the cap'n, and tell him to look into his widdler's handbox and see what he'll find there.'

"Wal, the mate he went and had a talk with the cap'n, and they 'greed between 'em that Mr. More was to hold her in talk while the cap'n went and took observations in the state-room.

"So, down the cap'n goes into the state-room to give a look at the box. Wal, he finds the state-room door all locked to be sure, and my lady had the key in her pocket; but then the cap'n he had a master key to it, and so he puts it in and opens the door quite softly, and begins to take observations.

"Sure enough, he finds that the screws had been drawn from the top o' the box, showin' that the widdler had been a tinkerin' on 't when they thought she was a cryin' over it; and then, lookin' close, he sees a bit o' twine goin' from a crack in the box out o' the winder, and up on deck.

"Wal, the cap'n he kind o' got in the sperit o' the thing, and he thought he'd jest let the widdler play her play out, and see what it would come to. So he jest calls Tom Toothacre down to him and whispered to him. 'Tom,' says he, 'you jest crawl under the berth in that are state-room and watch that are box.' And Tom said he would.

"So Tom creeps under the berth and lies there still as a mouse, and the cap'n he slips out and turns the key in the door, so that when madam comes down she should n't s'pect nothin'.

"Putty soon, sure enough, Tom heard the lock rattle, and the young widdler come in, and then he heard a bit o' conversation between her and the corpse.

"'What time is it?' come in a kind o' hoarse whisper out o' the box.

"'Well, 'bout nine o'clock,' says she.

"'How long afore you 'll let me out?' says he.

"'O, you must have patience,' says she, 'till they're all gone off to sleep; when there ain't but one man up. I can knock him down,' says she, 'and then I 'll pull the string for you.'

"'The devil you will, ma'am!' says Tom to himself, under the berth.

"'Well, it 's darned close here,' says the fellow in the box. "He did n't say darned, boys, but he said a wicked-er word that I can't repeat, noways," said Sam, in a parenthesis; "these 'ere British officers was drefful swearin' critters."

"'You must have patience awhile longer,' says the lady, 'till I pull the string.' Tom Toothacre lay there on his back a laughin'.

"'Is everything goin' on right?' says the man in the box.

"'All straight,' says she; 'there don't none of 'em suspect.'

"'You bet,' says Tom Toothacre, under the berth; and he said he had the greatest mind to catch the critter by the feet as she was a standin' there, but somehow thought it would be better fun to see the thing through 'cordin' as they'd planned it.

"Wal, then she went off switchin' and mincin' up to the deck ag'in and a flirtin' with the cap'n; for you see 't was 'greed to let 'em play their play out.

"Wal, Tom he lay there a waitin', and he waited and waited and waited, till he 'most got asleep; but finally he heard a stirrin' in the box, as if the fellah was a gettin' up. Tom he jest crawled out still and kerful and stood up tight ag'in the wall. Putty soon he hears a grunt, and he sees the top o' the box a risin' up and a man jest gettin' out on 't mighty still.

"Wal, Tom he waited till he got fairly out on to the floor, and had his hand on the lock o' the door, when he



jumps on him and puts both arms round him and gin him a regular bear's hug.

"Why, what's this?" says the man.

"Guess ye'll find out, darn ye," says Tom Toothacre. "So, ye wanted our ship, did ye? Wal, ye jest can't have our ship," says Tom, says he; and I tell you he jest run that are fellow up stairs lickety-split, for Tom was strong as a giant.

"The fust thing they saw was Mr. More hed got the widder by both arms and was tying on 'em behind her. 'Ye see, madam, your game's up,' says Mr. More, 'but we'll give ye a free passage to Boston, tho',' says he, 'we wanted a couple o' prisoners about these days, and you'll do nicely.'

"The fellers they was putty chop-fallen to be sure, and the one in women's clothes, 'specially; cause when he was found out, he felt foolish enough in his petticoats, but they was both took to Boston and given over as prisoners.

"Ye see, come to look into matters, they found these two young fellows, British officers, had formed a regular plot to take Cap'n Tucker's vessel and run it into Halifax; and ye see, Cap'n Tucker he was so sort o' spry, and knew all the Maine coast so well, and was so cute at dodgin' in and out all them little bays and creeks and places all 'long shore, that he made the British considerable trouble, 'cause whenever they did n't want him, that's where he was sure to be.

"So they'd hatched up this 'ere plan. There was one or two British

sailors had been and shipped aboard the Brilliant a week or two aforehand, and 't was suspected they was to have helped in the plot if things had gone as they laid out; but I tell you, when the fellows see which way the cat jumped, they took pretty good care to say that they had n't nothin' to do with it. O no, by no manner o' means. Wal, o' course, ye know, it could n't be proved on 'em and so we let it go.

"But I tell you, Cap'n Tucker he felt pretty cheap about his widder. The worst on 't was, they do say Ma'am Tucker got hold of it, and you might know if a woman got hold of a thing like that she'd use it as handy as a cat would her claws. The women they can't no more help hittin' a fellow a clip and a rap when they've fairly got him, than a cat when she's ketched a mouse, and so I should n't wonder if the Commodore heard something about his widder every time he went home from his v'yges the longest day he had to live. I don't know nothin' 'bout it, ye know, I only kind o' jedge by what looks, as human natur' goes.

"But Lordy massy, boys, 't wa'n't nothin' to be 'shamed of in the cap'n. Folks'll have to answer for wus things at the last day than tryin' to do a kindness to a poor widder now I tell *you*. It's better to be took in doin' a good thing, than never try to do good; and it's my settled opinion," said Sam, taking up his mug of cider and caressing it tenderly, — "it's my humble opinion that the best sort o' folks is the easiest took in, 'specially by the women. I reely don't think I should a done a bit better myself."

*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

## CRIMINAL LAW AT HOME AND ABROAD.\*

THE volumes before us, taking them in their full series, give a comprehensive and exact view of the criminal jurisprudence of Europe. By the first,—the *Neue Pitaval*,—we have presented to us, under the editorship of several eminent civilians, a body of criminal reports running over a long course of years; and though the style is more ambitious, and the treatment more graphic, than is usual with similar publications among ourselves, yet the technical as well as the material portions of each case are given with a precision which becomes men accustomed to deal as experts in the practice of law. The second work—*Die Opfer Mangelhafter Justiz*, or “Victims of Defective Justice”—is of a more popular character, but exhibits throughout the marks of a mind familiar with both the practice and the theory of the criminal jurisprudence of Germany. Taking the two works together, they give a survey of European criminal law on which it is impossible to gaze without being struck with the contrasts presented by a corresponding view of the law as it obtains among ourselves.

The first point that strikes us, at the opening of each particular case, is the care and skill which have been employed in the preliminary preparation of the evidence. Our American practice, in this respect, is mischievously loose. It is rarely that there is any attempt to guard the precincts within which a crime has been committed. Visitors, interested or disinterested, are

permitted to flow in and out, effacing by accident, if not disarranging by design, the marks which would point to the guilty agent. It is as if Pompeii, when excavated, were opened to crowds of whomsoever might choose to pour in; “relics” of all kinds carried off, inscriptions of all kinds disfigured; disarrangements of all kinds perpetrated, and often articles dropped and signs left which, after a short lapse of time, would lead the casual observer to doubt what century had inaugurated or what range of civilization had produced the confused phenomena on which he gazed. The consequence is that what may be technically called “indicatory” evidence is by us left to the mercy of chance or the still worse influence of malevolent design; and the prosecuting officer, no matter how skilful he may be, often goes to trial bereft of one of the main sources of information from which a rightful conclusion can be drawn. In Germany, on the other hand, and, in most instances in France, whenever a crime is committed, a hermetical cover, as it were, is securely placed over the scene of guilt. Careful surveys of the house or ground are at once taken; all articles likely to elucidate the event are sequestered, after their original situation has been carefully noted, under judicial control; and the most effective means employed, to reproduce on the trial the facts as they existed when the discovery of guilt was made. In this respect, at least, “justice” is less “defective” in Germany than it has unfortunately been permitted to become among ourselves.

But this contrast is not that to which the perusal of these volumes mainly invites. It is impossible to open them without seeing, as if invoked before us, two great spirits,—one of the civil, the other of the common law,—lowering on each other as if in hostility, de-

\* Der Neue Pitaval. Eine Sammlung der interessantesten Criminalgeschichten aller Länder aus alterer und neuerer Zeit. Begründet von Criminaldirector Dr. I. C. Hitzig und Dr. W. Häring. (W. Alexis). Fortgesetzt von Dr. A. Volkert. Neue Series. Leipzig, 1865-1870.

Die Opfer Mangelhafter Justiz. Gallerie der interessantesten Justizmorde aller Völker und Zeiten, von Dr. Karl Löffler, früherem Redacteur der Berliner Gerichts-Zeitung, Ritter, etc. III. Bande. Jena: Hermann Costenoble, 1868-1870.

fiantly marked as they are with their utterly antagonistic systems of treating persons under trial for crime. The Common Law says: "You shall not make that prisoner's prior character a charge against him on the trial; you shall not examine him personally as to his guilt." The Civil Law says: "I will do both." Now, because this struggle is one involving some of the most important interests of justice and humanity, — because it is one in which our American practice, after having been for generations loyal to the principles of the common law, is making a dangerous approximation to those of its opponent, — a study of the volumes before us, in connection with this issue, will be found of great public use. Our American courts, as will presently be more fully shown, are viewing each day with greater lenity the attempts of prosecutors to introduce the defendant's general bad character as evidence against him in chief. Several of our American legislatures have lately declared that a defendant is to be a competent witness on his own trial; and though the prosecution may not call him against his own consent, yet, as will hereafter be seen, this is a consent which few prisoners on trial will be morally able to withhold. At such a juncture, therefore, it is well for us to pause to consider what is the practical exposition of these positions that the civil law unfolds. And for this purpose, no works could be more effective than the volumes we now review. Of one thing we may be sure. If they exhibit the civil law as in this respect cruel, reckless, and tyrannical, it is not because their authors bear it ill-will. These rank not only as among its experts, but among its votaries. Whatever charges the books may unconsciously make, therefore, come from witnesses who at least view it with no unfriendly eye.

Let us then approach the question more closely; and for this purpose let us select two of the trials before us in which the proceedings are given in the greatest detail. The first is that of

Alm (as reported by Dr. Löffler), who was charged in Berlin, in December, 1849, with the murder of his wife. It appeared that a little after midnight, on the 24th of December, he sent his eldest daughter, Johanna, a child of seven years, to a neighbor, named Blau, begging him to come at once to Alm's apartment. After some delay, Blau arrived, and found Alm's wife stretched lifeless on the floor of the workshop which adjoined the family chamber. She was dressed fully in a black garment; a cord was drawn tightly round her neck, and her hair was in wild disorder. In her belt was found two scraps of paper, which were signed by her name, which declared that her death was by her own hands, and was induced by her conviction that she was the victim of a mortal disease which would make her life burdensome to others and miserable to herself. There was no doubt that she was in very infirm health, and had for several days been suffering with nervous fever. There was no doubt, also, that her husband, though a skilful workman, was frequently drunk, and was very careless in providing for his family.

It was in evidence that in the afternoon and evening of his wife's death, he was wandering from tavern to tavern, drinking to intoxication, and that he had frequently treated his wife with great rudeness, if not violence. Under these circumstances he was arrested and put on trial for the homicide.

The evidence, irrespective of his own examination, was very conflicting. His two eldest children, Johanna, seven years of age, and Marie, four, when taken charge of and interrogated by the police, declared, first, that their mother had tried to kill her youngest child, and then had killed herself; but afterwards they stated that their father had come in late at night, and had dragged their mother from her bed, and taken her into the workshop, and there murdered her. This they recanted, but subsequently reasserted on the trial, though when examined separately their statements conflicted on several mate-

rial points. It was a very significant point in this connection that the deceased, when in bed that afternoon and evening, was dressed, according to the testimony of several witnesses, in a colored gown, which she wore as a night-dress. After her death, however, at the time of Blau's arrival, she was neatly attired in a black dress, which appears to have been her best. That she should herself have made this change at midnight was consistent with the hypothesis of suicide. That her husband in his drunken condition could have done it, without great resistance on her part, which would have exhibited itself at least in the dress, seemed impossible. And yet, if the inculpatory statements of the children were to be believed, the change must have been made by the husband.

Medical evidence was taken on both sides as to the nature of the wounds; and the question was finally referred to a committee of eminent surgeons. There was much conflict in their testimony, but the preponderance of authority was that it was possible, if not probable, that the wounds were self-inflicted.

There was no evidence of cries of any kind being heard by the neighbors, several of whom were in the same building and were stirring late at night.

The handwriting of the notes found on the person of the deceased was the subject of close inspection. Could they have been traced to the prisoner, they would have left his guilt without question; and there were one or two experts produced who swore, on comparison of hands, that the writing was his. The great weight of testimony, however, in this section of the case, was to the contrary; and this opinion was strengthened by the test adopted on the trial, of compelling the defendant to write, on dictation, the words of the alleged declaration. On inspection of this paper, the official experts declared the two handwritings to be utterly distinct.

So stood the case apart from the prisoner's own examination. As an illustration of the way in which, on a

case which in a common-law court would result only in an acquittal, a defendant's examination can be so conducted as to force him into the attitude of a criminal, we give copious extracts from the report before us.

"*Judge.* Prisoner, stand up. What is your name?"

"*Prisoner.* Joachim Friedrich Wilhelm Alm.

"*Judge.* Your age and religion?"

"*Pris.* I am forty years, and of the Evangelical (Lutheran) confession.

"*Judge.* Have you been previously arrested?"

"*Pris.* Three times; the first when I was attacked with convulsions in the street; the second, on account of a disturbance in the streets; and third, for giving an unfair receipt to a journeyman.

"*Judge.* What was the condition of your wife when you went out (on the afternoon of the homicide)?"

"*Pris.* She was in bed, and had on a colored dress.

"*Judge.* Why was she in bed?"

"*Pris.* She was sick. I know not with what; the doctor told me that she had a hot fever, and that I must put wet bandages to her head.

"*Judge.* Did your wife say anything to you when you left the house?"

"*Pris.* My wife talked a good deal before I left the house. She wanted me to go to her aunt, the Widow Witt, who had lately visited her, and had wept, which had given my wife much trouble. She gave me six groschen, and told me to go out and amuse myself, as I had been working hard during the day.

"*Judge.* That is not very likely, for your wife lay sick in bed, and if you were absent for a long time, she would be left alone in her helpless condition with the children. It is hard to believe that she should have asked this."

The judge then proceeded to examine the prisoner in great detail, the plan being to question him, as is usual in German trials, on every point on

which the prosecutor was subsequently to adduce testimony; and thus not only to bring his general veracity directly in issue, but to draw him out on a variety of topics connected with the *res gesta*, as to which the most accurate memory and the greatest presence of mind would find it difficult to give uniformly prompt and accurate replies. In the case before us this is done at great length, and with the minutest circumstantiality. Our space allows us only to give one or two extracts.

"*Judge*. Had you no conversation with the waitress at Thomes's inn about your wife? [The waitress was on hand to be presently examined on this point.]

"*Pris*. It may have been so; I may have told her that my wife was sick.

"*Judge*. But you told her that your wife could not live, and had asked you to look out for another.

"*Pris*. That is not so. I may have said that my wife could not live.

"*Judge*. But you said also that your wife would die that night.

"*Pris*. How could this be so, as my wife the previous day was better?

"*Judge*. Is it your custom to take frequent drams? [On this point, also, several witnesses were to be called.]

"*Pris*. No. Formerly, perhaps, I could take more than lately, when I have had so much grief and trouble.

"*Judge*. It must strike every one as very odd that you should be ranging about beer-houses and inns for hours when your wife, with her infant children, was in her bed at home, sick and helpless. . . . In your preliminary examination you expressed yourself differently as to your conduct on reaching the house. You then said that you were not at first convinced of your wife's death, and were first assured of it by Blau, who showed you the cord round her neck. Here is a direct contradiction on an essential point.

"*Pris*. The first statement could not have been correctly written down, for my daughter was the first who told me about the cord. . . .

"*Judge*. Did you closely examine the cord?

"*Pris*. No. I tried immediately to untie it, but failed. The cord was then cut, and I did not see it again.

"*Judge*. It is hard to explain how, in a matter of such extreme importance to yourself, that you should be so careless as not to trouble yourself as to circumstances which had the closest relation to your wife's death.

"*Pris*. I was so overwhelmed that I could think of nothing —

"*Judge*. Was the cord cut on the same side with the knot?

"*Pris*. I do not know; I took no notice of this.

"*Judge*. I must again point out to you how remarkable it appears that on such important points you should intentionally avoid a distinct answer.

"*Pris*. Such an event is so stupefying that it is impossible to remember all the particular circumstances, — and besides, I had been drinking.

"*Judge*. Did not your wife love her children.

"*Pris*. Yes, she was very kind to them.

"*Judge*. Here is a contradiction; for if she loved them, would she by suicide have withdrawn from them her motherly care and protection?

"*Pris*. But our troubles were very great. In eight years she had six children, and business was bad. I had the whole household work, the scouring and washing, as she was sick; and hence I could earn so much the less. All these things may have led her to the step —

"*Judge*. Did you make no attempt at the time yourself to read the notes found in your wife's belt? [They had been partially read to him by Blau.]

"*Pris*. No, I did not see them again.

"*Judge*. This is wholly inexplicable. You come home, find your wife the victim of violence, discover writings which must explain the mystery, and instead of eagerly seeking to understand their contents, you are so careless and heartless that you will not give even a look to this last bequest of your wife. I do not believe that there is another who in

your place would have so acted. [The prisoner again pleaded for this his stupefaction and intoxication. The writings were then produced in court.]

"*Judge*. Do you know this paper and this handwriting?

"*Pris*. These may be the papers that Blau found. The handwriting appears that of my wife; and yet again not so, for it seems to me as if she would have written differently.

"*Judge*. I ask you to notice that the contents of these papers is very peculiar. They contain more than once the assurance, 'My husband is innocent.' Then, again, they are signed, 'Louise Alm, formerly Böttcher'; though it would scarcely be expected that your wife, if she had written these lines just before her death, would have thought of such formalities. Then again, in one place the name *Alm* is written with a Latin A, in another with a German A; and then the statement, 'This I have myself written,' is, at the least, very unusual. The prosecuting attorney has made these circumstances the ground of a powerful argument that the lines were written, not by your wife, but by yourself. What do you reply?

"*Pris*. I have nothing to say, except that I knew from my daughter's statement that they were written by my wife.

"*Judge*. How did you and your wife agree?

"*Pris*. We got along very well together.

"*Judge*. But witnesses tell us that you treated her badly.

"*Pris*. This is not true; it could only be said by bad men.

"*Judge*. Every witness who has been examined (at the preliminary hearing) knows the importance of the issue, and the severity of the punishment involved. It is not to be presumed that any one will perjure himself in such a case. The witnesses will soon be called; and you had better consider this before you contradict that which will presently be proved against you."

We give but a very few of the numerous points as to which the prisoner

was examined; and those we have selected are those in which the judge and the prisoner were brought into the closest collision. The examination, taking it in its various phases, lasted several days; and it incidentally appeared that, at the time of his examination in chief, the defendant was much emaciated by his long and painful imprisonment. He was ultimately convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment for life, and shortly after sentence died in prison. Not long after his death his innocence was demonstrated. His children, as they grew older, declared that their mother's death was by her own hands, and that their childish statements to the contrary had resulted from fear, and from their constant conversations with the police, under whose charge they had been placed.

Now of course the question now before us is not as to the guilt or innocence of this particular defendant, and certainly not as to his general moral character. He may have been, and probably was, a half-vagabond, given to drink; but this was no reason for his conviction for the murder of his wife. He may, also, have been very much confused on trial, and may have contradicted himself and contradicted unimpeachable witnesses on collateral points, but this, also, was no ground for such conviction. Or he may have been guilty, and have richly deserved the imprisonment awarded to him; and yet neither this nor his prior unworthy character at all touch the merits of the system under which he was tried. Even the brief extracts we have given, from the protracted examination to which the defendant was exposed, show that this system has in it inherent and fatal defects. We have no reason to impeach the honesty or the impartiality of the judge who presided. He appears to have exercised the highest criminal functions in Berlin for a number of years; and certainly on the trial immense pains were taken to collect the highest and most varied scientific testimony on the points as to which experts were required. No doubt the

judge went into that, as in all other trials, with the conviction that it was his duty to probe the defendant's conscience to the uttermost, to force from him an explanation of every inculpatory circumstance, and lead him to a due abasement and confession when such circumstances could not be explained. But how unequal a contest was this! On the one side is a high official, calm in the consequence of exalted station, trained by long experience to master in advance all the details of a case, and then to force a prisoner to express himself as to each of these details, and surrounded by the usual pomp and power of judicial authority to overawe or silence. On the other hand is a prisoner whose liberty or whose life is at stake, whose physical frame is exhausted by imprisonment, and whose nervous system is unstrung by long morbid introspection; a solitary man, friendless, generally uneducated, and rarely, under the best circumstances, capable of threading a labyrinth so intricate as that into which he is now led; a man with desperate stakes to play, and with, therefore, tremendous temptations, even when innocent, to escape some immediate dilemma by a falsification, which he has not the foresight to see will be presently turned against him to his destruction; a man whose position is that of a poor, silly, fluttering bird, who finds himself gradually enclosed in the meshes of a net he can neither break nor elude. Now all this exists without supposing either brutality or bitterness on the part of the court. So far as the German trials are concerned, — as they are exhibited not merely in Dr. Löffler's work, but in the long series of volumes which constitute the *Neue Pitaval*, — very little of these qualities is observed. The judges who conduct the examinations are not brutal, as was Lord Jeffreys. They attempt no sudden, dramatic surprises on the prisoner, as is the fashion of the French judges, whom we shall presently consider. They are not malevolent; there is none of that cold malice mingled with great and calm ability, such

as Sir R. Bethell, for instance, may be supposed to have displayed when acting as crown's counsel, though in such cases, by English forms, witnesses alone would be exposed to this terrible criticism, and the defendant, to whom such an examination would be so maddening and often so destructive, would be secluded from its range. There is none of this, and yet there is something in the patient, slow, penetrating analysis which the German judges pursue, which, if not so likely to craze or infuriate its wretched victim, is peculiarly adapted to exhaust his patience and his comprehensive recollection of the *res gestæ*, and so draw from him statements and opinions as to a vast variety of topics, relevant and irrelevant, as to some of which it will be easy to prove that his statement is false. The practice in most of the trials we have had an opportunity of observing is as follows: the judge takes the various preliminary examinations in his hand, and then proceeds to question the defendant on each fact that these examinations disclose. After the defendant is thus drawn on to express himself on every point to which the testimony can be made to reach, then, and not till then, are the witnesses examined in chief. If it were an examination for an official promotion, the process could not be more cool or exhaustive; nor could greater care be taken to inspect the replies, and to upset them if incorrect. The difference is this, that here the party examined is on trial for liberty or life, and that he is examined, not as to the renditions of science, but as to multitudes of impressions as to the past, concerning which no human memory can be complete. The ordeal is one from which no defendant who is not consummately cool and capable can escape unscathed.

When we take up the French procedure, we find the same general vice displaying itself, though in a different form. We have the same spectacle exhibited of the strong attacking the weak, of the skilful attacking the ig-



norant, of the self-possessed attacking the feverish or the frantic; but that which in Germany is usually done by a sort of siege,—by carefully drawing the trenches closer and closer, and then undermining until the structure of the defence falls as if by itself,—in France is performed by a sort of brilliant judicial Zouavism, in which the judge, with bold and histrionic effect, pounces on the party on trial, and, tearing asunder his supposed subterfuges, seeks to expose, to degrade, and to immolate him on the spot. Of course there are multitudes of exceptions to this, but the temptations to such displays seem to rise with the *déclat* and the conspicuousness of the trial. Of this the following illustration will be sufficient.

In the city of Toulouse is a monastic foundation, whose fundamental principles are that its members should be exclusively *lay*,—that they should take the vows of chastity, obedience, and poverty,—and that they should devote themselves to the education of the lower classes. The name of the society is the “Brotherhood of Christian Doctrine”; and, during its existence of centuries, it has gradually erected, on the large tract of land acquired by it, a series of buildings, some traceable to the Middle Ages, others added from age to age down to the present era,—buildings of no architectural pretensions or regularity, separated by many shaded alleys and cloisters, and interspersed with many secluded nooks. Close to the monastery is a graveyard, in a dark corner of which at daybreak on the morning of April 16, 1847, was found the body of a young girl, Cecilia Combettes, who, as it appeared by unquestionable testimony, had been, a few hours before, ravished and then murdered. She had for some previous months been in the employment of a bookbinder named Conte; and on the morning of the 15th was sent by him to carry some books to the monastery, within which, according to undisputed evidence, she was seen to deliver the package. There was no

direct proof that she was seen to come out of the institution, which was surrounded by a wall, to which was attached a gate with a porter's lodge; nor was any trace of her discovered from ten in the morning of the 15th until the discovery of her body early the next day. By whom, then, was the outrage perpetrated? Conte, her employer, had accompanied her to the monastery, and testified that he left before she had delivered the parcel, and that while he was there he saw near to her two of the brothers,—Jubrien and Leotade. Against the latter some slight circumstantial evidence, which hereafter will be incidentally noticed, was adduced. He was arrested, and on February 7, 1848, after eight months' imprisonment, was brought to trial. In reviewing the evidence then adduced, our object is to confine ourselves to such portions of the judicial examination of Leotade as serve to illustrate the general proposition which we have in this article undertaken to canvass. It is sufficient, therefore, at this point, to say that on the trial there was positive testimony to show that Conte had himself previously attempted improper familiarities with Cecilia, who was proved by unquestionable evidence to be a girl of excellent character; and that some years afterwards he confessed that he was himself the perpetrator of the crime. On the trial, however, no evidence was presented showing the whereabouts of Cecilia after her visit to the monastery on the morning of the 15th; and this, coupled with the circumstantial evidence to which we have already referred, arrayed against the accused a popular prejudice by which the terror of his position was vastly increased. Having made these preliminary explanations we proceed with our extracts from the judicial examination on the trial.

“*Chief Justice.* What is your name?

“*Prisoner.* Louis Bonafons; my ecclesiastical name is Brother Leotado.

“*Ch. J.* How old are you?

“*Pris.* Thirty-six years.

"*Ch. J.* Did you know Cecilia Combettes?

"*Pris.* I have never even seen her.

"*Ch. J.* Did you often visit Conte?

"*Pris.* Yes; yet, reviewing the past as closely as I can, I cannot recollect to have ever seen her with him.

"*Ch. J.* Why this circumlocution? You either knew her, or you did not.

"*Pris.* I did not know her.

"*Ch. J.* Did you not go to Conte, some days before the murder, to order a writing-table?

"*Pris.* I did.

"*Ch. J.* Did you not say to Conte, 'When the portfolio is ready, send it to me by the child'?

"*Pris.* I cannot recollect this.

"*Ch. J.* If you did, this involves your acquaintance with Cecilia.

"*Pris.* I never saw a workwoman at Conte's, and therefore I could not have said it.

"*Ch. J.* Where were you in the morning of the (15th of) last April?

"*Pris.* I was first at morning mass, which lasted longer than usual, as it was read for a brother who had recently died in Paris; then I breakfasted and went from the refectory to the clothes-room, and brought the pupils of the Pension the things they needed, and then I wrote to the General of the Order a letter on my spiritual state. This lasted until 9½ o'clock.

"*Ch. J.* What did you do next?

"*Pris.* I went to the kitchen and to the Director, to hand him my letter.

"*Ch. J.* You went about 9½ o'clock in the kitchen; where were you till 10 o'clock?

"*Pris.* I went back into the clothing-room, after I had spoken with the Director, until 9¾ o'clock.

"*Ch. J.* Where did you meet the Director?

"*Pris.* On the corridor of the Pension; he asked for my letter; I told him that I was just looking for him. It was then I went into the clothing-room, and afterwards into the school-room.

"*Ch. J.* How late was that?

"*Pris.* About 10¼ o'clock.

"*Ch. J.* Go on.

"*Pris.* I then fed the canary-birds in the presence of the hospital nurse, and then went to the cellar, and afterwards to Pater Noster. Then dinner, then the usual studies, then to supper, and then to bed.

"*Ch. J.* The accusation charges you with having been seen at least twice during the day with Brother Jubrien.

"*Pris.* I talked with him after supper, when we were bringing some casks out of the cellar.

"*Ch. J.* Although I have earnestly urged you to consider your answers carefully, you have failed to do this; on the 23d of last April you were asked what you did on the prior 15th. Then you said nothing about having seen Jubrien, having spoken to him, and having helped him in the cellar. Were the other members of the community then asleep?

"*Pris.* Yes.

"*Ch. J.* Then you must have gone very late to bed on the 15th; and although before this we believed that all the brothers went to bed at the same time, it seems that some must have been excepted from this rule.

"*Pris.* When we retired later than usual, then we had next day to account for this to the Superior.

"*Ch. J.* Your memory on the 23d must have been fresher than to-day. You then said that the mass was ended at 8½ o'clock, that you then breakfasted, then went into the kitchen, where you spoke to Brother John, and to the clothing-room, where you spoke to Brother Leopold, and then to the cellar. This had kept you till the Pater Noster, at 11 o'clock. But Brother Leopold fixes the time of your conversation with him at an hour earlier. You have been asked as to your occupations from 6 o'clock in the morning; and you say that about this time you met Brother Leopold in the clothes-room.

"*Pris.* This is entirely correct. Does this hinder me from having seen him also at 11 o'clock? If I did not mention this at the preliminary exami-

nations, it was because I was only interrogated as to my surroundings after 8 o'clock in the morning.

"Ch. J. Very true. But in a subsequent examination you said that at 9½ o'clock you were in your office; then in the hospital, where you met the Director, who asked you for wood for a fire for a sick child; that you then went to fetch the wood, and then to prayers. And yet, notwithstanding these extended details, you did not till this moment utter a syllable as to the important circumstances of the letter on your spiritual condition.

"Pris. If I did not mention this to the examining magistrate, it was through confusion. Daily, almost hourly [for the eight months] these examinations were continued; I was put under a moral torture; I was treated, not as merely suspected, but as convicted. When I appeared in this court before yourself, I was first able to collect myself, as in the presence of a kindly judge.

"Ch. J. You can spare your praises of me, as well as your censures of the examining magistrates. I will have neither. In your examination of the 3d of May, you declared that on the 15th of April you wore the same gown (*soutane*) and the same stockings which you now have; while on the next day, on the 4th of May, when the question was put to you, 'How long you had worn the trousers and drawers you now have,' you answered, 'For ten days.' How is this explained? You further said, that you had laid the trousers and drawers, which you wore on the 15th of April, in the third chamber of the clothes-rooms on a table close to the entrance, — where, to your great astonishment, they were not discovered, — while on the previous day you said that on the 15th you wore nothing but the gown (*soutane*) and stockings. On the 6th of May you voluntarily stated to the examiners, 'The trousers, now shown to me, I recognize as those I wore on the 15th of April. I used these in the bed to cover my feet.' How is it that, in spite of your state-

ment, the drawers were not found with the trousers?

"Pris. I remember now for the first time that I did not lay the two off together, and that I wore the drawers at the time of the preliminary examination.

"Ch. J. Were you in the habit of keeping rabbits?

"Pris. They belonged to the Brotherhood.

"Ch. J. Did you ever give rabbits to Conte or his wife?

"Pris. I sold some to them.

"Ch. J. Did you ever invite Cecilia to look at the rabbits?

"Pris. No.

"Ch. J. You, with the other brothers, were asked as to the condition of your garments on the 15th of April. While the others gave satisfactory answers to this, you are the only one as to whom this was not the case; and besides, you maintained that the shirt, which the examining physician found on you on the 18th of April, had been put on by you on the previous Sunday, and was worn because it had wide sleeves, which did not chafe the plasters that your health required you to wear. Where did you leave the clean shirt which you received on Sunday evening, for a change? You say that you did not often change your linen, and that you laid the clean shirts under your pillow, and in this way retained two at a time. But in spite of this usage, you maintain that you gave back the shirt of April 17th to the brother who had charge of the linen, who, on his part, declares that he never received clean linen back from the brothers. After this you modified your answer so as to make it that you gave this shirt to the hospital nurse, who says, however, that he does not recollect this. Where did you hand it to him?

"Pris. At the door of the hospital, in the week after April 18th.

"Ch. J. You all say that at the time Conte met you in the corridor, you had gone to the communion. Conte, however, persists in his statement, and specifies your dress. At first (in one of

the preliminary examinations) you distinctly denied this, but afterwards said that you could not call it to mind. Brother Jubrien, who was with you, follows the same theory, first a plump denial, then, 'I believe not,' and at last, 'I do not recollect.' In all earnestness I demand to know whether, on the morning of the 15th of April, you were in the corridor of the Common Hall?

"*Pris.* I am not in a condition to answer so complicated an analysis of the evidence.

"*Ch. J.* It is not a complicated analysis, but facts. Were you in the Common Hall on the 15th?

"*Pris.* No. On the 10th I was there between 7 and 7½ in the morning.

"*Ch. J.* Did not the way to it lead by the linen-rooms?

"*Pris.* Yes.

"*Ch. J.* Did you have a key to the latter?

"*Pris.* I do not know.

"*Ch. J.* And yet (at the preliminary examinations) it was shown that you had a key which locked the door of that room, and that you could therefore change your linen without attracting any one's notice. This key was afterwards shown to you, and you stated to what lock it belonged. Had you no conversation with Jubrien on the 15th?

"*Pris.* Yes. In the evening, when I helped him in bringing the large casks out of the cellar.

"*Ch. J.* I have now a correction to make. I asked you whether you possessed a key to the linen-room; and you answered that if you possessed it, you did not know it. I will now show you a key which is proved to lock that room. You will now tell me whether you recognize it.

"*Pris.* It is the key of the kitchen closet.

"*Ch. J.* Do you know if it locks the door of the linen-room?

"*Pris.* No."

This is a specimen of the examination in chief of the prisoner, which

was followed by the calling of the witnesses for the prosecution. The method pursued is very much the same as that which we have already noticed as existing in Prussia. The judge has full notes of the various preliminary examinations, both of the accused and of the prosecuting witnesses. The prisoner is first called, and interrogated as to the points that these examinations developed, and as to any others that suggest themselves to the judge. Then the prosecuting witnesses are called, and all the statements of the prisoner, relevant or irrelevant, are put in issue, to be contradicted, if practicable, by the testimony so adduced. But in France, however, as has already been noticed, it is deemed not unsuitable for the judge at any period of the trial to surprise the defendant with the most sudden and confusing of appeals. This may be dramatic enough, but, apart from the objections we shall presently notice, utterly destructive of a calm, judicial rendering of testimony. Thus, in the case before us, several hours after the prisoner's formal examination was closed, and while Conte—the chief prosecuting witness, and the real assassin—was under examination, the court with sudden swoop pounced on the prisoner as follows:—

"*Ch. J.* (To prisoner.) You have just heard that on the 15th of April at 9½ o'clock you were seen in the corridor of the Brotherhood with Brother Jubrien?

"*Pris.* Conte is a falsifier. On the 15th I was not in the corridor. As to what relates to my former life [which Conte had endeavored to attack] I can, at least, say that it is not so stained as that of my assailant. You can inquire at my early home, of my former employers, of my teachers. I had the wish to escape from the worry of the world. This is why I entered the Order. I am in the jury's hands. Decide what my fate is to be; I will await even death in peace, as a missionary who will sacrifice his life to what is right; and (to the jury,) so

far from blaming you, will I the more fervently pray for you, for your efforts to decide rightly."

Now we may pardon such distracted utterances in a prisoner subjected to such sensational shocks as those we here notice; but we cannot excuse the system which invites the judge to consider the application of such shocks as among the chief feats of judicial prowess. Again and again during the trial do similar incidents occur. Let something inculpatory turn up, and down comes the judge, "There, do you hear this, what do you say *now*?" The examination in chief is bad enough; but no presence of mind, no power of memory, can endure such torture as this, lasting, as in the present case, through a trial occupying an entire week. It is not to be wondered that Leotade's memory partially failed him, and that his replies became confused and delirious. He had been kept on the rack for the eight months prior to the trial by solitary confinement, broken only by the visits of his inquisitors coming to probe his conscience as to his entire past; and this agony reached its climax when, in the crowded court-room, his whole nervous and moral system was made the subject of the assaults we have detailed.

With the topic we have undertaken to discuss in this article Leotade's innocence has no immediate connection. Innocent he undoubtedly was; innocent he continued to declare himself to be until his death, nineteen months afterwards, in the galleys to which he was sentenced for life; innocent he was proved to be by the subsequent confessions of Conte, uttered under the solemn sanctions of a death-bed, and verified by collateral proof which removed the slightest possibility of doubt. But guilty or innocent, the merits of the system under which he was tried, as we stated in the prior case, are the same. That system, so far as concerns the compulsory examination of the defendant, and the introduction, by the prosecution, of his character into the issue,

obtains through the continent of Europe; and wherever it exists it is associated with the abuses which exhibit themselves in the cases which we have just considered in detail. In the vast number of trials reported in the many volumes of the *Neue Pitaval* there is not one, where this system is applied, in which these abuses do not in a greater or less degree exhibit themselves. And it is but fair, in the present stage of our American jurisprudence, that the question in all its bearings, practical as well as speculative, should receive grave consideration.

For the changes which have been lately initiated in our American jurisprudence, as was stated in the beginning of this article, bring us very near to the practice which the cases before us display in so hideous a light. Take the first point, that of the introduction of the defendant's character into the issue. By the common law, it is so far from being allowable for the prosecution to prove that the defendant has a "tendency" to commit the particular crime, that the merest allusion, by the prosecuting attorney in his opening address, to the defendant's bad character, has been looked upon as a grave offence; and juries have been discharged because such allusion has been made. Every man is permitted to carry to his case the presumption of general good character; and this presumption no one is permitted to assail, unless, as has been said, he should in his defence, introduce the issue himself. No criminal, no matter how profligate, but, by the common law, is allowed his *locus penitentia*; if he has committed an outrage, he is tried for it, but he never is put on trial because he has previously been generally bad. The common law, in its humanity, says: "You shall have a chance to reform; at all events, what you are liable to be tried for is an overt act of guilt, and not a violent temper or a depraved heart." But in the last few years, some of our American courts have been departing from this rule. The departure began in cases of forgery, when it was per-

mitted, though at first reluctantly and cautiously, to the prosecution to show, as part of its evidence in chief, that the defendant was an expert in the counterfeiting art. The next step, which was taken by some of our Western courts, was to permit the prosecution, in homicide cases, to prove also as part of the evidence in chief, that the defendant was a man of bloodthirsty and violent temper. If the principle of the latter case, at least, holds good, it is difficult to see what further obstacles remain in the way of our adopting the civil-law practice, in this respect, as a whole.

Then, towards the defendant's compulsory examination we have recently made great strides. It is true that the statutes recently enacted in this respect only permit such an examination after the defendant has voluntarily placed himself on the witness-stand. But the experience of the few months that have elapsed since the passage of these statutes show that there will be few criminal cases in the States where these statutes are in force in which this exposure will not be made. The fact is, first, that the temptation to venture testifying in his own behalf, to a man whose life and liberty are at stake, is irresistible, even though the probability be that a cross-examination will ruin him; and, second, that to refuse to be sworn will come soon to be acknowledged as a tacit confession of guilt. Wherever such statutes exist, therefore, defendants will be uniformly submitted to examination; and the main difference between our own and the European practice will be that with us the inculpatory examination will be conducted by the prosecuting attorney and not by the judge. Whether this will be an improvement may well be questioned. A judge, no matter how keen may be the spirit with which he may enter upon what he may consider the exposure of error, is yet, in the main, an impartial arbiter between the two contending parties. An attorney is, and ought to be, simply the representative of one of them.

Let us, then, look the system which is thus approaching us gravely in the face; recapitulating to some extent, as we do so, the points which suggested themselves incidentally in the review given by us of the two cases especially selected by us for consideration. And first, with regard to the first practice touched by us, that which authorizes the prosecution to put in issue, as evidence in chief, the defendant's character, by way of showing his liability to commit the particular crime. Notice, first, the debasement which the public mind must suffer from the judicial exhibition of prurient psychological detail. Nothing can be worse in this respect than the displays listened to by greedy audiences in what are considered the more "interesting" cases, and which are subsequently through the press presented to the public at large. We have before us in the third volume of the new series of the *Noue Pitaval* the report of a homicide case, that of Count Gustavus Chovinzky and of Julie Ebergenyi, in which the general sexual tendencies of the defendants, and their victims, the wife of the first, were made the subjects of the minutest and most discursive exploration; and in which, according to the reporter, who prints these details at large, the court-room was crowded by some of the highest as well as by the most abject of the land. It is before such audiences, and then through the press, that this emptying of the most fetid contents of the human heart is artistically consummated. It is like the baling out the contents of a putrid well,—the process is one which cannot but spread contagious disease. For the exploration and exhibition is not, as with us, one of naked, hard fact, but one of prurient motives. The worst, vilest, most morbid of all human desires and impulses, things which we are impelled by every right feeling instinctively to hide even from ourselves, are keenly searched after, and ruthlessly displayed to the public gaze.

Then, second, this process destroys all power of rightful defence. The de-



fendant, in the old common-law courts, knows what he is to prepare to meet. The issue is a single one; to this he adjusts his plea and calls his witnesses. Whatever his past may have been, he knows that the law, in its humanity, has given him an opportunity for reform; and that now he is to be tried for a single well-defined act, as to which he has full notice, so as wisely to make ready for his defence. But with the civil law, a prosecution is limited by no such restraints. There is no point in the defendant's past history, no matter how distant or how recent, which may not be suddenly sprung on him; and when the judge's knowledge does not enable him to touch such points, the drag-net of a general interrogatory is swept over the offender's memory. No offence has been so atoned for as to protect it from being thus brought up in judgment. No oblivion, no death of witnesses, no long passage of time consuming all explanatory or vindicatory circumstances, are allowed to intervene between the judge and the coveted disgraceful fact. The defendant goes to trial prepared to meet a particular issue, and he finds himself confronted with others, any one of which involves disgrace, but to meet which he has had no notice to prepare. And if no other acts or tendencies of guilt are available, then his prevarications on trial,—prevarications often the convulsions of a man in torture,—are charged against him, and on these he finds the issue is made to rest. We do not say that under this system there is no security for innocence; for in a general sense,—in that sense which involves a free uncovering of the secret frailties and passions of the human heart,—no man is innocent. But we do say, that in this view there is no security for any one. No one can in safety walk the streets, for there is no one who, if under trial, cannot be exposed to an investigation more or less destructive. We have no time here to dwell on disarrangement of judicial mechanism, and the consequent frequent escape of the

real offender, wrought by this clumsy confusing of relevant with irrelevant issues. We have simply to say that by it no protection is left either to liberty or life.

The remaining question before us—that of the judicial examination of the defendant on trial—invites but few remarks in addition to those which have already been incidentally made. No doubt there is a class of temperaments which can escape this ordeal comparatively uninjured. Men of imperturbable temper and of comprehensive intellect and of quick wit may be able, during the trial, as well as during the numerous preliminary hearings, to maintain a calm and consistent theory of defence. But men of this class are rare, and are at least not unknown among those inured to crime. The consummate villain is, in fact, likely to be the most successful in the execution of this most difficult task; while the guiltless, from their very inexperience in crime, and from the peculiar terror which disgrace possesses to them, are as likely to break down in the attempt. Thus in the case last noticed by us, Conte, the real assassin, played his part through a protracted cross-examination with every trait of candid innocence; while Leotade, his victim, was betrayed into the apparent contradiction and confusion of guilt. For it should be remembered, the strain is the severest to which the nervous system can be exposed. Let us suppose that the judge is deterred, either by his own humanity or by public opinion, from sustaining such attempts as those of the chief justice at Toulouse,—attempts to bully, to terrify, to crush, to annihilate the victim who lies exhausted in his clutch. Let us suppose that he simply permits the method which the German courts have in the main adopted, of taking to the trial a minute brief of all that the witnesses for the prosecution are expected to testify to, and then examining the defendant in advance on each point. Let us remember how protracted, how multifarious, and how exhausting such an



examination must be ; and then let us inquire which of us could submit ourselves to such a test, even though the topic might be the most innocent event in our past lives, without being betrayed into embarrassments and inconsistencies which may readily be received as confessions of guilt. And then let us rise from this personal view to the general considerations of public policy to which the issue thus ascends. The civil law—and with this recollection let us conclude—in this as in all other respects is the product of despotism. Its object is to level the citizen to the grade of the slave. It recognizes in him no sanctity of character, just in the same way that it awards to him no sanctity of home. He is the creature of the government that overshadows him ; and at its command he must in public unveil the most secret motives of his heart ; and the system is one, therefore, which produces, not freemen, but tools ; not high personal enterprise, but apathetic sloth ; not political liberty, but political torpor and death. But

the common law is the system of personal liberty, of manly independence and self-respect. It was produced by these great qualities, and these, in return, it fortifies and protects.\* If it makes every man's home his castle, and if these castles are sometimes a little too roughly garrisoned, let us remember that they are not merely the shelters which protect the rights of the individual, but the fortresses which assure the grandeur of the state. And if, in declaring that no man shall be forced to degrade himself by his own lips, the same common law may give in isolated cases impunity to crime, let it be also remembered that by this process it not merely implants in the individual breast a consciousness of self-respect and sanctity which ultimately makes crime less frequent, but it summons for the commonwealth the services of high-toned, strong, and rightfully loyal men. Let us beware lest, in infringing on this principle, we undermine some of the foundations, not merely of personal liberty, but of the public weal.

*Francis Wharton.*

## THE SHIPPING OF THE UNITED STATES.

A COMMITTEE of Congress has been busy at the great seaports of New England and New York in ascertaining the condition of this branch of industry, and has invoked the action of Congress.

When our late war begun, the South made many predictions, few of which have been fulfilled. Among other things they predicted that grass would grow in our ship-yards. Is this prediction to be verified ? Are we to withdraw from the ocean, so long the field of our enterprise and renown ? When the war commenced, our tonnage, then 5,539,813 tons, exceeded that of the British Empire. In 1868 it had declined to 4,318,309 tons, while the

British tonnage had risen to 7,000,000, nearly a sixth of which was propelled by steam. Our ship-building, which in 1855 gave us 583,450 tons, of which more than half a million tons were built on the Atlantic coast, in 1868 had declined one half. In the last year but 173,000 tons were built on the coasts for both coastwise and foreign commerce. In 1855 we built 373 ships, and in 1868 but 69.

Before the war, the carrying trade between nation and nation employed 8,000,000 tons of shipping. Of these, the British Empire furnished three eighths, the United States a third, while other nations supplied the residue. But in 1866 our proportion had fallen to a

sixth, the British risen to a half, while the deficit was filled by the Continent of Europe.

Before the war, two thirds of the arrivals from foreign ports bore the stars and stripes; but now two thirds of the vessels which reach our ports from abroad bear a foreign flag; and although the war has ended, our vessels in the foreign trade still diminish. In the first nine months of the past fiscal year our tonnage in the foreign trade declined fourteen per cent, while the foreign tonnage gained twenty-eight per cent. At this rate, it will require but seven years to triple the arrivals of foreign ships, and to banish us from the carrying trade of the world. Unless something is done, we, with our primeval forests, virgin ore-beds, and enterprising youth, shall no more unfurl our flag in foreign ports, but must be confined to our lakes, rivers, and coastwise trade, in which all foreign competition is precluded. It is painful to contemplate such a result. Our marine has been one of the great elements of our strength. Without it, how could we have blockaded a coast of three thousand miles? How opened the Mississippi? How recovered our Southern seaports and fortresses. Again, what an income would we have realized by the 7,000,000 tons of shipping, to which we might have risen! At thirty dollars only per ton, it would have exceeded two hundred millions. Its management, its repairs, and dependent trades would have sustained nearly a million of families and furnished a market for the surplus of as many engaged in agriculture, who must suffer from competition if consumers are converted into producers.

We cannot afford to part with our marine. We must devise a remedy for its decline. Let us trace its growth and consider what gave it vitality, what policy ministered to its growth, what measures have checked its progress and produced a premature decay, while other interests prosper.

Before the Revolution, Great Britain confined us as much as she could to

the fisheries and coastwise commerce and to a few ships in the trade with England and her colonies. A few daring spirits sometimes ventured to join the fleet from Jamaica to England, or to trade with the Spanish Isles, but seizures and confiscations checked this spirit of adventure.

The Revolution swept away our ships, but put us on our mettle; the Colonies had no navy; their great seaports were occupied or ruined by the foe; but our county of Essex constituted itself our Navy Department, discarded the puppet sterns and full bows, and built ships that made the run in eleven days from Salem to Ireland; and in the last year of the war, Salem and Beverly, with twenty gun-ships that outsailed and often outfought the best ships of England, held the control of the British Channel and raised the rate of insurance to ten per cent. Their success contributed materially to the termination of the conflict.

At the close of the war our cruisers were converted into merchantmen, and soon took an active part in commerce, outsailing the ships of all other nations, and opening the Baltic, the Mediterranean, India, Africa, China, Brazil, Chili, Peru, and our Northwest Coast to the trade of the Union.

When our new Constitution took effect, the first register of our shipping showed but 201,000 tons, or less than the tonnage on Lake Erie in 1860.

Under duties averaging but eleven per cent for the first epoch of twenty-one years, our tonnage rose from 201,000 tons in 1789 to 1,424,748 tons in 1810, and then the effect of the embargo of 1808 checked its progress. Its increase was 700 per cent. During this period, although the country was weak, Adams founded the navy, laid the keels of four ships of the line, and Suffolk and Essex counties raised funds and built frigates for the nation.

But there was soon a change of dynasty. The Democracy came into power, abandoned the large ships, built a few gunboats, adopted the Chinese

policy, and embargoes, culminating in war, succeeded.

Adams

"Had bid upon the Atlantic shore  
New navies ride, new thunders roar";

and if he could have put ten millions into ships of the line, or frigates, would have saved a third of the active capital of the country, sacrificed by embargoes, war, and duties; but Jefferson and Madison succeeded. Quincy, Lloyd, and Webster struggled in vain, and commerce was prostrated.

During the second epoch of twenty-one years, from 1810 to 1831, under duties averaging thirty per cent, tonnage, instead of gaining seven hundred per cent, actually fell twelve per cent, or from 1,424,748 tons in 1810 to 1,267,847 tons in 1831.

But in 1831 our debt had diminished; the country would no longer see its commerce crushed; there was "an uprising of the people," and under the auspices of Henry Clay a compromise was made, under which our duties fell, with a slight reaction in 1842, to an average of 16 per cent, which lasted thirty years,—from 1831 to 1861. Our navigation at once revived, and exceeded the tonnage of England, gaining 420 per cent,—from 1,267,847 tons in 1831 to 5,539,813 tons in 1861.

The following table illustrates the progress and decline of our shipping:—

	Tons.
Tonnage in . . . . . 1789	201,562
" " " " " 1810	1,424,748
" " " " " 1831	1,267,847
" " " " " 1841	2,130,744
" " " " " 1852	4,407,010
" " " " " 1861	5,539,813
" " " " " 1868	4,318,309
Registered steam tonnage in 1861	102,508
" " " " " 1868	221,939
Enrolled steam tonnage in 1861	774,596
" " " " " 1868	977,476

Ship-building, which in 1830 had fallen to 52,686 tons a year, rose under the compromise to 153,455 tons in 1833. The susceptibility of America to a change of duties was shown in 1844, when it fell, under the influence of a tariff of 27 per cent adopted in 1842, to 71,732 tons; but rose again, with the 16 per cent tariff of 1846, to 262,581

tons in 1848; and, under the same tariff, to 583,450 tons in 1855,—an increase of eightfold in a period of thirteen years.

The following table shows the tonnage built in the United States at different periods:—

	Tons.		Tons.
In 1820	47,696	In 1853	425,571
" 1830	52,686	" 1855	595,152
" 1833	153,455	" 1862	175,076
" 1844	71,732	" 1868	285,304
" 1848	262,581		

We come now to the present epoch, commencing in 1861, and with a tariff carried up from 15 per cent in 1860 to an average of 42 per cent in 1869, we find again the decline we might well expect from the history of the past,—a loss of 22 per cent in place of a gain of 430 per cent,—a fall from 5,539,813 tons in 1861 to 4,318,309 tons in 1869. And of this residue more than three millions of tons are on our lakes and rivers, or in coastwise trade, where we have a monopoly; while in July last twenty-seven millions of our imports were brought in foreign vessels, and but ten millions in American.

It may be urged by some who have not studied this question, that the decline in our shipping is due to the war, yet neither Secession nor English cruisers deprived us of one eighth of our tonnage. It was not destroyed by the foe. Some may think the loss due to a change of measurement, but this was immaterial, as the loss in one class is compensated by a gain in others. Nor is it due to the fact that trade is unprofitable, for we have merchants whose ships, built before the war, have made fair returns for the past eight years.

Did we not know that many of our laws were made in the hurry of the war, when Congress had put out its arms to grasp every source of revenue, we might conceive that our legislators had been guided by a spirit hostile to navigation, for as the law stands to-day it provides:—

First. That we shall not build any ships for foreign trade.

Second. That we shall buy none.

Third. That we shall not recover those we have lost.

Fourth. That if we should get them, an interdict shall be laid on many of our chief imports and exports.

Fifth. That our great university for seamen shall be put down, while agricultural colleges are encouraged and endowed.

Sixth. That while we sustain stages and railways by mail money, and while foreign steamers are sustained by subsidies, which are refunded by postages, our postages are given to foreign steamers and subsidies are withheld from our own.

The first barrier we have raised against ship-building is a debased currency. Before the war the shipwright could build a good ship of oak and cedar for \$55 per ton; to-day it will cost \$70 per ton. Half the difference is due to the currency, half to the duties on the raw materials. The ship-owner who builds has two portentous evils before him. His investment of \$70 per ton to-day may become \$62 next spring by a return to gold, and he hesitates to take the risk; and if he builds would rather build for English account and convert gold into currency. The other evil is the eight dollars per ton imposed in taxes on raw materials, admitted free by competing nations. These evils are not without remedy. Let us reduce our currency, or let our Secretary of the Treasury, instead of paying out his greenbacks for stocks at a premium, convert gold into greenbacks, and destroy the gold board and carry our paper to par, by merely rolling up a hundred millions in greenbacks.

The banks under national laws require 150,000,000 of legal tenders for a reserve, and the country can float the balance of them; for with them our paper afloat would not exceed twelve dollars per head, or, with gold, seven-tenths dollars per head, of our people.

If we are to have a shower-bath, let us not stand shivering at the door.

As respects the duties, there is a simple remedy; reduce the duties on

the raw material to the point at which they stood from 1832 to 1861, except for the brief period when they rose to 27 per cent, under the tariff of 1842. These remedies will be efficacious.

#### CAN WE SPARE THE DUTIES?

We cannot only spare them, but many taxes also.

The Hon. D. A. Wells, habitually cautious, assures us that our surplus revenue is now at least \$120,000,000 a year. This is \$8,000,000 a month for ten months, and at least \$20,000,000 a month in the months when our license and income taxes accrue. But the coming year, commencing June 30th, when new legislation will take effect, will, by reduced interest and the usual gain of 5 per cent yearly on revenue, exhibit a further surplus next year of \$27,000,000; and it is easy to demonstrate that a reduction on cigars, spirits, spices, silks, tobacco, and woollens would transfer \$20,000,000 more from the pockets of the smuggler to the coffers of the state. These would give us for the coming year a surplus not far from \$167,000,000. Is it safe to leave so large a sum in the hands of government? Will it not engender extravagance? Will it not be best to keep it in the pockets of the people? We can, without doubt, reduce our revenue \$100,000,000, and still have sufficient for interest and sinking-fund.

#### NAVIGATION ACT.

Our second edict against navigation is that we shall not buy a ship abroad under any circumstances. While we would give every encouragement to the native builder, who has been for the last seven years a victim of our laws, and would allow him to supply the coastwise trade, it seems to us most impolitic to deny all foreign vessels a register. We have, with great benefit to our manufactures, admitted machinery either free or at fair duties. Foreign ships and steamers with improved mechanism may be had at moderate prices abroad, of classes which we require but cannot build, or at junc-

tures when prompt action may enable us to secure important advantage. A duty of \$8 per ton on wooden and \$12 per ton on iron vessels would sufficiently protect builders, who in ordinary times have built for Europe.

The amount levied on the foreign builder may be returned to the American shipwright in an equal remission on each ton of shipping he constructs.

#### RETURN OF SHIPS TO THE FLAG.

Our third edict against navigation is that which forbids any vessel placed under a neutral flag to return to the register. In the early part of the war, most of the vessels employed on the Southern rivers studiously kept within the Rebel lines, and served under the Confederate flag, and some were used for warlike purposes; but when the war was ended, they "run up" the American flag and were again nationalized; but many ships which could get neither insurance nor freights, except at ruinous rates, were placed for safety and were saved under a neutral flag. It was the duty of the sailor to "save his ship," and he saved it. It was for the interest of the country that he should save it. The step was sanctioned by commercial usage; and the question now is, Shall we diminish the registry of England and increase our own by the recovery of these ships? Nearly half of those transferred no longer exist, but there may still be half a million tons of shipping which might be sold at a loss in England, but which would answer for whalers or coasters, and which may still be recovered.

Are not the men who oppose this action chiefly ship-owners, who cover their dread of competition by the mask of patriotism?

If those who left the fold when the wolf was entering, and the dogs were absent, deserve chastisement, have they not already suffered enough?

But if we are to be permitted to build, buy, or recover ships, we require something more; the ships must have something to do to warrant the investment of capital, and this brings us to

#### LEGISLATION DIRECTLY AGAINST IMPORTS AND INDIRECTLY AGAINST EXPORTS.

Why do we impose a duty of 200 or 300 per cent on spices, and 80 per cent on tea, unless it be to give our trade to the smuggler? and why do we check our trade with the Mediterranean, which should furnish an outlet for the product of our fisheries and our alcohol, by duties of 100 per cent on figs, prunes, currants, and other innocent fruits? Does the nation do this to protect greenhouses? Does it dread "the pauper labor of the sun," or has it any antipathy to that little "Jack Horner who sat in the corner eating his Christmas pie"? May not such duties be wisely abolished, with benefit to the trade and health of the country?

Then there are the duties on spirits and brandy of 206 to 546 per cent, entirely delusive and self-defeating, which destroy the revenue, for these duties enrich the smuggler and counterfeiter. They warrant the answer of the chemist to the questions of the revenue commission, that more than 95 per cent of the spirits sold as Holland gin and Cognac and Rochelle brandy in New York are spurious, so that the duties imposed on them not only fail to reach the treasury, but enrich the smuggler and counterfeiter, and injure both sick and well who imbibe such deleterious beverages.

Then there are cigars, on which the duties range from 100 to 264 per cent, not a tenth of which can be collected. Is it surprising that under such absurd charges the importation of cigars through the custom-house has declined more than 90 per cent, while cigar-shops have multiplied? There can be no doubt that a reduction of 70 per cent on the duties on spices, spirits, brandy, tobacco, and cigars would add nearly \$20,000,000 to the revenue, and give freights to our shipping. There are also the duties of \$9 per ton, or 55 per cent, on pig iron, the very basis of our manufactures, and 90 per cent on coal, so essential to our steamers.

## ARE SUCH DUTIES POLITIC OR NECESSARY?

The cost of pig-iron from the Clyde, laid down at New York or Boston before payment of the duty, is \$ 27 per ton in currency. To transport this iron to Lake Superior, Missouri, Tennessee, and Western Pennsylvania, — the great centres of our iron production, — will carry the cost of the iron, when delivered near these centres, to \$ 36 per ton; and American iron can be produced there for \$ 27 per ton, which would give a profit of 30 per cent to the producer in the great markets of the interior.

Were the foreign pig admitted free, it would not compete with the home article, except within three hundred miles of the coast; and if the producer made 30 per cent in the interior, he could afford to sell low upon the coast, and here is the spot where we meet the competition of Europe.

France admits the pig metal of England at four dollars per ton; were we to do the same, it would benefit our workshops and factories and give freights to our shipping; for 5,000,000 of tons are produced yearly, on the coasts of Great Britain, where iron, stone, coal, and lime are contiguous.

Our ships which take out wheat to England require return freight of iron, salt, soda-ash; and unless return cargoes are admitted, the wheat must be charged with freights both outward and inward.

If we should admit the pig iron and iron-ore and coal at duties of 20 per cent or less, we could roll our bar iron on the coast and blend with advantage the pig iron of both countries, without any serious detriment to our own manufactures. As respects steel, the Cleveland pig metal of England may be easily converted into steel.

As respects salt, — an article of freight highly important to our shipping and most essential to our country, — we impose a duty of 18 to 22 cents per hundred pounds, equal to \$ 4 per ton. Salt is made by solar heat from

the waters of the sea, in Spain, Sicily, and the West Indies, and found in large deposits in England. It is often sold for \$ 2 or \$ 3 per ton at the place of shipment. It furnishes an admirable return cargo for vessels which take out fish, flour, lumber, and breadstuffs, and which without it return in ballast. But it is not merely as return freight upon the sea that salt is important. If drawn by our shipping from abroad, it will furnish valuable freight for the flour cars that now return empty to the interior, and thus reduce the cost of transporting wheat and flour by lake, canal, and railway.

How is it with wool, — another great staple which we once imported from Australia, Africa, and from Buenos Ayres, where 75,000,000 sheep browse on the perennial pastures of La Plata? By the census of 1860 we had 22,000,000 of sheep, but during the war we imposed high duties on cloth and required clothing for the army. Cotton rose to \$ 2 a pound, woollens took the place of cottons. Woollen machinery was set in motion sufficient to absorb the fleeces of 50,000,000 of sheep. We could not raise cotton at the North, but we could raise wool, and as cattle and horses were drawn away by the army, sheep took their places, and our sheep increased by 1866 to 35,000,000, or to the level of the flocks of France and Great Britain. Their wool alone, however, would not meet our wants, and trade with Buenos Ayres, Australia, and Africa was expanded until our imports of wool rose to 87,000,000 of pounds and our manufacture approached that of England. While our woollen-mills were thus occupied, the war suddenly collapsed. The demand for the army ceased, and the government, with arsenals and warehouses overflowing, wound up its contracts and soon brought a part of its surplus stock into market. When cotton cost \$ 2 per pound and wool 60 cents, the frugal housewife replaced cottons with woollens, and stuffed her coverlids with wool; but when cotton fell 90 per cent, — when it fell below wool, — the girls

were recalled from their homes and the cotton-spindles set in motion. Wool, of course, declined, and the farmer and the farmer's wife, whose favorite is the merino,—as sheep do not require either milk-pail, churn, or cheese-press,—looked to Washington for relief. The farmers ascribed the decline to foreign wool, and Congress, yielding to their importunities, raised the duty. Then the manufacturer took the field and urged a rise on cloth, arguing that he would be ruined by a rise in wool without a corresponding rise on cloth; and thus by a combination of the two interests, after war had ended, duties of 70 per cent or more were imposed on wool and woollens.

Let us trace the results. First, the trade in foreign wool has been reduced 75 per cent. The import of wool fell from 87,000,000 to 24,000,000 of pounds in 1868 and 1869, and navigation was checked and injured. But this was not the only loss to the country. On the great plains of Buenos Ayres, Australia, and Africa the sheep require no shelter, but live through the year in verdant pastures, and the shepherds can afford to sell their fine Mestiza wool at 12 cents a pound, while our Western farmers, who buy their lands for \$1.25 an acre, or receive them as gifts from the government, insist that it costs them 60 cents per pound to produce their merino wool, which can be raised for 20 cents or less on the ranches of California. Before the new duty was imposed, we sent out flour, lard, furniture, fish, domestics, oil, and other products to buy our wool, and stocked our vessels with bread and beef for the sailors, but under the duty we lost the exports as well as imports. We lost, also, the shipping, while the wool which we had previously brought home, and which we required to mix with our own, went at still lower prices to England and France, where land is dear but foreign wool is free, and came out in cheap cloth to the British Provinces or New York.

Nor was this the end. The smuggler along our whole frontier contracts

for 25 per cent to evade the duty. The foreign cloth comes in sometimes in the bale, sometimes in the shape of clothing, and visitors to the Provinces find it politic to renew there the wardrobe of their families. The mills pay no dividends. Many have been changed, first from cotton to wool, and then from wool to cotton. The Reports of the Department of Agriculture for March and April, 1869, announce that during the previous year "there has been a diminution in our flocks of 20 per cent" (7,000,000 of sheep), and this decline has been chiefly in the Northern States, having cold winters, and in fine wool sheep, which have been sold for the value of their pelts and tallow. "Wool," says the Report, "has been low, and the inevitable result has followed of rough treatment, neglect, poor food, short commons, weakness, and disease."

The experiment, like the two-dollar tax on alcohol, has been a failure, injurious to all parties but the illicit trader. The reduction of this two-dollar tax to half a dollar has added nearly 40,000,000 to our surplus revenue.

To relieve the woollen manufacture and the country, shall we not be obliged to resort to a similar remedy in the case of wool? Agriculture on this great continent, where land is freely given to the settler, requires no protection, whatever may be the case with manufactures. It wants no governmental forcing-house. In the Report on Agriculture which we have cited, we find conclusive proof of this, in an account of the results of a cheese factory in Lewis County, New York. Here the cheese averages seventeen cents a pound, and after payment of the expenses and of \$300 to the committee, each cow returns to the farmer \$65 a year. Ten merino sheep consume as much food and require as much care as a cow, and to be equally profitable should yield annually seven dollars per head, but for 1868 they have not yielded in wool or lambs one half that amount. Cheese is wanted, both at home and abroad, and our Northern farmers, if they desire fine wool, can buy it with their cheese abroad



for one third the sum it costs them at home. The sheep we have parted with are no loss to the country. We must look to New Mexico, Texas, California, Montana, and to the pastures of Africa, South America, and Australia for our fine wool, while we raise sheep for mutton north of the Ohio.

France, for the first quarter of this century, imposed duties on wool, but afterwards raised the price of her own wool and revived her manufactures by the abandonment of the duties.

France, England, and Belgium, with land worth from \$ 300 to \$ 500 per acre, impose no duties on wool. May we not be guided by their experience?

#### CARPETS.

How is it with carpets?

Carpets, protected by a high tariff, while the coarse wool they require escapes the heavy duty, return large profits. The Brussels carpet, for which twelve years since the writer paid \$ 1.37½ a yard, now sells for twice that sum. The manufacturer is contented, but the success of the carpet, which is too heavy for the smuggler, shows the importance of low duties on raw material, and at this moment Buenos Ayres gives a significant hint to our farmers. The sheep-owners there, feeling the pressure of the American tariff, have decided to reduce their flocks. They find it does not pay to give the pelt for boiling down the sheep for tallow, and, learning that the Americans are shipping cheese from New York and wheat from California, they are led by the weight of our tariff to rival us in these profitable branches of industry, and our government has been notified of a great fair, at which they wish us to exhibit our ploughs and reapers, and all our implements for the dairy. They wish to beat us with our own weapons.

Are we prepared to resign the granary and the dairy for a precarious hold on the sheep-walk?

In Great Britain ships and steamers bound on foreign voyages are wisely permitted to take their coal and stores

out of bond. Let us give our vessels the same advantage in their competition on the open sea.

Again, if we desire to have ships and seamen, we must reduce the cost of vessels, shelter, and food, by reducing the duties on wood, potatoes, and herrings. Wood enters into the construction of both ships and houses, and the duties on lumber enhance the cost of both. The mariner must have a home for his family, as well as a vessel. The adjacent Provinces, with a moist climate, are better suited than our own country for forests and the culture of oats and potatoes; but under the duty on oats and the preposterous duty of twenty-five cents in gold, or 120 per cent, on potatoes, the oats are sent to England to compete with ours, and the silvery potato is used to fatten pork, as a substitute for our pork; and we pay a dollar a bushel for an inferior vegetable from the sterile soil of New England.

Around the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence the sea swarms with herring in such abundance that their spawn is often rolled up by the waves in winrows; but few of these fish are taken, on account of our duties.

On the western coast, both on Puget Sound and along the shores of Alaska, the sea is alive with herring, candle-fish, and large halibut; the rivers abound also in salmon. These fish are sold for less than a cent per pound at Victoria; but duties and the high cost of vessels deter the people of that region from becoming fishermen.

While it may not be wise to discourage the people of the Provinces, now on the verge of independence, from joining their destinies with ours, is it not our policy to sustain the lines connecting us by reducing those duties which are nearly prohibitory? Shall we erect a Chinese wall between ourselves and them, and resign our trade with them to the smuggler? Already we have steam packets running to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Isle. Next year we shall connect the Grand Trunk with Boston,

and open the European and North American line to St. John and Halifax, and possibly to Sydney, whence we can reach the Cove of Cork in six days from Boston. Shall we confine this line to mails and passengers?

#### SUBSIDIES TO STEAMERS.

If no other nation gave subsidies to steamers, it might be wise for us to withhold them; but have we not seen the Cunard line, under a subsidy of \$ 800,000 a year, grow from five thousand to sixty thousand tons, and launch magnificent steamers like the *Scotia* and *Persia*, and furnish some of them as frigates during the Trent affair, and prepare to use them against us? Have we not seen England build up her Peninsular and Oriental line, until it has put afloat a hundred sail of vessels, and extended its lines to China, Japan, and Australia; and have we not seen her increase her subsidy to two and a half millions, when France entered the field and reduced profits? Have we not seen England establish other subsidized lines to Canada, New Granada, St. Thomas, Mexico, Brazil, Peru, and Chili, and thus put afloat half a million tons of steam frigates, ready to pounce upon the commerce of any nation with which she may be at war?

Have we not seen France follow this example, and pay to her ships \$ 10,000 a trip between the ports of France and New York? And in view of all this, are we to content ourselves with a monthly line to China and Brazil, and none to Europe, while England and France have twenty lines to America?

Our government has found it wise to grant subsidies to coaches for the carriage of the mail and who can run against them? But how can we, with all the burdens on our navigation, run successfully against the subsidized steamers of France and England?

In the late race on the Thames our boat was over-weighted, our oarsmen were weakened and deterred by some absurd theory from taking the advantages that were taken by their adversa-

ries. In the great race upon the ocean we shall lose a race more important, unless we put our men who can win it on an equal footing with their opponents.

If Collins undertook too much, and sacrificed frugality to display, does it follow that others may not begin where Scotland has left off, and excel the prototype? Screw steamers of iron have been built on the Clyde, admirably adapted for the Pacific, to run under steam or sail, and thus avail themselves of the trade-winds,—steamers able to convey in twenty days 2,000 tons of goods 5,000 miles, with 400 tons of coal; and rich veins of coal have been opened at Sangalien, at the northern end of Japan. With such steamers and such coal-beds, we might at once triple our trade with China and Japan, if we were willing to remit unnecessary duties, and give necessary subsidies, to be returned eventually by postages.

At present we have but 1,199,000 tons propelled by steam, as shown by the following official tables:—

#### *American Steam Tonnage.*

On Atlantic and Gulf Coast	653,730 Tons.
" Pacific Coast	49,895 "
" Lakes	344,117 "
" Western Rivers	351,671 "
	<hr/>
	1,199,413 "

Less than half of this is adapted to sea navigation. We require tri-weekly lines from Boston and New York to England, the Continent, and the Mediterranean, and new lines from San Francisco to Japan, China, and Australia.

#### THE FISHERIES.

But if we have ships and steamers, we must have mariners. Down to a recent period the masters, mates, and mariners of the United States have excelled those of other nations. Where did they gain their superiority? It was in the schools of the North, and in the colleges and universities for mariners, which were founded by our fathers. Those colleges and those universities are the great fisheries, which

our ancestors classed among "the great and inalienable rights of the United States," for which they fought and suffered, and not in vain,—the fisheries for whales, cod, and mackerel. In these were reared the men who fought the sea-fights of the Revolution, who ferried Washington on that stormy night across the Delaware, who manned the Constitution and the Essex, who blockaded the Southern coast. We should cherish these fisheries and all school-ships and other nurseries for seamen. Have we done so?

We give bounties to agricultural colleges; we have, doubtless, converted some cabin-boys, who would have made mates and masters, into farmers; but what have we done for our seamen? We have taken away their bounties, which Congress accorded, nearly a century since, to develop seamanship, and place our people on a footing with those of France and England. While we repeal bounties and merely remit the duty on salt, England liberates everything to her fishermen. Canada grants \$4 per ton bounty to hers, and France \$2 per quintal for every pound of codfish she exports to the United States; while our hardy fishermen are overweighted with duties, and find no weight in the currency. But we can do something for them by the remission of worse than useless duties, and it is time this remedy was administered.

Our shipping in the fisheries has dwindled from 332,000 tons in 1860 to 135,000 tons in 1867. The decline is principally in the whale and cod fishery, and with this decline has come a diminution in the number and quality of our mates and mariners, while England is improving her ships and her navigators.

Is it not a fact, that little has been done for seamen with the hospital money we have for the last eighty years deducted from their wages, and that we have left it to the benevolence of private citizens, like Robert B. Forbes and George M. Barnard, to provide them with houses of refuge and school-ships?

The decay of our shipping cannot

be ascribed to the exhaustion of our timber. It is still abundant in the Provinces, in Virginia, Puget Sound, Alaska, and our Northern States, and would be easily accessible under improved legislation. We have, too, iron of superior quality. It is well understood that such is the strength and tenacity of our iron, that we could reduce the weight of our iron ships 15 per cent below the English standard, and produce stronger and more buoyant vessels, which should be rated as high as are those of England; and Congress should appoint a commission to fix a standard for insurance.

Nor are we deficient in artistic skill. If our shipwrights command high wages, they bring to their work great intelligence and energy, and use implements so much superior to those of Europe, that they accomplish more for a given amount of money than foreign artisans.

We have inducements to build in the petroleum, which adds 300,000 tons to our exports, in our increasing crops of cotton, and in the 600,000 tons of grain which youthful California and Oregon now offer us for shipment. They tender us cargoes for voyages that must occupy a year before the ship can return to the Pacific, and in which she may often earn half the cost of construction.

We are opening a new trade with China and Japan. These populous regions call with a voice that echoes across the continent for the cheap flour, fruit, and quicksilver of California, for the silver bars of Nevada, and the timber, fish, and furs of Alaska, and they offer return cargoes of tea, sugar, and spice. We require their low-priced labor for our mines and cotton-fields, and their skilled gardeners for the gardens and vineyards of California. These sons of Asia may not become permanent residents, nor can they be naturalized under our laws, but they will add to our stores of the precious metals by their patient industry. They employ both sailing-vessels and propellers, and the country will secure a

valuable accession in a supply of full-grown and frugal laborers whom it has cost nothing to educate or produce.

We shall have taken a most important step towards the recovery of our shipping, if we induce our legislators to go back to the duties on metals, manufactures, cigars, and spirits which preceded the war. They may then strike from the statute-book half our taxes and revive our drooping naviga-

tion by removing the incubus under which it is wasting.

England encourages navigation, and protects her ships by exempting them from all taxes local or general; why may not we do the same, and thus revive navigation as well as lighten freights? If we did so, we should still have our tonnage duty, and not exempt one per cent of our whole property from other taxes.

E. H. Derby.

---

### THE TOUR OF EUROPE FOR \$181 IN CURRENCY.

IT is an odd sort of fortune to have lived an out-of-the-way or adventurous life. There is always a temptation to tell of it, and not always a reasonable surety that others share the interest in it of the *conteur* himself. It would, indeed, be a nice problem in the descriptive geometry of narrative to determine the exact point where the lines of the two interests meet, — that of the narrator and that of the people who have to endure the narration. I cannot say that I ever hope to solve this problem; and in the present instance, especially, I would respectfully submit its solution to the acuter intellects of others. Those persons, for example, who were good-natured enough to read in the last July number of this magazine the account of my juvenile experiences as a negro minstrel can decide for themselves whether it is worth their while to accompany the same adventurous youth across the ocean, with such scant provision for the voyage and for a two years' sojourn in the Old World as they will see stated in the title of this paper. There is certainly some merit in telling the truth, for it is hard work when one is his own hero, and not what is sometimes termed a moral hero at that. I can claim this merit from the start, with a meekness almost bordering

on honesty; since it happens that I am forced into veracity by the fact that there are scores of people yet in the prime of life who are cognizant of the main events of this narrative.

I cannot tell when the idea of going abroad first came into my mind, but, in a little journal kept in my thirteenth year while travelling with the minstrels, I find the fact that I was going to Europe alluded to as a matter of which there was not the shadow of a doubt. There is a jolly sort of beggar in San Francisco who says hope is worth twenty-five dollars a month. It must be that I shared with him my principal income during the four years of college life which almost immediately succeeded my wanderings as a minstrel, and which launched me again on the world at twenty. What else besides the hope of Continental travel sustained me during those four years I cannot now say. My pecuniary resources for that whole period were so small that they have tapered entirely out of my remembrance. Leaving college, I had served, I recollect, but a few months in the post-office of Toledo, Ohio, when I took a deliberate account of my savings one morning, and was gratified. I found in my possession too large a sum to permit of deferring the realization of my long-cherished dream

another day. Counting my money over and over, I could make no less of it than one hundred and eighty-one dollars, in new United States treasury notes; and I resigned "mine office," not with the heart-broken feeling of Richelieu, in the play, but still, like him, with the lingering cares of Europe on my mind.

Not the smallest fraction of this vast sum, I had resolved, should be squandered on the ephemeral railroads of our younger civilization. My treasury notes were to be dedicated, green, votive offerings, on the older shrines of our race. But the city of Toledo is situated about seven hundred miles from the sea, and it now became an interesting question how this distance was to be compassed for — nothing. To a good-natured friend of mine in one of the railroad offices I explained, at considerable length, and with no lack, I flatter myself, of boyish eloquence, the great advantage that would accrue to me from a residence in Europe which the liberality of the companies, in the matter of furnishing passes, would tend to prolong. I think he became my convert, for he came to me, several hours afterward, with a long face, and gave me to understand that the railroad officials were in the habit of building no dreams of æsthetics that were not founded on a ground-plan of dollars and cents. At this I became — I do not know which to say — desperately vindictive or vindictively desperate. Any way, the unfeeling conduct of those corporations induced, then and there, a state of mind which led me into an adventure the least calculated, probably, of any in this history to establish my claims as a moral hero. The next morning I brought my trunk down to the depot and had it checked through to New York. The rules seem not to have been so strictly observed then as they are now. The baggage-master in this instance, at least, taking for granted that I had already secured my ticket, did not ask me to show it; and I was at liberty to stroll about the station all day, listlessly. Just before dusk a cattle-train arrived from the

West and brought with it a lucky thought. I scanned the faces of the drovers till I found one that looked benevolent, and the owner of it I engaged in conversation. He was going on East with his cattle the next morning, and I made a plain statement of my case to him. When I had done, he patted me on the back in such a cordial and stalwart manner, that — as soon as I could get my breath — I took it all as a good augury. And so it was. I wish I could reproduce more of the dialogue which took place between this honest Westerner and myself, at that first interview. Some of it, at least, I never shall forget, it impressed me as so extraordinary at the time. I can, however, convey no idea of the contrast between his mild, kindly face and his harsh bovine voice. It may help you to a kind of silhouette view of the situation, if you will take the pains to imagine the frequent excursions of my puzzled attention from his face to his voice, during the scene which immediately followed. He had given me to understand that he had eight car-loads of live stock, and that he was entitled to a drover's pass for every four car-loads. Then he suddenly paused, thrust both hands into the pockets of his long-skirted coat, and, feeling about in those spacious alcoves for a silent moment as if in search of something, he asked, in an abrupt bass which seemed to issue from the depths of the coat-tails themselves: —

"How air you — on cattle?"

That was before the days of Mr. Bergh and his excellent society; but, having consulted the speaker's benevolent face and not his voice, as the last authority on the meaning of his question, I answered that I was very kind to cattle as a general thing. That, he assured me, was not exactly what he meant; he wanted to know whether I had ever done any "droving." On my intimating that, although I had not had much experience, I was perfectly willing to be of service, "Never mind, never mind," he said; "but can you play cards?"

"No," was my ingenuous reply.

"Now that's bad," and he scratched his head vigorously. "Can you smoke, then?"

"A little," faltered I.

My new-made friend seemed much pleased by this response, and continued:—

"All right; you jist git a lot of clay pipes and some tobacco, and I'll git you a pass!"

As I was turning in utter bewilderment to have his strange prescription filled, "I say, look a here," he said; "take off all that nice harness, or you can't pass for no cattle-man! I'll lend you some old clothes and a pair of big boots. These stock conductors is right peert, they air. You'll have to smoke a heap, and lay around careless in the caboose or they'll find you out."

The next morning I took my seat in what he called the "caboose,"—a sort of passenger-car at the end of the train. When we had been under way about an hour, the burden of my own conscience, or of my friend's boots, or the contemplation of my unsightly disguise, or the amount of tobacco I had smoked, made me deathly sick,—which, on the whole, was rather a fortunate circumstance. It explained to the conductor why I did not get out at the way-stations to tend my cattle, and it also enabled me to hide my face from the conductor, to whom I happened to be known. I found, as most boys do, that I could smoke better the farther I got from home. What with stopping to let our cattle rest and other delays, it took us nearly a week to reach New York; but before three days had passed I could perform the astonishing feat of putting my friend's boots out of the car window, and of smoking serenely the while, without touching my pipe with my hands. All the hotels at which we stopped along the route seemed, like the *Crémeries* of Paris, to exult in the importance of a *spécialité*; and that was that they were supported almost entirely by drovers, and assumed, without a single exception that I can call to mind, the device and title

of "The Bull's Head." There was a smack of old times in the homely comforts as well as in the moderate charges of these quiet taverns. My expenses on the whole journey from Toledo to the sea were, if I recollect aright, a little over three dollars.

At New York I found that I should be obliged to pay 130 for exchange on my money. This I did, after buying a through third-class ticket to London for thirty-three dollars in currency. My memories of a steerage passage across the Atlantic are rather vivid than agreeable. Among all my fellow-passengers in that unsavory precinct I found only one philosopher. He was a British officer who took a third-class ticket that he might spend the difference between that and a cabin fare for English porter, which he imbibed from morning to night. He announced as his firm belief, after much observation upon the high cheekbones of our countrymen, that the Americans in a few years would degenerate to Indians,—the natural human types of this continent.

It was during the World's Fair that I arrived in London. My whole life there might be written down under the general title of "The Adventures of a Straw Hat," for the one which I wore was the signal for all the sharpers of that great city to practise their arts upon me. They took me for some country youth come up to see the Exhibition, and the number of skittle alleys and thief dens into which they enticed me was, to say the least, remarkable. Through the friendly advice of a police detective, I was finally prevailed upon to purchase a new English hat, and with this, as a sort of *agis*, I passed out of the British dominions, without being robbed,—and, indeed, without much of which to be robbed.

At Paris I witnessed the magnificent *fêtes* of the Emperor, and took the third-class cars for Strasburg and Heidelberg. At this latter city, with a sum equal to nearly eighty dollars in gold, I proposed, for an indefinite series of years, to become a student of the far-famed

Karl-Rupert University. I was not happy in Heidelberg, therefore, till I had experienced the mystery of academic matriculation. All I can recall of that long ceremony now is, that I had the honor of shaking hands—*sancte dataque dextra pollicitus est* is the language in which my diploma speaks of me, commemorating, I believe, that impressive moment—over my passport with a large-mustached German official; and that I furthermore had the privilege of paying a fee of eleven guldens and twenty-six kreutzers, — a little over four and a half dollars.

After much search and many unintelligible appeals in bad German, through wellnigh every dingy street of Heidelberg, I finally secured a room for two guldens—eighty cents—a month: and such a room! It was on the story next to the clouds. It seemed to be cut into the high gable of the gray old German house by some freak or afterthought of the architect. It was reached by interminable staircases and through a long hall, or passage-way, whose unplastered walls were hung with the rubbish of many generations. It was just large enough to permit of my turning round, after furnishing nooks and corners for a bed, bookcase, washstand, and small, semicircular table; but all was neat and clean, for my room was subject, like the rest of the German world, to the regular Saturday's inundation of soap and water. Directly opposite, on the other side of the narrow street, but far, far below, was the shop of a sausage-maker. If I had been an enthusiast in mechanics, I should have found much consolation in this fact, as well as a great deal "to lead hope on"; because a sausage-maker's apprentice is really, if not perpetual motion itself, a strong inductive argument in favor of its future discovery. The one to whom I have alluded kept up a continual hacking, day and night, week-day and Sunday. The sound of his meat-axe met my ears the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night; it was, in fact, my matin and my angelus bell.

But, by a principle of compensation, which is one of the kindest things in nature, this little nook had advantages of which prouder apartments could not boast. I never had, before or since, a room in which I could apply myself to study so assiduously or with so great a zest. It seemed to be haunted with the great spirits of those who have trimmed their lamps in garrets and left the world better for their toils. This may have been a boyish hallucination, but I shall always believe that the most glorious view of the famous Heidelberg castle, the Molkenkur, and the lofty peak of the Kaiserstuhl, is to be had from the one narrow window of my aerial niche in the dark German gable. The old castle frowned down upon me from the brow of the mountain just above my head; and often of an evening have I leaned upon my little window-sill, and gazed up at its ruined battlements and ivy-mantled towers. As they grew dimmer and grayer in the waning light, the rents and seams of centuries disappeared, and the palace of the old Electors used to stand before me in its ancient pride.

It may not be generally known that the day-laborer of America has better food and more of it than many a wealthy burgher of Central Europe. Only the very few, in Germany, can indulge in beefsteaks for breakfast. I soon learned to conform myself to the cup of coffee and piece of dry bread of the German's morning repast. But as I became better acquainted, and gradually more impecunious, I left the *café* where I had before partaken of these luxuries, and betook myself to a baker's shop, where a breakfast of the same kind was furnished me, in company with market-women and others, for four kreutzers,—about three cents. If I could sometimes have wished for a more liberal allowance of sugar in my coffee, in this humble refectory, I never could complain of a lack of sweetness in the morning gossip of the baker's red-checked daughter. But the search for the very cheapest place to get my dinner was not the work of one day, or



unattended with some difficulty and much skirmishing. I bethought myself of my sausage-making friend across the way. Indeed, it was a long while before I became so used to the *staccato* music of his meat-axe as to keep from thinking of him most of the time. Engaged as he was in the active production of food, he must certainly, I argued, know something of cheap dinners. I therefore made a descent on the meat-shop one day. No notice whatever was taken of my knock; so, pushing the door open, I stood before a dwarfed, long-aproned, pale-faced boy, who turned his hungry eyes upon me, but did not cease his hacking. I launched forth in the kind — I may say, the peculiar kind — of colloquial German I had learned in my three weeks' sojourn in his country. After I had talked some time, the boy, giving no rest to his meat-axe, but every once in a while looking furtively over his shoulder, asked, "Do you want any *Wurst*?"

"Sausage? No, no." And I began again, in my original German, and explained at greater length that I was in search of a place to get a cheap dinner. The boy laid down his meat-axe, eyed me a few seconds in awful silence, then glanced apprehensively over his shoulder, took up his meat-axe again, and went to work more lustily than ever. There was this much about it: either the boy was deaf, or we stood somewhat in the relation of the two English girls in Hood's story, — he could speak German and did not understand it, and I could understand German and not speak it. Still, rather pleased than otherwise at such a chance to air my newly acquired speech, and on the whole not a little gratified with my quick mastery of the language, I began in a higher key, and, approaching nearer and nearer, demanded in the sausage-maker's ear whether he knew of a place to get a cheap dinner. Down went the meat-axe again, and, with eyes and mouth wide open, the boy stood speechless before me. Thus we were both inanely staring at each other, when the back door flew open, and a

burly lump of tumid humanity stumbled through it with a curse, wanting to know why the boy was not at work. The poor apprentice caught up his cleaver again, and I faced the man who had just entered.

"Do you want any *Wurst*?" he asked.

"No, no." And I went over the whole story once more, with such perspicuity as shipwrecked patience would naturally inspire in a person thoroughly at sea in a language. In the thick of my oration I detected a cloudy gleam of intelligence spreading itself over the red face of my hearer. My eloquence had touched him at last. I had not quite reached my peroration, when —

"*Doch!*" interrupted my fat friend, as he pulled me briskly to the door. "You see that shop, three houses farther down the street?"

"Yes," said I.

"You are sure you see the right one?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well, you go right down there. There is a Frenchman down there. His wife is from Italy. I think, may be, he can understand the Russian language: *I can't!*"

It was at that moment, I think, I learned to make the distinction between the degrees of benefit one derives from a book-knowledge of a language: it may help you to understand others, but it can hardly be said to help others to understand you. While on this subject, I may be pardoned, I hope, for telling of the more expeditious way I adopted to acquire the other modern tongues, which my subsequent poverty rather than any extraordinary ambition induced me to learn, in order to preserve the disguise of which I shall tell you presently. On going into an unfamiliar country for the first time, I shut myself up in some cheap garret, with a grammar, for a couple of weeks. Then I sallied forth with a pocket-dictionary, and captured some worthless young fellow without friends or employment. To this luckless person I

cleaved without mercy. I followed him—if I could not make him follow me—everywhere, and talked at him and made him talk. I argued with him over his three sous' worth of chocolate, if we were in France, or over his boiled beans and olive-oil, if we were in Italy. I asked him questions about everything, if we walked together in the streets; and, by the way, is it not truly wonderful how much one has to say, when he has a difficulty in saying it? You may have noticed that a man who stutters, or has a hair-lip, is always talking. He who learns a new language is invariably troubled with the same fruitful suggestiveness, and often, too, with a more distressful execution. If, therefore, the patience of my friendless tutor would sometimes flag, I would attempt to make him understand my glowing accounts of the comparative wealth of such vagrants as he was in my own prosperous, poor man's country, advising him to immigrate. This occasionally would have the effect of restoring him to a feeble interest in life. But if he would still persist in his low spirits, and find himself on the verge of asking me why I did not myself go back to my Eldorado of good-for-nothings, where he, no doubt, heartily wished me, then, at that last critical stage of his gloom, I would soothe and cheer him with a penny cigar. Generally speaking, this will not fail thoroughly to overcome your Old World vagabond. He will talk, and even listen, after that. The only difficulty is to know just when to administer to him the cigar: he must not be pampered or spoiled by undue indulgence and luxury. At first, when I commenced my experiments on these unfortunate beings, and I could see them wince under my laceration of their helpless mother-tongue, I had slight qualms of conscience. Learning to quiet these at last, however, I fastened myself on the most intelligent vagrant at hand, with an almost faultless precalculation of my man, and subjected him to my tortures with a triumphant sense of virtue in the act, far transcend-

ing, I fancy, that experienced by your enthusiastic *savant*, when substantiating some pet theory on a living criminal. Nothing, I am sure, ever before impressed me so highly with the modest merit that may lie concealed in vagrancy. It would be positively surprising to any one who has not enjoyed the advantage of this desperate method of mastering the colloquial speech of a country, if I should tell how soon I was enabled by it to drop my humble tutor, and moving out of his neighborhood to some other city in the same State, to utilize and practise upon more pretending persons, in a higher grade of society.

But I must get back to Heidelberg, where the sympathetic reader will not, I trust, have imagined that I went all this time without dinners, because the search for one which should be the *ultima Thule* of cheapness was embarrassing and adventurous. I found a place, at last, where a homely abundant midday meal was furnished me in a private family, for one gulden and twenty-six kreutzers per week,—a fraction over eight cents a day. My supper I took at a *Gasthaus*, in company with some theological students, at the cost of about four cents. Many of my countrymen, who have spent large sums in endeavoring to live cheaply in the same city, will of course believe nothing of this. They have paid dearly for the privilege of being Americans. They date their experiences from hotels supplied with waiters who speak our language, and have dealt at shops on whose windows they have seen blazoned in golden letters, "ENGLISH SPOKEN." They have, in reality, paid the teacher who taught these waiters and those shop-keepers to murder our own vernacular.

By matriculating at the great University of Heidelberg, I became endowed with all the time-honored privileges of students. I could not be arrested or taken through the streets, if I had been guilty of an ordinary crime; I could not be confined in a common prison or go to a common hospital, the university having those institutions for its own

particular benefit. And poverty seemed there to have lost its curse. The very fact of my being a student put me on a social scale above that of the wealthy merchant. This, however, may have been only in the estimation of the collegians themselves. A fellow-student thought some of going to America, and propounded the following question: "But when I arrive, I shall not have any money, and I shall know nothing of the language of the country; what shall I do?" "Go to work!" said I. "What? manual labor! I am too aristocratic!" That young man, let me add, was then living on an income of one hundred and ten dollars a year. The German student must have his pipe, his beer, and a life of pleasure, at whatever sacrifice. If he is rich, he pays some attention to his personal appearance. You will see him adorned with boots of immense length; *corps* caps and ribbons; the number of his duels scored on his red face in ungainly sword-scars; and followed by a retinue of sinecurists, in the shape of great ugly worthless dogs. His life is a continued sacrifice to the merry gods. He is rarely seen at lectures. Indeed, there is one society or club at the university, the first article of whose constitution reads that, "No member shall, at any time, or on any pretence whatever, after matriculation, be seen in the university building." On the other hand, if the student is poor, he pays very slight attention to what he wears. He does not the less, however, devote a great portion of his time to beer, tobacco, and the pursuit of pleasure. You will see him at the most frequented beer-houses every night. If you go to the opera, you will observe him also stalking thither, shiveringly, through the wind, his tight pantaloons striking his crane-like legs about midships between his feet and knees, and his shoulders shrugged up in the vain attempt to get more warmth out of an extremely short coat. He looks more like the impersonation of Famine, striding about among men, than the good, honest-hearted fellow that he is. For

with all his faults, as our more Puritanical education may lead us to call them, the German student *is* an honest, generous, noble-hearted fellow. He sees beyond the smoke of his own pipe, and has deeper thoughts than those inspired by beer. His heart swells beyond the bounds of his petty state. His sympathies are as broad as the old German Empire. It is too true, perhaps, that when, in maturer manhood, he becomes *angestellt* in some life-office in the gift of his little prince, his liberalism slumbers or dies out; but that does not affect the sincerity of his youthful sentiment. I am sure that I never spoke with one of them, on the subject, who had not some dream of a great united Germany. There was no more interested watcher of our late civil strife than the German student. He felt that the battle then waging for the right of self-government had a connection with his hopes for the future of his own severed land. Germany's wrongs and the sigh for universal liberty are the burden of his many songs. No higher and no more appropriate eulogy on the German student can be pronounced than to say that, in his university days at least, he is true to the spirit of one of his most beautiful and most popular melodies, "To the bold deed, the free word, the generous action, woman's love, and the fatherland."

By the laws of German universities, a matriculated student is not obliged to pay for more than the lectures of one professor during a semester, — that is, six months. I managed, therefore, to pay for the cheapest and attended as many more as I liked; so about ten dollars a year were my collegiate expenses. To confess the truth, my calendar and that of the university did not always agree. I often took vacations in session time, in the shape of long excursions on foot, and sometimes disappeared from Heidelberg for weeks together. My *Hausfrau* — she that received the princely income of eighty cents a month for my room — at first showed symptoms of anxiety about me; but she soon learned to be surprised at

no wild freak of her aerial lodger. By these tours on foot,—the only philosophical way of travelling,—and by the occasional aid of the cheap third-class cars of that country, I visited all parts of Germany, and learned more of the language, character, and habits of its odd, warm-souled people than I ever could have learned at the great hotels and in the first-class railway carriages. During the long vacations, and especially after leaving Heidelberg altogether, I extended my explorations into remoter parts,—into the Tyrol, Switzerland, Italy, and France. I travelled in a way in which probably no American has ever travelled before or since, namely, disguised as a *Handwerksbursche*,—a wandering tradesman. Any one who has been in Europe will not ask why a stranger in that land should need to pass himself off as a poor native, if he wants to save money. On the Continent, as a general rule, a man in broadcloth, not personally known to the shop or hotel keeper, pays two prices; whereas a person speaking English, even if clad in fustian, pays three prices; and I should like to see him help himself. The English language has come to be mistaken for a gold-mine all through Europe. These wandering tradesmen, these *Handwerksburschen*, let me say,—for they are unknown to nations under free, constitutional governments,—are a sort of fossil remains of feudalism. They are young fellows, half journeymen, half apprentices, who are obliged to wander for two or three years from city to city, working at their trades. They finally return to their homes, weary and poor; having learned little but the rough side of the world,—to make what is called their “master-piece.” If this pass muster, they are entitled to style themselves masters of their trades. They grow out of that old illiberal principle which compels the son to follow in the footsteps of his father and his grandfather. Yet, for all the narrow-minded enactments and regulations to crush their spirit and make them miserable, they always walk

on the sunny side of nature. They are a jovial set of vagabonds, who have rarely the chance to be dishonest, if they had the inclination. Disguised in the blouse of their class,—something like our Western “warmus,” except that it is of thin blue stuff,—I have spent many a happy hour, toiling along the same road with them, listening to their stories and merry songs. If I meet one of them on the highway, he stops, offers me his hand, and exchanges a kindly word. He takes out his pipe, asks me to fill mine from his tobacco-pouch, and tells me all he knows of the road passed over. He never lodges in a city, unless he has work there. The village inn is his castle; here he obtains his bed at night and his breakfast in the morning for seven kreutzers,—not quite five cents; and trudges on, smoking and singing, through all Europe. This is the *Handwerksbursche*, poor, but merry; the knight-errant of the bundle and staff; the troubadour and minnesinger of the nineteenth century.

In Switzerland, for instance, where almost every one travels as a pedestrian, and where hundreds of our countrymen every year blister their inexperienced feet at the rates of from ten to thirty francs a day, I have journeyed sumptuously—thanks to my disguise—for thirty sous. When addressed in French, if my broken speech was noticed, it was supposed that I was from one of the German cantons; and, in the same manner, if my bad German was detected, I was set down as from one of the French cantons. This gratuitous naturalization on one day and expatriation on the next had no bad effect whatever on my health, whereas it had the best possible result on my purse. My blouse was a protection, not only to the respectable suit of clothes which I wore under it, but against all the impositions practised upon travellers. When I arrived at a large city or watering-place, I generally hired a little room for a week, found a cheap place to get my meals, and, after settling prices for everything in ad-

vance, divested myself of my disguise, and "did" the galleries and promenades, to the accompaniment of kid gloves and immaculate linen.

But the glory of pedestrianism is not in cities; it is in the broad highway, on the banks of mighty rivers, or in the narrow footpath winding over mountains. There is such pleasure and pride in the consciousness that one can go where and when one will, without waiting on coaches or trains. Thirty, forty, or fifty good miles left behind in one day, by the means of locomotion nature has given to every one, are not only a consolation to sleep upon at a village inn, but make the sleep sounder and sweeter. I defy any man not to be proud of his strength, when he finds — as almost every one will, after a little practice — that he can make thirty miles on foot, day after day, with perfect ease. It is, however, just to state that village inns are not always paradises. The hostess sometimes has more lodgers in her beds than she receives money for; but a practised eye generally detects such places at a glance, and rarely exposes the body to their perils. Every village has at least one respectable inn. Before my personal history had taught me this wisdom by excruciating example, I had good reason to believe that the tortures of the *Vehmgericht*, the old secret tribunal of Germany, were not the things of the past which the world thought them. I had frequent occasion, too, for what might be called an equanimity of stomach. I arrived one evening, for instance, at a small desolate village in the remote eastern part of Bavaria, near the Austrian border. I was weary and hungry, but before mine host of the inn would have anything to do with me, he sent me on a wild chase through innumerable narrow, crooked alleys, in search of the burgomaster to deliver my passport into his hands and obtain his gracious permission to remain over night in the place. The entrance to the mansion of that dignitary was through a cattle-yard. He had probably never before in his life heard of the

language of my passport, but that did not prevent his looking at it with an official air of infinite wisdom. I returned to the inn at last, fortified with the requisite credentials. The hostess now appeared, and asked me what I would eat, addressing me familiarly in the second person singular. Her long, lank frame was attired in the abominable costume of the Bavarian peasantry. I could compare her to nothing but a giant specimen of the Hungarian heron, which I need hardly say is not a pretty bird. The same room served as parlor and kitchen. I sat patiently and watched her kindling the fire in the great earthen stove, indulging my mind, as hungry people are wont to do, with rich visions of imaginary banquets. What was my horror to see her take the eggs, which I had ordered, break them one by one into her greasy, leathern apron, and commence beating them vigorously with a pewter spoon! As soon as I recovered my presence of mind, I considered the folly of remonstrating with her, and, with a great effort, I mildly remarked that she had misunderstood me; I wanted my eggs boiled. By this stratagem, I preserved my disguise and achieved a cleanly meal in defiance of the leathern apron.

In the mean time, the condition of my finances was becoming hourly more desperate. I had written to innumerable American newspapers, offering to produce a letter a day for five dollars a week, and making all sorts of struggling tenders of brain-work, from which, as a general rule, I heard nothing at all. At last Christmas came, and found me back at Heidelberg, utterly penniless; over five thousand miles from home, in a country where for a stranger to obtain work was simply hopeless; since the boys in that densely populated land have to pay for the privilege of learning to carry bundles, — a pursuit which is there for three years a necessary introduction to becoming a salesman of the smallest wares. To obtain a situation as beggar was still more hopeless, the competition of native dwarfs and cripples being altogether too powerful

for an able-bodied alien. So here was the end of my one hundred and eighty-one dollars in currency. I had made what is called the tour of Europe; and I now had the prospect of immediate starvation for my pains. And yet that Christmas day was, by all odds, the happiest day of my life. For, just at fifteen minutes past eleven o'clock, A. M., the postman knocked at the door and handed me very unexpectedly a letter, containing about twenty-five dollars in our money. It came from an American paper, to which I had written, at least, twenty letters for publication, and twenty-five letters asking for money; so it was undoubtedly the twenty-five dunning letters that were paid for. And I shall never be so rich or happy again.

So much has been written about the holidays in Germany, that I cannot be expected to say anything new on the subject. It may, however, have been forgotten by some that the *Weinachten* of the fatherland commence on what we call "Christmas eve." This is the great night for children. It is their feast. It is the time they have been looking forward to with such wild, glad, gorgeous anticipation. It is the night of the Christmas-tree; and, in all Germany there is no child so poor as not to get something from its green boughs. Besides this night, Christmas has two whole days, to which respectively there seems to be a logical apportionment of two very important kinds of enjoyment. The first day is assigned to boundless eating, and the second—mildly speaking—to getting drunk; and it is due to the zeal of the Southern Germans, at least, to say that they observe this order of ceremonies with scrupulous exactness. Now, it may be sentimental, or something worse, but I confess I like to dwell upon the time when twenty-five dollars made me perfectly happy. Memory, you may have observed, has a way of painting frescos with the clouds of distant skies that are even prettier than the lay-figures and life-forms which served for the real models. It was, for instance, a

quiet little scene of domestic joy, that Christmas of my student life in Germany; yet, somehow, it has grouped itself in my remembrance like the masterpiece of Cornelius, the largest fresco of them all. Frau Hirtel was the domestic little body of whom I rented my airy apartment. Fräulein Anna was her rosy daughter, and this little sunbeam in the house was the only child of the family that I had ever seen; though many and many a time, the name of Karl, the only son and brother, was upon their lips. Karl was a Handwerksbursche,—one of those houseless tradesmen, before dwelt upon; and on this Christmas Karl was expected home from his long, long wanderings. The illuminated tree on the night before had been laden with many a gift of affectionate remembrance for the absent Karl. As we sat down to the Christmas dinner, there was a vacant place at the table, and in the hearts of the disappointed mother and sister. They could not touch a morsel.

"Are you sure he will come, mamma?" asked the little Anna, after a long silence.

"Yes, my child, unless something has happened; for the way is long from Frankfort, and the poor boy's feet must be sore with his long, long journey."

"What, mamma, if he should n't come?"

Frau Hirtel's face became very pale, whether at the little Anna's question, or at the sudden ringing of the shop-bell, as the door swung open and shut. The next instant Karl was in the middle of the room. His pack and staff fell at his feet, and Frau Hirtel and the Fräulein Anna sprang into his arms. It was not the merry dinner that succeeded, or the *Glühwein* that made the evening glad, but this one picture which dwells most in my memory. The joy that shone on the careworn and dust-stained face of the returned wanderer, reflected in those of his mother and sister as they stood in that long embrace, has no parallel that I know of in the history of the return of exiled kings.



With my twenty-five dollars, I lived cheaper than ever, and for some months longer continued my studies at the university. But one morning I received a letter from the same generous American newspaper, enclosing a draft for fifty dollars, together with a very earnest request that the editor should hear no more from me on any account whatever. This good fortune was too much for my mental equilibrium. Heidelberg was too small for me. I started the next day for a trip down the Rhine, deck passage. At Rotterdam I betook myself again to the third-class cars, and occasionally to the bundle and staff. Thus I went through Holland and Belgium, walking leisurely one day over the historic dead of Waterloo. Arriving finally at Paris, I resolved there to take up my residence. By means of a cheap lodging in the old Latin Quarter, and of a cheaper restaurant on the Boulevard Sevastopol, I managed to subsist for several months.

It was here in Paris that I first met my good friend, George Alfred Townsend, the well-known war-correspondent. To him I was afterward indebted for a short, romantic sketch of my life, in which he says, I believe, among other complimentary things, that the faculty of Heidelberg gave me my tuition for nothing, but that I would not stay with them and study, because I thought it too dear! But, seriously, I owe Mr. Townsend a real debt of gratitude, for it was he who suggested that I should write an account of certain of my experiences for one of the London magazines. After the questionable success of my multifarious attempts with American newspapers, I trembled at the temerity of the idea. Yet my money was becoming daily and by no means beautifully less. Neither Mr. Townsend nor anybody else but myself was aware that, at the time of his suggestion, my cash capital consisted of one gold napoleon, a silver five-franc piece, and some three or four sous; and even this sum had dwindled considerably before I could muster cour-

age to make the attempt. At last, in a fit of desperation, I sat down one morning, with the equivalent of about two dollars in my pocket, and commenced my article. In three days more it was on its way to London with an enclosure of British stamps, enough to pay for the letter which should tell me whether it was accepted or rejected. I shall not dwell long on the painful suspense of the succeeding five or six days; though I do not remember now my grounds for expecting an answer in so short a period. Up to that time I will venture to say there was not a happier person in the gay capital of France than I had been; for it is one of the peculiar charms of Paris that it affords abundant amusement for him who spends forty francs a month, as I did, or forty thousand a month, as some do. I cannot explain now, any more than you can believe in, my happiness then. I know only that the beautiful city was delightful, and that I was delighted. The palaces, the galleries, the gardens, the parks, the music, and the wonderful diorama of the evening Boulevards were free, — as free to me, the vagabond stranger, as they were to the greatest prince; and I had the additional, though not necessarily comfortable, assurance that I always carried away from them a better appetite for the next meal than did even his inscrutable majesty, the Emperor himself. But now that I had the growing cares of authorship on my mind, it dwelt more and more upon the waning disks of my franc-pieces, as they swelled for a time illusively into sous, and then tapered into centimes and disappeared from my gaze forever. At this period I found myself occasionally strolling down to the Seine, and looking over from Pont Neuf at the flood below, swollen with the late rains, and listening to the strange sound it made in the wake of the old stone arches, as it rushed on toward the Morgue, — the famous dead-house, where hundreds of suicides are displayed every year. Have you ever heard the last "bubbling groan" of a drowning man? If



you have, you will understand the feeling with which, after listening long and steadily to the low rumble of the eddying water, I have received the impression more than once on that old bridge, that I heard the same fatal gurgling sound in the river beneath; and you will understand the feeling, also, I think, with which, at such times, I cast a hasty glance at the Morgue, not far distant, and hurried on to the more cheerful neighborhood of the garden of the Tuileries. I would not have you believe that the idea of suicide ever crossed my mind. I merely went and looked into the Seine, on that queer, unexplained principle which impels miserable people, the world over, to haunt wharves and bridges, and to gaze listlessly into water. I have sometimes thought, when I saw servant-girls and others out of employ looking, for instance, from the bridge of boats at Manheim into the Rhine, as into the window of an intelligence-office, — I have sometimes thought, I say, that if dogs do go mad from gazing into water, as I think was once believed, they are very miserable dogs, and very much disgusted with the world, before they do it. One day, — the fourth of my suspense, if I remember, — when I was more despondent and hungry than usual, I went and looked in through the grating of the Morgue itself. If I had ever had the least thought of throwing myself into the Seine, this horrible sight would have cured me as thoroughly of it as it did of my appetite for the rest of that day. I feel some diffidence about mentioning a plan — happily abandoned, as you shall see, before put into further execution — which suggested itself to my mind during that hungry week, namely, to visit the Morgue once a day for purposes of economy; but, luckily, I discovered about this time that the smoking of cigarettes made of cheap French tobacco would perform the same service of taking away the appetite, and I adopted the latter more agreeable means to that end. The fifth and sixth days after sending my

article I did scarcely anything but wait about the office for my letter. Finally, a note arrived from Paternoster Row, with just one line of the worst penmanship in it that has ever yet met my eyes; and the painful suspense was only intensified. The writer evidently said something about my article, but what I despaired of making out. I took the note to my friends, and they were divided about it; some said that the article was rejected, and some that it was accepted. The majority, however, favored the latter opinion, to which, at last, myself was brought, and I was happy. Not long afterward I received a draft from the publishers for a sum which seemed to me at that time almost fabulous, for the amount of work done. After a hearty meal, and as soon as I had time to think, I considered my fortune made. I was now arrived at the appalling dignity of magazinist, — contributor to the widest circulated periodical in the language. I packed my trunk immediately, and started for Italy.

I stayed at Florence all winter, living on the cheapest of food, indeed, but with the very best of company. I haunted the galleries and studios so much that the artists took me for a devotee of art, and never asked me how I lived. At dusk it was my custom to steal away toward my dinner, passing Michael Angelo's David, forever about to throw the stone across the famous old Piazza, and gliding down a by-street till I came to the market. There, in a little cook-shop, amid the filth and noise of the very raggedest of Florence, I partook of my maccheroni, or, if I was fastidious, of my boiled beans and olive-oil, for seven centesimi, — one cent and two fifths of a cent; my bread made of chestnuts for two centesimi, — two fifths of a cent; and my half-glass of wine for seven centesimi, — my dinner, with a scrap of meat, averaging five cents, and rarely exceeding ten. My glass of wine may be considered an extravagance. It was not. I could stand the bustle, the uncleanness, and even the staring at a passably well-dressed person in

such an unaccustomed place; but I could not stand the positive amazement expressed by young men and old women, old men and young women, beggars and organ artists, the day when I omitted wine. It was too much for endurance. Public opinion was against me. I pretended to have forgotten to order my wine, and turned off the whole affair with a laugh. Many and many a time I have seen a poor old creature, who was often my next neighbor at table, pay two centesimi for bread and seven centesimi for wine, and that was her whole meal. This experience has always helped me to believe the account of that strange incident in the history of the Florentines, given, I think, by Machiavelli, in which it is related that during the Republican days of Florence, when there was a hostile army making an inroad on their territories, the doughty republicans, having gone out to meet it, lay encamped some time not far from Lucca; and that, suddenly, when the enemy was almost upon them, they revolted, turned around, and marched home again, to let their territory and the fortunes of their city take care of themselves, because the Florentine army had unfortunately got out of wine! Sometimes I spent my evenings at the *café*, where I always took my breakfast, and where for three soldi, — three cents, — invested in coffee or chocolate, I could sit as long as I liked, reading the papers, or listening to the talk of my artist friends. It was always cheaper for me to go to the opera — taking a very high seat, by the way — than to have a light and a fire in my room. I have seen an opera with a hundred or more people on the stage at a time, in a theatre as large as, and some say larger than, there is in London or Paris, and all it cost me was eight cents. Thus I lived on in the city of art and olives. When my money began to give out again, I thought I would condescend to transmit another article to the London magazine which had made my fortune before. I transmitted another article; and at the time

when I ought to have heard from it I was reduced to the sum of forty francs. Receiving, at last, an envelope with the Paternoster mark upon it, I restrained my joy, and opened it leisurely, making merely the mental resolution that I would dine in state that day; for this was a longer article than the first one, and the sum which it would bring must be simply enormous. Then I proceeded to read the following letter: —

“DEAR SIR: — Your article entitled — is respectfully declined”!

This time starvation was sure; but I had set my heart on seeing Rome. I thought there would be a sort of melancholy satisfaction in having visited the capital of the ancient world before going to any other new one. I therefore took the next open-topped car for the sea-shore, having previously put my first rough draft of my unfortunate article into a new wrapper, and shipped it off to the editor of a less pretending periodical, published at Edinburgh. I do not remember how or why, but the night after I left Florence I had to lie over at Pisa, where I came near being robbed of what little money I had at a miserable, cheap *trattoria*, not far from the famous Leaning Tower. I found a fierce-mustached bandit of a fellow in my room in the middle of the night, stealthily approaching the head of my bed, and scared him away, I shall always believe, by the bad Anglo-Italian in which I expressed my sense of surprise and concern at his untimely and extraordinary conduct. Two days afterward I took a fourth-class, that is, deck passage on the French steamer, sailing down the Mediterranean from Leghorn. I stayed a week at Rome, and came very near staying much longer. It was, indeed, by a miraculous chance that I ever left the Eternal City. I had not money enough to pay the Pontifical tax on departing travellers. It is too long a story to tell here, but I slipped through the fingers of the police, and, arriving at Leghorn again, I had not the ten cents to pay the boat-

man to take me ashore from the steamer. My trunk, by the way, I had left at Leghorn before starting for Rome; so that was out of danger, and came properly to hand afterward. As my lucky star would have it, an American bark was lying at anchor in the bay. It was the first time I had seen the "star-spangled banner" for two years, and I flew to it for protection. I directed the boatman to take me to the American ship. Standing in the bow of the smaller craft, as soon as she reached the greater one I sprang up the side, and the boatman sprang after me. He detained half of my coat, but I reached the deck, where I kept him at bay with a belaying-pin till some one on the ship was roused; for it was early in the morning. The ten cents were paid over to the clamorous Italian by a hearty tar, who was moved to see an American in distress, "with his mainsail carried away," — I think that is the way the tar phrased it.

The captain of the ship was a warm-hearted old fellow from down in Maine. He offered to take me home before I asked him. I had a boyish love of independence, and proposed to work. He said he would n't be bothered with me; he would take me as his only passenger. We settled the matter at last by my contracting grandly to owe him fifty dollars in "greenbacks." Our vessel was about twenty years old, and laden with rags and great blocks of marble. We had a terrible storm in the Mediterranean, in which we came near going down. The old craft seemed, however, to have some secret understanding with fate; for, having shifted her cargo, she floated, wellnigh on her beam-ends, the rest of that desolate ten weeks through the Mediterranean and across the Atlantic. I arrived at Boston finally, without a cent. I had directed that all letters should be forwarded from my address at Florence to the care of the merchant to whom our ship was consigned. What was my surprise, then, to be handed by

that gentleman an envelope enclosing a draft on London, in pay for the almost-forgotten article, which I had sent in sheer desperation, if not in comprehensive revenge, to that Edinburgh magazine! Greenbacks were then at their heaviest discount, and English exchange at its highest premium. And thus it happened that I sold my draft for American money enough to pay the good-hearted captain and the patriotic tar, and to take me back to Toledo, my starting-place, after an absence of over two years, at the total expense of a little more than three hundred dollars.

Here, at the proper end of my pilgrimage and of this narrative, while I am figuratively taking off my sandal shoon and hanging up my pilgrim staff, let me say that, although I did not set out with any higher purpose than to tell just such a story as I might tell under oath, still I think I discern in these adventures what I may term an *ex post facto* moral. Let not the reader, however, practise and amuse his ingenuity by attempting to detect this in the pilgrim himself; for, personally, he feels as free from a moral as any pilgrim *he* has ever seen has been free from superfluous linen. While, therefore, he would not advise any young man to follow directly in his footsteps, yet he hopes he has shown that there are means and modes of travel unknown to the guide-books; that there are cheap ways for the student and man of limited means to see and learn much for little money. The sight of a sunrise from the Righi is certainly more than compensation for putting up with a poor breakfast. And the candid traveller, however light his purse, needs never return dyspeptic or misanthropic. Pure air and hearty exercise in the Alps and on the Danube cannot fail to do him physical good; while he will find in the human nature with which he comes in contact in every land the sum of the good invariably preponderating over that of the evil.

Ralph Keeler.

## THE SWALLOW.

THE swallow twitters about the eaves,—  
Blithely she sings, and sweet and clear;  
Around her climb the woodbine leaves  
In a golden atmosphere.

The summer wind sways leaf and spray,  
That catch and cling to the cool gray wall;  
The bright sea stretches miles away,  
And the noon sun shines o'er all.

In the chamber's shadow, quietly  
I stand and worship the sky and the leaves,  
The golden air and the brilliant sea,  
The swallow at the eaves.

Like a living jewel she sits and sings:  
Fain would I read her riddle aright;  
Fain would I know whence her rapture springs,—  
So strong in a thing so slight!

The fine clear fire of joy that steals  
Through all my spirit at what I see  
In the glimpse my window's space reveals,—  
That seems no mystery!

But scarce for her joy can she utter her song;  
Yet she knows not the beauty of skies or seas;  
Is it bliss of living, so sweet and strong?  
Is it love, which is more than these?

O happy creature! what stirs thee so?  
A spark of the gladness of God thou art.  
Why should we strive to find and to know  
The secret of thy heart?

Before the gates of his mystery  
Trembling we knock with an eager hand;  
Silent behind them waiteth he;  
Not yet may we understand.

But thrilling throughout the universe  
Throbs the pulse of his mighty will,  
Till we gain the knowledge of joy or curse  
In the choice of good or ill.

He looks from the eyes of the little child,  
And searches souls with their gaze so clear;  
To the heart some agony makes wild  
He whispers, "I am here."

He smiles in the face of every flower,—  
In the swallow's twitter of sweet content  
He speaks, and we follow through every hour  
The way his deep thought went.

Here should be courage and hope and faith;  
Naught has escaped the trace of his hand;  
And a voice in the heart of his silence saith,  
One day we may understand.

*Celia Thaxter.*

## A DAY'S PLEASURE.

### I. — THE MORNING.

THEY were not a large family, and their pursuits and habits were very simple; yet the summer was lapsing towards the first pathos of autumn before they found themselves all in such case as to be able to take the day's pleasure they had planned so long. They had agreed often and often that nothing could be more charming than an excursion down the Harbor, either to Gloucester, or to Nahant, or to Nantasket Beach, or to Hull and Hingham, or to any point within the fatal bound beyond which is seasickness. They had studied the steamboat advertisements, day after day, for a long time, without making up their minds which of these charming excursions would be the most delightful; and when they had at last fixed upon one and chosen some day for it, that day was sure to be heralded by a long train of obstacles, or it dawned upon weather that was simply impossible. Besides, in the suburbs you are apt to sleep late, unless the solitary ice-wagon of the neighborhood makes a very uncommon rumbling in going by; and I believe that the excursion was several times postponed by the tardy return of the pleasers from dreamland, which, after all, is not

the worst resort, or the least interesting—or profitable, for the matter of that. But at last the great day came,—a blameless Thursday alike removed from the cares of washing and ironing days, and from the fatigues with which every week closes. One of the family chose deliberately to stay at home; but the severest scrutiny could not detect a hindrance in the health or circumstances of any of the rest, and the weather was delicious. Everything, in fact, was so fair and so full of promise that they could almost fancy a calamity of some sort hanging over its perfection, and possibly bred of it; for I suppose that we never have anything made perfectly easy for us without a certain reluctance and foreboding. That morning they all got up so early that they had time to waste over breakfast before taking the 7.30 train for Boston; and they naturally wasted so much of it that they reached the station only in season for the 8.00. But there is a difference between reaching the station and quietly taking the cars, especially if one of your company has been left at home, hoping to cut across and take the cars at a station which they reach some minutes later, and you, the head of the party, are obliged, at a loss of breath and personal comfort and dignity,

to run down to that station and see that the belated member has arrived there, and then hurry back to your own, and embody the rest, with their accompanying hand-bags and wraps and sun-umbrellas, into some compact shape for removal into the cars, during the very scant minute that the train stops at Charlesbridge. Then when you are all aboard, and the tardy member has been duly taken up at the next station, and you would be glad to spend the time in looking about on the familiar variety of life which every car presents in every train on every road in this vast American world, you are oppressed and distracted by the cares which must attend the pleasure-seeker, and which more thickly beset him the more deeply he plunges into enjoyment.

I can learn very little from the notebook of the friend whose adventures I am relating in regard to the scenery of Winterville and the region generally through which the railroad passes between Charlesbridge and Boston; but so much knowledge of it may be safely assumed on the part of the reader as to relieve me of the grave responsibility of describing it. Still, I may say that it is not unpicturesque, and that I have a pleasure, which I hope the reader shares, in anything like salt meadows and all spaces subject to the tide, whether flooded by it or left bare with their saturated grasses by its going down. I think, also, there is something fine in the many-roofed, many-chimneyed highlands of Chelsea (if it is Chelsea), as you draw near the railroad bridge, and there is a pretty stone church on a hillside there which has the good fortune, so rare with modern architecture and so common with the old, of seeming a natural outgrowth of the spot where it stands, and which is as purely an object of æsthetic interest to me, who know nothing of its sect or doctrine, as any church in a picture could be; and there is, also, the Marine Hospital on the heights (if it is the Marine Hospital) from which I hope the inmates can behold the ocean, and exult in whatever misery keeps them ashore.

But let me not so hasten over this part of my friends' journey as to omit all mention of the amphibious Irish houses which stand about on the low lands along the railroad-sides, and which you half expect to see plunge into the tidal mud of the neighborhood, with a series of hoarse croaks, as the train approaches. Perhaps twenty-four trains pass those houses every twenty-four hours, and it is a wonder that the inhabitants keep their interest in them, or have leisure to bestow upon any of them. Yet, as you dash along so bravely, you can see that you arrest the occupations of all these villagers as by a kind of enchantment; the children pause and turn their heads towards you from their mud-pies (to the production of which there is literally no limit in that region); the matron rests one parboiled hand on her hip, letting the other still linger listlessly upon the wash-board, while she lifts her eyes from the suds to look at you; the boys, who all summer long are forever just going into the water or just coming out of it, cease their buttoning or unbuttoning; the baby, which has been run after and caught and suitably posed, turns its anguished eyes upon you, where also falls the mother's gaze, while her descending palm is arrested in mid-air. I forbear to comment upon the surprising populousness of these villages, where, in obedience to all the laws of health, the inhabitants ought to be wasting miserably away, but where they flourish in spite of them. Even Accident here seems to be robbed of half her malevolence; and that baby (who will presently be chastised with terrific uproar) passes an infancy of intrepid enjoyment amidst the local perils, and is no more affected by the engines and the cars than by so many fretful hens with their attendant broods of chickens.

When sometimes I long for the excitement and variety of travel, which, for no merit of mine, I knew in other days, I reproach myself, and silence all my repinings with some such question as, Where could you find more variety or greater excitement than abound

in and near the Fitchburg Depot when a train arrives? And to tell the truth, there is something very inspiring in the fine eagerness with which all the passengers rise as soon as the locomotive begins to slow, and press forward to the door, and knuckle one another's backs in their impatience to get out; while the suppressed vehemence of the hackmen is also thrilling in its way, not to mention the instant clamor of the baggage-men as they read and repeat the numbers of the checks in strident tones. It would be ever so interesting to depict all these people, but it would require volumes for the work, and I reluctantly let them all pass out without a word,—all but that sweet young blonde who arrives by most trains, and who, putting up her eye-glass with a ravishing air, bewitchingly peers round among the bearded faces, with little tender looks of hope and trepidation, for the face which she wants, and which presently bursts through the circle of strange visages. The owner of the face then hurries forward to meet that sweet blonde, who gives him a little drooping hand as if it were a delicate flower she laid in 'his; there is a brief mutual hesitation long enough merely for an electrical thrill to run from heart to heart through the clasping hands, and then he stoops towards her, and distractingly kisses her. And I say that there is no law of conscience or propriety worthy the name of law—barbarity, absurdity, call it rather—to prevent any one from availing himself of that providential near-sightedness, and beatifying himself upon those lips,—nothing to prevent it but that young fellow, whom one might not, of course, care to provoke.

Among the people who now rush forward and heap themselves into the two horse-cars and one omnibus, placed before the depot by a wise forethought for the public comfort to accommodate the train-load of two hundred passengers, I always note a type that is both pleasing and interesting to me. It is a lady just passing middle life; from her kindly eyes the envious crowd, whose

footprints are just traceable at their corners, has not yet drunk the brightness, but she looks just a thought sadly, if very serenely, from them. I know nothing in the world of her; I may have seen her twice or a hundred times, but I must always be making bits of romances about her. That is she in faultless gray, with the neat leather bag in her lap, and a bouquet of the first autumnal blooms perched in her shapely hands, which are prettily yet substantially gloved in some sort of gauntlets. She can be easy and dignified, my dear middle-aged heroine, even in one of our horse-cars, where people are for the most part packed like cattle in a pen. She shows no trace of dust or fatigue from the thirty or forty miles which I choose to fancy she has ridden from the handsome elm-shaded New England town of five or ten thousand people, where I choose to think she lives. From a vague horticultural association with those gauntlets, as well as from the autumnal blooms, I take it she loves flowers, and gardens a good deal with her own hands, and keeps house-plants in the winter, and of course a canary. Her dress, neither rich nor vulgar, makes me believe her fortunes modest and not recent; her gentle face has just so much intellectual character as it is good to see in a woman's face; I suspect that she reads pretty regularly the new poems and histories, and I know that she is the life and soul of the local book-club. Is she married, or widowed, or one of the superfluous forty thousand? That is what I never can tell. But I think that most probably she is married, and that her husband is very much in business, and does not share so much as he respects her tastes. I have no particular reason for thinking that she has no children now, and that the sorrow for the one she lost so long ago has become only a pensive silence, which, however, a long summer twilight can yet deepen to tears... Upon my word! Am I then one to give way to this sort of thing? Madam, I ask pardon. I have no right to be sentimentalizing you.



Yet your face is one to make people dream kind things of you, and I cannot keep my reveries away from it.

But in the mean time I neglect the momentous history which I have proposed to write, and leave my day's pleasers to fade into the background of a fantastic portrait. The truth is, I cannot look without pain upon the discomforts which they suffer at this stage of their joyous enterprise. At the best, the portables of such a party are apt to be grievous embarrassments; a package of shawls and parasols and umbrellas and india-rubbers, however neatly made up at first, quickly degenerates into a shapeless mass, which has finally to be carried with as great tenderness as an ailing child; and the lunch is pretty sure to overflow the hand-bags and to eddy about you in paper parcels, while the bottle of claret, that bulges the side of one of the bags, and

"That will show itself without."

defying your attempts to look as it were cold tea, gives a crushing touch of disreputability to the whole affair. Add to this the fact that but half the party have seats, and that the others have to sway and totter about the car in that sudden contact with all varieties of fellow-men, to which we are accustomed in the cars, and you must allow that these poor merry-makers have reasons enough to rejoice when this part of their day's pleasure is over. They are so plainly bent upon a sail down the Harbor, that before they leave the car they become objects of public interest, and are at last made to give some account of themselves.

"Going for a sail, I presume?" says a person hitherto in conversation with the conductor. "Well, I would n't mind a sail myself to-day."

"Yes," answers the head of the party, "going to Gloucester."

"Guess not," says, very coldly and decidedly, one of the passengers, who is reading that morning's Advertiser; and when the subject of this surmise looks at him for explanations, he adds,

"The City Council has chartered the boat for to-day."

Upon this the excursionists fall into great dismay and bitterness, and upbraid the City Council, and wonder why last night's Transcript said nothing about its oppressive action, and generally bewail their fate. But at last, being set down near Lewis's Wharf, they resolve to go somewhere, and they make up their warring minds upon Nahant, for the Nahant boat leaves the wharf nearest them; and so they hurry across to India Wharf, amidst barrels and bales and boxes and hacks and trucks, with interminable string-teams passing before them at every crossing.

"At any rate," says the leader of the expedition, "we shall see the Gardens of Maolis, — those enchanted gardens which have fairly been advertised into my dreams, and where I've been told," he continues, with an effort to make the prospect an attractive one, yet not without a sense of the meagreness of the materials, "they have a grotto and a wooden bull."

Of course, there is no reason in nature why a wooden bull should be more pleasing than a flesh-and-blood bull, but it seems to encourage the company, and they set off again with renewed speed, and at last reach India Wharf in time to see the Nahant steamer packed full of excursionists, with a crowd of people still waiting to go aboard. It does not look inviting, and they hesitate. In a minute or two their spirits sink so low, that if they should see the wooden bull step out of a grotto on the deck of the steamer the spectacle could not revive them. At that instant they think, with a surprising singleness, of Nantasket Beach, and the bright colors in which the Gardens of Maolis but now appeared fade away, and they seem to see themselves sauntering along the beautiful shore, while the white-crested breakers crash upon the sand, and run up

"In tender-curving lines of creamy spray," quite to the feet of that lotus-eating party.

"Nahant is all rocks," says the leader to Aunt Melissa, who hears him with a sweet and tranquil patience, and who would enjoy or suffer anything with the same expression; "and as you've never yet seen the open sea, it's fortunate that we go to Nantasket, for, of course, a beach is more characteristic. But now the object is to get there. The boat will be starting in a few moments, and I doubt whether we can walk it. How far is it," he asks, turning towards a respectable-looking man, "to Liverpool Wharf?"

"Well, it's considerable ways," says the man, smiling.

"Then we must take a hack," says the pleasurer to his party. "Come on."

"I've got a hack," observes the man, in a casual way, as if the fact might possibly interest.

"O, you have, have you? Well, then, put us into it, and drive to Liverpool Wharf; and hurry."

Either the distance was less than the hackman fancied, or else he drove thither with unheard-of speed, for two minutes later he set them down on Liverpool Wharf. But swiftly as they had come the steamer had been even more prompt, and she now turned toward them a beautiful wake, as she pushed farther and farther out into the harbor.

The hackman took his two dollars for his four passengers, and was rapidly mounting his box,—probably to avoid idle reproaches. "Wait!" said the chief pleasurer. Then, "When does the next boat leave?" he asked of the agent, who had emerged with a compassionate face from the waiting-rooms on the wharf.

"At half past two."

"And it's now five minutes past nine," moaned the merry-makers.

"Why, I'll tell you what you can do," said the agent; "you can go to Hingham by the Old Colony cars, and so come back by the Hull and Hingham boat."

"That's it!" chorused his listeners, "we'll go"; and "Now you," said their spokesman to the driver, "I dare

say you did n't know that Liverpool Wharf was so near; but I don't think you've earned your money, and you ought to take us on to the Old Colony Depot for half-fares at the most."

The driver looked pained, as if some small tatters and shreds of conscience were flapping uncomfortably about his otherwise dismantled spirit. Then he seemed to think of his wife and family, for he put on the air of a man who had already made great sacrifices, and "I could n't, really, I could n't afford it," said he; and as the victims turned from him in disgust, he chirruped to his horses and drove off.

"Well," said the pleasers, "we won't give it up. We will have our day's pleasure after all. But what *can* we do to kill five hours and a half? It's miles away from everything, and, besides, there's nothing even if we were there." At this image of their remoteness and the inherent desolation of Boston they could not suppress some sighs, and in the mean time Aunt Melissa stepped into the waiting-room, which opened on the farther side upon the water, and sat contentedly down on one of the benches; the rest, from sheer vacuity and irresolution, followed, and thus, without debate, it was settled that they should wait there till the boat left. The agent, who was a kind man, did what he could to alleviate the situation: he gave them each the advertisement of his line of boats, neatly printed upon a card, and then he went away.

All this prospect of waiting would do well enough for the ladies of the party, but there is an impatience in the masculine fibre which does not brook the notion of such prolonged repose; and the leader of the excursion presently pretended an important errand up town,—nothing less, in fact, than to buy a tumbler out of which to drink their claret on the beach. A holiday is never like any other day to the man who takes it, and a festive halo seemed to enwrap the excursionist as he pushed on through the busy streets in the cool shadow of the vast granite palaces

wherein the genius of business loves to house itself in this money-making land, and inhaled the odors of great heaps of leather and spices and dry goods as he passed the open doorways,—odors that mixed pleasantly with the smell of the freshly watered streets. When he stepped into a crockery store to make his purchase a sense of pleasure-taking did not fail him, and he fell naturally into talk with the clerk about the weather and such pastoral topics. Even when he reached the establishment where his own business days were passed some glamour seemed to be cast upon familiar objects. To the disenchanted eye all things were as they were on all other dullish days of summer, even to the accustomed bore leaning up against his favorite desk and transfixing his habitual victim with his usual theme. Yet to the gaze of this pleasure-taker all was subtly changed, and he shook hands right and left as he entered, to the marked surprise of the objects of his effusion. He had merely come to get some newspapers to help pass away the long moments on the wharf, and when he had found these, he hurried back thither to hear what had happened during his absence.

It seemed that there had hardly ever been such an eventful period in the lives of the family before, and he listened to a minute account of it from Cousin Lucy. "You know, Frank," says she, "that Sallie's one idea in life is to keep the baby from getting the whooping-cough, and I declare that these premises have done nothing but re-echo with the most dolorous whoops ever since you've been gone, so that at times, in my fear that Sallie would think I'd been careless about the boy, I've been ready to throw myself into the water, and nothing's prevented me but the doubt whether it would n't be better to throw in the whoopers instead."

At this moment a pale little girl, with a face wan and sad through all its dirt, came and stood in the doorway nearest the baby, and in another in-

stant she had burst into a whoop so terrific that, if she had meant to have his scalp next it could not have been more dreadful. Then she subsided into a deep and pathetic quiet, with that air peculiar to the victims of her disorder of having done nothing noticeable. But her outburst had set at work the mysterious machinery of half a dozen other whooping-coughers lurking about the building, and all unseen they wound themselves up with appalling rapidity, and in the utter silence which followed left one to think they had died at the climax.

"Why, it's a perfect whooping-cough factory, this place," cries Cousin Lucy in a desperation. "Go away, do, please, from the baby, you poor little dreadful object, you," she continues, turning upon the only visible operative in the establishment. "Here, take this"; and she bribes her with a bit of sponge-cake, on which the child runs lightly off along the edge of the wharf. "That's been another of their projects for driving me wild," says Cousin Lucy,— "trying to take their own lives in a hundred ways before my face and eyes. Why *will* their mothers let them come here to play?"

Really, they were very melancholy little figures, and might have gone near to make one sad, even if they had not been constantly imperilling their lives. Thanks to its being summer-time, it did not much matter about the scantiness of their clothing, but their squalor was depressing, it seemed, even to themselves, for they were a mournful-looking set of children, and in their dangerous sports trifled silently and almost gloomily with death. There were none of them above eight or nine years of age, and most of them had the care of smaller brothers, or even babes in arms, whom they were thus early inuring to the perils of the situation. The boys were dressed in pantaloons and shirts which no excess of rolling up in the legs and arms could make small enough, and the incorrigible toobigness of which rendered the favorite amusements still more hazardous from

their liability to trip and entangle the wearers. The little girls had on each a solitary garment, which hung about their gaunt persons with antique severity of outline; while the babies were multitudinously swathed in whatever fragments of dress could be tied or pinned or plastered on. Their faces were strikingly and almost ingeniously dirty, and their distractions among the coal-heaps and cord-wood constantly added to the variety and advantage of these effects.

"Why do their mothers let them come here?" muses Frank aloud. "Why, because it's so safe, Cousin Lucy. At home, you know, they'd have to be playing upon the sills of fourth-floor windows, and here they're out of the way and can't hurt themselves. Why, Cousin Lucy, this is their park, — their Public Garden, their Bois de Boulogne, their Cascine. And look at their gloomy little faces! Are n't they taking their pleasure in the spirit of the very highest fashion? I was at Newport last summer, and saw the famous driving on the Avenue in those pony phaetons, dog-carts, and tubs, and three-story carriages with a pair of footmen perching like storks upon each gable, and I assure you that all those ornate and costly phantasms (it seems to me now like a sad, sweet vision) had just the expression of these poor children. We're taking a day's pleasure ourselves, cousin, but nobody would know it from our looks. And has nothing but whooping-cough happened since I've been gone?"

"Yes, we seem to be so cut off from every-day associations that I've imagined myself a sort of tourist, and I've been to that Catholic church over yonder, in hopes of seeing the Murillos and Raphaels; but I found it locked up, and so I trudged back without a sight of the masterpieces. But what's the reason that all the shops hereabouts have nothing but luxuries for sale? Their windows are perfect tropics of oranges, and lemons, and be-lated bananas, and tobacco, and peanuts."

"Well, the poor really seem to use more of those luxuries than anybody else. I don't blame them. I should n't care for the necessities of life myself, if I found them so hard to get."

"When I came back here," says Cousin Lucy, without heeding these flippant and heartless words, "I found an old gentleman who has something to do with the boats, and he sat down, as if it were part of his business, and told me nearly the whole history of his life. Is n't it nice of them, keeping an Autobiographer? It makes the time pass so swiftly when you're waiting. This old gentleman was born — who'd ever think it? — up there in Pearl Street, where those pitiless big granite stores are now; and, I don't know why, but the idea of any human baby being born in Pearl Street seemed to me one of the saddest things I'd ever heard of."

Here Cousin Lucy went to the rescue of the nurse and the baby, who had got into one of their periodical difficulties, and her interlocutor turned to Aunt Melissa.

"I think, Franklin," says Aunt Melissa, "that it was wrong to let that nurse come and bring the baby."

"Yes, I know, aunty, you have those old-established ideas, and they're very right," answers her nephew; "but just consider how much she enjoys it, and how vastly the baby adds to the pleasure of this charming excursion!"

Aunt Melissa made no reply, but sat looking thoughtfully out upon the bay.

"I presume you think the excursion is a failure," she said, after a while; "but I've been enjoying every minute of the time here. Of course, I've never seen the open sea, and I don't know about it, but I feel here just as if I were spending a day at the seaside."

"Well," said her nephew, "I should n't call this exactly a watering-place. It lacks the splendor and gayety of Newport, in a certain degree, and it has n't the illustrious seclusion of Nahant. The surf is n't very fine, nor the beach particularly adapted to bathing;

and yet, I must confess, the outlook from here is as lovely as anything one need have."

And to tell the truth, it was very pretty and interesting. The landward environment was as commonplace and mean as it could be: a yardful of dismal sheds for coal and lumber, and shanties for offices, with each office its safe and its desk, its whittled arm-chair and its spittoon, its fly that shooed not, but buzzed desperately against the grimy pane, which, if it had really had that boasted microscopic eye, it never would have mistaken for the unblemished daylight. Outside of this yard was the usual wharfish neighborhood, with its turmoil of trucks and carts and fleet express-wagons, its building up and pulling down, its discomfort and clamor of every sort, and its shops for the sale, not only of those luxuries which Lucy had mentioned, but of such domestic refreshments as lemon-pie and hulled-corn.

When, however, you turned your thoughts and eyes away from this aspect of it, and looked out upon the water, the neighborhood gloriously retrieved itself. There its poverty and vulgarity ceased, there its beauty and grace abounded. A light breeze ruffled the face of the bay, and the innumerable little sail-boats that dotted it took the sun and wind upon their wings, which they dipped almost into the sparkle of the water, and flew lightly hither and thither like gulls that loved the brine too well to rise wholly from it; larger ships, farther or nearer, puffed or shrank their sails as they came and

went on the errands of commerce, but always moved as if bent upon some dreamy affair of pleasure; the steamboats that shot vehemently across their tranquil courses seemed only gayer and vivider visions, but not more substantial; yonder, a black sea-going steamer passed out between the far-off islands, and at last left in the sky above those reveries of fortification, a whiff of sombre smoke, dark and unreal as a memory of battle; to the right, on some line of railroad, long-plumed trains arrived and departed like pictures passed through the slide of a magic-lantern; even a pile-driver, at work in the same direction, seemed to have no malice in the blows which, after a loud clucking, it dealt the pile, and one understood that it was mere conventional violence like that of a Punch to his baby.

"Why, what a lotus-eating life this is!" said Frank, at last. "Aunt Melissa, I don't wonder you think it's like the seaside. It's a great deal better than the seaside. And now, just as we've entered into the spirit of it, the time's up for the Rose Standish to come and bear us from its delights. When will the boat be in?" he asked of the Autobiographer, whom Lucy had pointed out to him.

"Well, she's *ben* in half an hour, now. There she lays just outside the John Romer."

There to be sure she lay, and those pleasure-takers had been so lost in the rapture of waiting and the beauty of the scene as never to have noticed her arrival.

W. D. Howells.

## REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

*Poems by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.* Boston :  
Roberts Brothers.

It will always be a question, we think, whether Mr. Rossetti had not better have painted his poems and written his pictures ; there is so much that is purely sensuous in the former, and so much that is intellectual in the latter. But we do not suppose that those who like his work will let the question mar their enjoyment of either, though they will probably enjoy both in the same kind and degree. It seems a pity, however, for the sake of readers who do not know any of his pictures, that these poems should not have been illustrated by the author's hand. We should then have had in his volume a proof of the curious fusion of the literary and artistic nature in him. But as it is, though one cannot here see the poetry in the painting, the painting in the poetry is plain enough.

On the whole, except the sonnets, the best poem is "The Blessed Damozel," and in this the author's characteristics are very marked. The picture with which it opens is exactly in the spirit of a Pre-Raphaelite painting, with its broad and effective contrasts of color, — yellow, blue, and white.

"The blessed damozel leaned out  
From the gold bar of Heaven ;  
Her eyes were deeper than the depth  
Of waters stilled at even ;  
She had three lilies in her hand,  
And the stars in her hair were seven

"Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem  
No wrought flowers did adorn,  
But a white rose of Mary's gift,  
For service meetly worn ;  
Her hair that lay along her back  
Was yellow like ripe corn."

This is the new Pre-Raphaelite, and here, following, in the lines we have italicized, is the old, as one sees it very often in the fading frescos of mediæval churches. Of course it is very beautifully and very vividly expressed ; and the whole picture is a lovely one.

"She ceased.  
*The light thrilled towards her, filled  
With angels in strong level flight.*  
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

"(I saw her smile.) But soon their path  
Was vague in distant spheres :  
And then she cast her arms along  
The golden barriers,  
And laid her face between her hands,  
And wept. (I heard her tears.)"

In this poem Mr. Rossetti strives for that heart of pure and tender rapture which, it seems to mediæval-minded poets, must have beat in the centre of the Romish mystery, and he is more successful in his effort than Mr. Tennyson in his later yearnings, but not so much so as the latter was when he wrote *Sir Galahad*. We are conscious, however, of attributing too explicit a feeling to Mr. Rossetti's poem, which is really a series of mystic and devotional pictures, and scarcely more exoteric than if they had actually been painted. Here are three of the pictures, which are very charming, and take you again and again with ravishing suggestions of the old religious art, but which have no great intellectual merit, and scarcely any independent merit at all, except a luxury of words, that most well-read people can nowadays command : —

"And still she bowed herself and stooped  
Out of the circling charm ;  
Until her bosom must have made  
The bar she leaned on warm,  
And the lilies lay as if asleep  
Along her bended arm.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks  
And foreheads garlanded ;  
Into the fine cloth white like flame  
Weaving the golden thread,  
To fashion the birth-ropes for them  
Who are just born, being dead.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,  
To Him round whom all souls  
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads  
Bowed with their aureoles :  
And angels meeting us shall sing  
To their citherns and citoles."

For reasons already sufficiently expressed, we think that, after "The Blessed Damozel," and two or three other strictly pictorial poems, the "Sonnets for Pictures" are the best of Mr. Rossetti's things, though these again are not to be perfectly enjoyed in themselves. Nevertheless, for a July day, we shall never ask a distincter pleasure than we get from this sonnet on *Giorgione's Festa Campestre*, that delicious fable, wherein a

Venetian lady and cavalier sit amidst a pastoral landscape, and pause from their own music, to hear the piping of the enigmatical person, — perhaps their embodied love and happiness, — who sits confronting them, clothed in nothing but her own white loveliness. The sonnet is this : —

"A VENETIAN PASTORAL.

By GIORGIONA.

(In the Louvre.)

"Water, for anguish of the solstice : — nay,  
But dip the vessel slowly, — nay, but lean  
And hark how at its verge the wave sighs in  
Reluctant. Hush ! Beyond all depth away  
The heat lies silent at the brink of day :  
Now the hand trails upon the viol-string  
That sobs, and the brown faces cease to sing,  
Sad with the whote of pleasure. Whither stray  
Her eyes now, from whose mouth the slim pipes  
creep

And leave it pouting, while the shadowed grass  
Is cool again her naked side ? Let it be : —  
Say nothing now unto her lest she weep,  
Nor name this ever. Be it as it was, —  
Life touching lips with Immortality."

It is easy to choose an exquisite picture from these poems at random, like this from the "Dante at Verona" : —

"Through leaves and trellis-work the sun  
Left the wine cool within the glass, —  
They feasting where no sun could pass :  
And when the women, all as one,  
Rose up with brightened cheeks to go,  
It was a comely thing, we know."

Or this, from "A Last Confession," more perfect, more delicate even, and liker an old painting : —

"I know last night

I dreamed I saw into the garden of God,  
Where women walked whose painted images  
I have seen with candles round them in the church.  
They bent this way and that, one to another,  
Playing : and over the long golden hair  
Of each there floated like a ring of fire  
Which when she stooped stooped with her, and  
when she rose

Rose with her. Then a breeze flew in among them,  
As if a window had been opened in heaven  
For God to give his blessing from, before  
This world of ours should set : (for in my dream  
I thought our world was setting, and the sun  
Flared, a spent taper :) and beneath that gust  
The rings of light quivered like forest-leaves.  
Then all the blessed maidens who were there  
Stood up together, as it were a voice  
That called them ; and they threw their tresses back,  
And smote their palms, and all laughed up at once,  
For the strong heavenly joy they had in them  
To hear God bless the world."

Or this, from the sonnets : —

"BEAUTY AND THE BIRD.

"She fluted with her mouth as when one sips,  
And gently waved her golden head, inclined  
Outside his cage close to the window-blind ;

Till her fond bird, with little turns and dips,  
Piped low to her of sweet companionships.

And when he made an end, some seed took she  
And fed him from her tongue, which rosily  
Peeped as a piercing bud between her lips.

"And like the child in Chaucer, on whose tongue

The Blessed Mary laid, when he was dead,  
A grain, — who straightway praised her name in  
song :

Even so, when she, a little lightly red,  
Now turned on me and laughed, I heard the throng  
Of inner voices praise her golden head."

Dramatic power is so closely allied to that of the painter, that one naturally expects it in this charming colorist, — though as to color, the reader will notice that he gets his delight only from the positive richness and splendor of each hue, not at all from the subjection of one color to another, or their harmony.

In the poems where the color does not predominate, we see Mr. Rossetti's weaknesses more plainly. He has numbers of affectations, and they are not all his own. Some of Mr. Browning's, for example, are pretty clear in "A Last Confession," and those of the imitation-old-ballads are the property of the trade. Of course these ballads are the poorest of Mr. Rossetti's poems, and they are not fairly characteristic of him. Some of them are very poor indeed, and others are quite idle.

It is a curious thing in a poet whose purity of mind and heart makes such a very strong impression, that his imagination should be so often dominated by character and fact which are quite other than pure. We think there has been more than enough of the Fallen Woman in literature ; we wish that if she cannot be reformed, she might be at least policed out of sight ; and we have a fancy (perhaps an erroneous, perhaps a guilty fancy) that some things, even in "The House of Life," however right they are, had best be kept out of speech. Otherwise, unless on account of the climate, it appears that clothes and houses are a waste of substance. We do not intend to give an unjustly broad impression of what is only a trait of Mr. Rossetti's poetry, after all, and we note it quite as much because it is phenomenal and not quite accountable as because it is objectionable. He has a painter's joy in beauty, and an indifference to what beauty, or whose, it is ; and his celebration of love is chiefly sensuous, but beauty and love are both most highly honored at their highest by him. Yet here and there, as in the sonnet "Nuptial Sleep," we feel that



we are too few removes from Mr. Whitman's alarming frankness, and that it is but a step or two from "turning aside and living with the cattle."

In most of Mr. Rossetti's sonnets one is reminded of the best Italian sonneteers, and of our English poets when the Italians were their masters. They are more mystical, however, and more abundant in conceits, than almost any other English sonnets, and recall, most vividly of all, the sonnets of Dante's *Vita Nuova*. The fact is particularly felt in such a one as this.

#### "LOVE'S BAWBLES.

"I stood where Love in brimming armfuls bore  
Slight wanton flowers and foolish toys of fruit :  
And round him ladies thronged in warm pursuit,  
Fingered and lipped and proffered the strange store :  
And from one hand the petal and the core  
Savored of sleep ; and cluster and curled shoot  
Seemed from another hand like shame's salute,—  
Gifts that I felt my cheek was blushing for.

"At last Love bade my Lady give the same :  
And as I looked, the dew was light thereon ;  
And as I took them, at her touch they shone  
With inmost heaven-hue of the heart of flame.  
And then Love said : ' Lo ! when the hand is  
hers,

Follies of love are love's true ministers.' "

But the meaning is not often so plain as it is here, and there is a vexing obscurity in the greater part of Mr. Rossetti's poems, which some other peculiarities of his make us doubt whether it is quite worth while to explore. We find in him a love for rank, lush, palpitating, bleeding, and dripping words, which we think does not mark the finest sense of expression ; and yet, when he has himself well under control, no one can say a thing more subtly, as this little poem may witness.

#### "THE WOODSPURGE.

"The wind flapped loose, the wind was still,  
Shaken out dead from tree and hill :  
I had walked on at the wind's will, —  
I sat now, for the wind was still.

"Between my knees my forehead was, —  
My lips, drawn in, said not Alas !  
My hair was over in the grass,  
My naked ears heard the day pass.

"My eyes, wide open, had the run  
Of some ten weeds to fix upon ;  
Among those few, out of the sun,  
The woodspurge flowered, three cups in one.

"From perfect grief there need not be  
Wisdom or even memory :  
One thing then learnt remains to me, —  
The woodspurge has a cup of three."

Here, also, is an idea, now rather common in literature, finely suggested : —

#### "SUDDEN LIGHT.

"I have been here before,  
But when or how I cannot tell :  
I know the grass beyond the door,  
The sweet keen smell,  
The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

"You have been mine before, —  
How long ago I may not know :  
But just when at that swallow's soar  
Your neck turned so,  
Some veil did fall, — I knew it all of yore."

And here is this poetry of the nerves still more skilfully caught : —

"This is her picture as she was :  
It seems a thing to wonder on,  
As though mine image in the glass  
Should tarry when myself am gone.

"In painting her I shrined her face  
Mid mystic trees, where light falls in  
Hardly at all ; a covert place  
Where you might think to find a din  
Of doubtful talk, and a live flame  
Wandering, and many a shape whose name  
Not itself knoweth, and old dew,  
And your own footsteps meeting you,  
And all things going as they came."

But then you see he is always better as a painter : —

"Watch we his steps. He comes upon  
The women at their palm-playing.  
The conduits round the gardens sing  
And meet in scoops of milk-white stone,  
Where wearied damsels rest and hold  
Their hands in the wet spurt of gold."

Of the longer poems in the volume, after "The Blessed Damozel," comes, we suppose in point of merit, the by-no-means-blessed damozel "Jenny," though we praise it reluctantly. "Dante at Verona" makes no very impressive figure, and "The Burden of Nineveh" rests heavily upon the reader.

Have we been saying, on the whole, that we think Mr. Rossetti no great poet ? Let us say, then, that we think him, on the whole, a very pleasing one to read once at least : — whether twice, or thrice, or indefinitely, we do not know, for we write from the first impression, and not without our modest misgivings both of the praise and blame we have bestowed. The book is a very characteristic one, — we are not sure that it is very genuine. Yet it has many charms, and at eighteen, if you are of one sex, or at twenty-two if of the other, you might wish to be parted from it only in death. The trouble is, you cannot always be eighteen or twenty-two.

In some respects, the comparison is a strained and unfair one, but we feel that

Mr. Rossetti the poet is to such a poet as Keats what Mr. Rossetti the painter is to such a painter as Giorgione.

*Lecture-Room Talks: a Series of Familiar Discourses on Themes of General Christian Experience.* By HENRY WARD BEECHER. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

THE purpose of Mr. Beecher's Friday-evening talks is to illustrate religious truth out of the depths of men's personal experience, mainly his own; and the result is a very curious book, showing how great is the debt which religion—in one of its most conspicuous modern forms at least—is apt to owe to good animal spirits. No one's religious repute, we are persuaded, would attract the favorable verdict of a larger number of people than Mr. Beecher's own. He is an ardent, unaffected believer in the credentials of all the distinctively Protestant churches, while he maintains a tolerant and friendly attitude towards the Romish communion as well. His devotional animus is perfectly reverential, although a highly emotional nature may now and then slightly demoralize its utterances. He is never scornful towards unbelief, but patient, gentle, and persuasive in expostulation and argument. He betrays no Pharisaic symptoms, and evidently takes much more pleasure in the things that make for peace among men than in those that make for division. In short, Mr. Beecher is an altogether favorable exponent of our modern religious life. And yet, being what he is, we are persuaded that his fine qualities are mainly due to his exceptional temperament, and imply nothing whatever of that subterranean or supernatural leaven which the earlier faith of Christendom used to call regeneration. Rather let us say that the regeneration which Mr. Beecher's religious character and activity attest is a regeneration of human nature itself, and not of any special subject of the nature.

This fact makes it difficult to do exact and ample justice to Mr. Beecher as a representative of the actual religious movement of the time. For men feel an instinctive distrust of any religion which claims merely natural sanctions. The reverence of the Divine name is so deep-seated in the heart of mankind, that men will believe anything sooner, in the long run, than that we can love God naturally, or as we love ourselves.

The best culture of the world, from the days of Paul down to those of Goethe, affirms an infinite distance between the Divine and human natures; and if the distance be in reality infinite, it of course excludes the pretension of any moral or personal relations between Creator and creature. If the difference between God and man be one of kind altogether, and not at all one of degree, a difference of quality and not of quantity, then manifestly my natural love and appreciation of myself will, in proportion to its strength, only disqualify me to appreciate and love God, and I shall require, consequently, to be gifted with some supernatural force in order to overcome this limitation. This explains the distrust which Mr. Beecher's corpulent, not to say carnal, religiosity provokes in the mind of the ultra-devout. Nothing can be more unaffected or helpless than the disgust which his performances excite in the rival school of ecclesiastical thought, which sinks religion into a mere ritual parade, or makes it consist in propitiating the Divine obduracy by all those appliances of dramatic or ostentatious humility which men use to placate earthly sovereigns. The pallid traditional observances of this school contrast with his robust unscrupulous piety, much as last year's withered leaves contrast with the fresh green of the spring; and there is no end, accordingly, to the misunderstanding between them, until the gorgeous spring itself, with all its vivid garniture of green, descends into the sere and crisp October, or consents in its turn to be a thing no longer of life but of memory. Such is the fate that overtakes all bright things,—to bud and blossom for a while with a promise of immortal fruit, and then expire in wintry nakedness. Such has been the history of ritualism, such will be the history of our modern evangelicism,—out of hay to become stubble, out of living wood to become dead bark; and to fancy itself still ministering to the heaven of men's faith, when in fact it is only coloring and enriching the earth of their imagination.

And yet Mr. Beecher *is*, in his way, both perfectly explicable and legitimately admirable, inasmuch as he representatively constitutes a veritable link between the old faith and the new life of Christendom. He is neither the base grub of men's servile ritual devotion, nor yet the soaring butterfly of their emancipated scientific hopes; he is simply the golden chrysalis under whose frail transparent envelope you see the actual

struggle going on, by which the moral conscience of mankind is becoming converted into æsthetic science, or living perception. He is thus and at once the grave of prophecy and the cradle of realization. He is, indeed, a real changeling, now inviting, now repelling, sympathy; here simulating a pious humility, there a truculent conceit or self-confidence, just as the alternate needs of his representative character compel him to do. The very great public worth of Mr. Beecher, as it seems to us, lies in this representative office of his, — consists in his so faithfully combining these divergent tendencies as to make him a true symbol for the time, or real providential man, full of instruction and encouragement to those who, like the men of old time, still look for "new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." If he were a more satisfactory or less contradictory person than he is alleged to be, — that is, if he were capable of taking sides with either the death or the resurrection that is going on in his own unconscious entrails, — his providential significance would at once vanish or subside into the measure of his intelligence, which is by no means a large measure.

But our space is limited. We can assure our readers, then, that it will be difficult to find a juicier repast in the way of religious reading than is here furnished them by Mr. Beecher. Mr. Beecher talks religion down to the level of the most carnal capacity; and why, forsooth, should he not, if the carnal mind demands a religious consecration? That it does so, that it feels the need, even in a vehement manner, of reconciliation with God, has long been evident to thoughtful observers, and Mr. Beecher is the inspired apostle exactly fitted to its exigency. He exacts nothing from his hearer but a good digestion and a clean skin, with a sane average morality, in order to educate him upon a strict common-sense regimen into full communion with the skies. His disciple need intermit no business avocation, nor take to his bed for an hour, nor waste any time in puerile ascetic practices; but, on the contrary, keep every sail bent that now carries him onward to fortune or to fame, and yet find himself in the end just as complete as needs be in all the armor of righteousness, and infinitely more jolly than any of our toilsome and tiresome ritualist nurslings has ever pretended to be. Mr. Beecher shuns all the heights and depths of religion, as religion is regarded

by those who make it the insatiable thirst of the soul after true divine knowledge, and treats it as a strictly private or personal interest of man, anxious to make the best possible bargain for this present world and the world to come, with One who is every way his superior, and who yet has somehow a controlling voice in his destiny. His formulas of the Divine being and character are, to be sure, very much shorn of their original orthodox lustre and force, from the necessity of his representative position, and present accordingly a very odd mixture of reason and superstition, or scepticism and dogmatism. But, on the whole, Mr. Beecher theoretically holds that the world has already got all the knowledge of God that it needs, so that no actual revelation of his name to sense will ever come to fulfil — and by fulfilling supplant — the one previously made<sup>o</sup> to faith. And this he holds even while he is himself all the while practically doing nothing else than interpreting faith by sense, or bringing spirit down to flesh. Let all of our readers, then, go without misgiving to Mr. Beecher's book. It will amply atone for all the intellectual shortcomings of its author. Its sense, its wit, its pathos, its human friendliness, its frank abounding egotism, its boisterous animal spirits, or sensuous pride of existence, — all these things belong to the author himself, and will endear him to multitudes. But the book reveals something much beyond the author himself, in clearly foreshadowing that scientific consciousness of the race whose rising tides will soon submerge the highest landmarks of men's ancient faith, and turn the whole earth into a broad highway of the Lord. Mr. Beecher is at most the friendly duck that incubates the egg of destiny; he is not for a moment to be mistaken for the royal bird that lays it.

*Society and Solitude.* Twelve Chapters. By RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

LORD CLARENDON said of Lord Falkland, Secretary of State to Charles I., that as his house was within ten miles of Oxford, "the most polite and accurate men of that university frequently resorted and dwelt with him, as in a college situated in purer air; so that his house was a university in less volume, whither they came not so much for repose as study."

It is a comfort to think that fate still makes ample provision for the suburbs of university towns, and that Concord is but about ten miles from Cambridge. For many years the two were "half-shire-towns" of the same county, and Emerson, as Knight of the half-shire, fitly shared the intellectual jurisdiction of his compeer, the President of the College. Indeed, he made his house, like that of Falkland, "a college in purer air"; and so inseparable has been the influence of his life from that of his books, that the whole has supplied for us "a university in less volume." It is the enviable lot of those who were pupils in this benignant seminary, that they can never know how much of their instruction came from the text-books and how much from the teacher. Thus the literary work of Emerson eludes the criticism of contemporaries, and awaits a colder audience which shall award its meed.

It is now ten years since the "Conduct of Life" was published. Most of the present essays, though printed later, were written earlier than that volume, and some of them were read as lectures a quarter of a century ago. Is it, then, from early association that some of us find in them, or seem to find, a fresher inspiration than in the "Conduct of Life"? We fancy that they show more variety, and a more distinct organic life in each essay, while they are no less finished and scarcely less concentrated. There is a provoking trait about some of his later lectures, and they seem like stray sheets caught up at random; or to have what botanists call premorse roots, that seem as if bitten off arbitrarily at the end, and can stop anywhere. But these have each a beginning, a middle, and an end, so that they seem alive and graceful, as well as nutritious and good. Literary ease and flexibility do not always advance with an author's years; as his thoughts deepen they sometimes press harder and harder on the vehicle of expression, and though his sympathies may mellow, his style does not. He is then in danger of becoming like the giant in the Norse Edda, who was choked by his own wisdom and needed a siphon for his relief. Far from our beloved Emerson be such a peril! but meanwhile there is a charm in the easier flow of his earlier essays, even though they be burdened with less weighty thought.

We sigh at not finding in this volume that admirable lecture on "The Natural Method of Intellectual Philosophy," which many

of us heard with such delight a dozen years ago, and which came nearer to a positive system than anything which Emerson has ever printed. Possibly it forms the basis for his present course on "The Natural History of Intellect," and if so it may well be withheld. There was in it material enough for twenty lectures, without doubt. But there is no such compensation for the loss of the essay on "War," first read as a lecture in 1838, and printed eleven years later in Miss Peabody's "Æsthetic Papers." There are other omissions; but if, on the other hand, we looked through Emerson's whole works, we could find nothing to take precedence of the essays here printed on "Books," on "Eloquence," on "Works and Days," and on "Society and Solitude." They are not surpassed by the "Method of Nature," nor by "Man Thinking." It is not enough to say that such papers as these constitute the high-water mark of American literature; it is not too much to say that they are unequalled in the literature of the age. Name, if you can, the Englishman or the Frenchman who, on themes like these, must not own himself second to Emerson. Bearing these in his hand, the resolute American traveller can fearlessly unfurl the stars and stripes in presence of the *Académie* itself, were it necessary, and yet not feel himself to be swerving from the traditional modesty of his race.

*The Heart of the Continent. A Record of Travel across the Plains and in Oregon, with an Examination of the Mormon Principle.* By FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW. With Illustrations. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

SINCE Mr. Ludlow made his explorations, some ten years ago, the Heart of the Continent has been visited by such numbers of travellers that it is wellnigh as stale and battered as the heart of a coquette entering upon her fifth or sixth season of flirtations. Only imagine how many romantic adorers have one after another wooed and won that prodigious organ! And shall a man whose passion is ten years old make us listen to his superannuated raptures about buffaloes, and sage-bush, and alkali, and antelopes, and parks, and the giant pines and domes of the Yosemite, and Brigham Young's capacity for self-government, and all the rest?

It is rather late for Mr. Ludlow, we must confess, and we think that five hundred and six pages are a good many. Yet Mr. Ludlow is an easy writer, and practised in maginery so well that he knows how to detect and detain the picturesque and the impressive wherever he finds it, and we readily fancy his book being read through. He is not so fine a hand that there are puzzling subtleties of feeling anywhere in his book; in fact, the savor is somewhat rank at times, and he throws you in whole collops of sentiment whenever he likes.

In some ways he reminds you of travelers of an even remoter antiquity than 1861-62, and chiefly in the matter of being himself the hero of most of the adventures narrated, and the *deus ex machina* generally. He gets people out of terrible difficulties, unmasks hidden Mormons, protects an imprudent Frenchman from the consequences of his distrust of the Saints, cures an Englishman of a painful colic by the application of hot cloths, rescues himself from manifold embarrassments of all kinds, and comes out fresh and bold in a page of comment or description, and is ready with lance in rest for the next affair,—it matters very little to him what it is. Such wonderfully good answers and retorts, too, as Mr. Ludlow makes!—not being once obliged, as most of us are, to wait for the occurrence of the happy thought “till next morning in bed.” He understands everybody at a glance, and he such an old, shrewd traveler! But we must not praise him for these things alone, for his book has many other merits, more pertinent to the actual business of it. Whilst it is too literary at times, it is yet the most artistically written account of the heart of the continent which we have seen; and the style, where it has not been made too good, is very good indeed,—frank and facile. We always skip scientific knowledge when reading for our own entertainment, and we cannot speak with certainty of the quality of that shown by Mr. Ludlow; but we respect its appearance, and we feel sure that his sketches of the different wild characters, white and red, whose acquaintance he made in his travels, are very pleasant. That account of the frontier family, Comstock, who, with all their pioneer life and their savage surroundings, were read in Longfellow and Dickens, and who dreamed of the East and of cities as people here dream of the plains and solitude, has something very charming in it; and the enthu-

siasm of the head of the family for Henry Ward Beecher is none the less admirable because he expresses it by saying, that “he would give more to see that man than the biggest buffalo bull that ever ran.” Mr. Ludlow is apt in the preservation of the local flavors of speech, and contributes to our knowledge of the manifold Western use of the word *outfit* the phrase of a hunter: “He came back from among the Indians with the prettiest outfit of small-pox you ever see.” Of the Indians he does not tell us much that is new,—perhaps there is nothing new to tell,—and he can do little to relieve the national embarrassment concerning those unpleasant brethren, whom we all feel that it would be hard to clean and cure of their savagery, and whom we yet do not all seem to see it our duty to kill,—though this is the self-devoted creed of the Plains.

Perhaps the most interesting—certainly the solidest and most thoughtful—part of the book is the Appendix, which is devoted to the consideration of Mormonism. This Mr. Ludlow believes merely the result of the Judaizing tendency which has always existed in the body of Christianity; and while he deprecates any Congressional meddling with polygamy as unwise, he predicts that as soon as Utah becomes a State with a republican form of government, the church, being divorced from the political power, must perish. As to polygamy, he thinks most Mormons marry more than one wife to enhance their pleasures in the next world rather than in this,—that they are not sensualists, but fanatics. He believes they are sincerely religious men in their way. They look forward to Brigham Young’s death as a moment of great calamity, if not ruin, to the Church; for none among them is recognized as able to succeed him. If Young dies soon, the Mormon question, according to Mr. Ludlow, solves itself; if not, the admission of Utah as a State solves it.

Some of our author’s sketches of the leading Mormons—as Kimball, Porter Rockwell, and Young—are valuable, as being done by a better hand than most of their portraits; yet we find a disheartening sameness and ineffectualness in all accounts of Mormon life, to which Mr. Ludlow’s is no exception. We imagine that the Prophet has had revelations upon the subject of interviewing which have enabled him to cope miraculously with that subtle spirit.

*The Bazar Book of Decorum. The Care of the Person, Manners, Etiquette, and Ceremonials.* New York: Harper and Brothers.

UNDER many things that otherwise could hardly be borne, the mind is upheld by the hope that in a better state, even on earth, such troubles will be unknown; and we cling to the belief that in a happier and humaner civilization that odious device of society, the polished gentleman, and that invention of the enemy, the accomplished lady, will not exist, and that naturally there will be no books to teach the imitation of their abominable perfection. Men and women born into rich and fashionable society will always be *au fait* in its customs; and people whose wish to rise into that kind of society is cruelly granted will not be kept from betraying their unfashionable origin by all the behavior-books that ever were written. In fact, most behavior-books seem to hint at a pathetic self-consciousness in their authors; they read like the painful warnings of experience, and they are commonly of such a vulgar tone, that it seems better not to seek the difficult circles for which they fit their reader. All the wisdom needed for the career of the ordinary republican aspirant can be condensed into three rules, which he may write down on his reversible paper cuff: 1. Keep out of fine society; 2. Be cleanly, simple, and honest; 3. Never be ashamed of a blunder. Everything beyond these is vanity.

But we suppose that the ordinary republican aspirant will not put up with this succinctness yet a while; and meantime here is happily "*The Bazar Book of Decorum*," composed in the most elegant language that could be got in the dictionary, and overflowing with fashionable knowledge. The style is really a marvel of genius and learning, and places the ordinary objects in thought and nature in a light so novel and surprising that you feel the freshest interest in them. Would you ever suppose, for example, that you had such a thing as *this* on your face? "*The nose, as is well known*," — observe the kind intimacy with which this great author stoops to the common mind, — "*is the organ of smell*"; for this purpose it is endowed" — now he rises again — "with a pair of nerves, called the olfactory, whose abounding filaments pierce the many holes and cover the multiple surfaces of the light and porous structure termed the spongy bone, which lies

at the root of each nostril." We call this a fine diction, and a beautiful use of a familiar object for the illustration of literary power; but what do you say to a warning against trying to darken the eyes by dropping ink into them, when couched in terms like these? "Not only does a decorous taste emphatically condemn these practices, which give unmistakable evidences of the painted Jezebel, but prudence forbids them." Yet this is not more magnificent than our author's definition of laughter. "Laughter," he says, without looking on the book, and as it were with one hand tied behind him, — "laughter, which is the ordinary physical manifestation of the sentiment of mirth, is peculiarly favorable to health. Its action, starting with the lungs, diaphragm, and contiguous muscles, is conveyed to the whole body, 'shaking the sides,' and producing that general jelly-like vibration, of which we are so agreeably conscious when under its influence." And concerning the saddest thing in the world he is as nobly ready and voluble as concerning the gayest: "The human body even in the unconsciousness of death continues to be the object of a punctilious observance of ceremony. The mourning relatives are usually spared many of the painful details of funereal civility by the convenient officiousness of the undertaker, upon whom devolve the chief arrangements of the burial and its attendant formalities." This fitly introduces the subject of funerals, and is so pertinent and just that (if our author will allow us humbly to form ourselves upon his delightful manners) we are sensible of our inability to withhold from it the meed of a grateful encomium. We must likewise praise him when he calls the female effort to make a small waist, "reducing the centre of the body to an almost impalpable tenuity," as he does in preparing us for a fact that makes us know him at once for a person of the highest breeding: "As we stood admiring that most perfect conception of female grace, the Venus of Milo in the Louvre, we took from the fair woman hanging upon our arm her pocket-handkerchief, and made a comparative measurement of the ancient and modern beauties," — and did not get his ears boxed, the lucky dog!

Of course, a man who can write like this does not embarrass himself much with the prescription of forms and particular rules for behavior. He would guard his reader against the habit of passing his pocket-comb through his hair at table, but we believe he



nowhere especially tells him not to pick his teeth with his fork. The author is not only a very learned man, as you may judge from his language, but a person of general polite reading, and he chooses to treat mostly of the loftier aspects of his theme, as when, instead of telling us some such thing as that a gentleman always uses his handkerchief in blowing his nose, he touches upon a topic like the control of the emotions and mellifluously polysyllables forth: "A well-bred person is ordinarily disinclined to make a public demonstration of his most affectionate feelings and tenderest sentiments." He is also replete — of course he would say replete — with appropriate anecdotes of the fashionable and literary world, and he commonly ends his delicious discourses with one of these, teaching, for instance, that you must not be bashful, though Hawthorne, "with a head like that of Jove, and a natural majesty that might have become the throne of Olympus, would shrink, blush, hang his head, and hesitate in speech before a stranger like an awkward school-boy." He is familiar with Tennyson, as we know by his quoting him in this wise: —

"Gorgonizing him all over with a stony British stare."

We find our author in every way admirable in fact, lofty in thought, proper in sentiment, of a very subtle and characteristic humor, and a severe morality. He is a companion for the toilet and the centre-table, for the study and the drawing-room, in whom we think the reader will find an un-failing pleasure (and profit, of course); and we have quite made up our mind when, in sitting for our mental photograph, we come to that bewildering question, "What book, not the Bible, would you part with last?" to say, "The Bazar Book of Decorum."

*Haydn and Other Poems.* By the Author of "Life Below." New York: Hurd and Houghton.

WITH "other poems" one need hardly ever concern one's self, and we shall not particularize any of these here. But "Haydn" is a performance which we should treat respectfully, if it had no other merit than the earnest spirit in which it is written. The author has just ideas of the poet's office, and if not quite a poet yet, — he is evidently a young man, and our business is not prophecy, — he has poetry in him, and

he gets flavors and colors of it into his verse. It is poetry of a grave and thoughtful sort, and the expression is simple and dignified, with fewer lapses into dullness and flatness than we expect in a new author. We do not mean to say that, on the whole, he has made the story of Haydn's love for the young girl, who becomes a nun that her sister may marry the composer, very interesting; but he has thought it thoroughly, he has conceived several characters; he has told the tale unaffectedly, with self-control and with self-respect; and he says things which if they do not greatly startle or surprise, certainly arrest notice. For example, the sisters have been talking together of Haydn, and the one whom he loves says of the one whom he had been intended to marry: —

"It was strange

With what abhorrence shrank my soul from her  
While speaking thus: less from her selfishness  
Than her insensibility. Our tastes —  
Those dainty despots of desire, our tastes  
Are our worst tyrants; they brook no offence.  
I wellnigh hated her. Yet feeling thus  
While picturing her character as coarse —  
Have you not noticed at the arsenal,  
At times while gazing on grim helmets there,  
All suddenly upon the polished iron  
A wondrous brightness? there in its pure depth  
Your own race hideous rendered? So with me;  
Amid harsh outlines of her character  
Shone soon its brighter metal; and from thence  
Leered back upon my gaze my hideous self!  
For was not I, the mean, the selfish one?"

When she tells Haydn that the priest has urged her to conquer her love for him, Haydn answers: —

"I would not dare to mould another thus.  
Nay, though I knew that I could model thence  
The best shaped manhood of my mind's ideal.  
Who knows? — My own ideal, my wisest aim,  
May tempt astray; they may lead him astray.  
If I, made but to answer for one soul,  
Take on myself the governance of two,  
I may be doubly damned. 'T is sacrilege,  
This self-will which would manage other wills,  
As though men were the puppets of a show,  
And not souls, restless and irresolute,  
In that mysterious poise 'twixt right and wrong  
From which a sigh may launch toward heaven or  
hell."

We find in the poem such thoughtful passages as this: —

"Our characters  
Expand through lifetime as the trees expand.  
Each passing season that encircles them  
Leaves from its clasp a ring; the ring remains.  
So our past deeds remain about ourselves."

And this: —

"Do you know,  
You women, always will match thoughts to things?  
You love when comes a look that smiles on you.



We men are more creative. We love love,  
Our own ideal long before aught real."

And here is a pretty and tender fancy, in the regret of the young girl who is not helpful in her lover's illness : —

" Sometimes I leaned above his couch, and grieved  
To think that I could do no more than this ;  
Sometimes I sighed, in thankfulness that God  
Would let me do so much. Once, praying thus,  
Mayhap, He granted answer ; for I thought  
That, even though I might not have her art,  
Doretta's art, at least that I might have  
As much, perhaps, as guardian angels have :  
For without hands or voices, they keep watch  
In spirit only. Still, when sister came,  
I thought once more, that, if those souls unseen  
Can envy, sometimes they may envy men."

We have called this pretty and tender, but generally we feel concerning our author that he is wanting in fineness, or subtlety, or whatever is a better name for access to the reader's sympathy, and that what poetry he has comes from his head rather than his heart ; and it is said not to be well to begin so. With excellent theories of artistic execution, moreover, he has some faults of versification, and occasionally he sins against taste, as in this case where he mixes the familiar and the poetic-conventional in his diction : —

" Your room was dreadfully  
Disordered, dear. Our sire just came from it.  
He was so cross."

But it is right to say that this is not a characteristic sin.

*Life of John Gibson, Sculptor.* Edited by  
LADY EASTLAKE. London : Longmans,  
Green, & Co.

THE life of John Gibson furnishes a striking instance of a born artist, whose early passion for sculpture, and lifelong enthusiasm and industry in his profession, if they did not raise him to the first rank of original creators, show at least how much can be done, where an absorbing devotion to art is steadily met and encouraged by wealth and aristocracy. It is true, in his boyhood and youth he had to struggle with poverty and other thwarting circumstances ; but once fairly started on his career, all seems to have gone smoothly with him ; and from an early age to his last day, when he held in his paralyzed hand the telegram from the Queen inquiring about his health, he enjoyed the brightest sunshine of British fame and patronage.

Gibson was born in Wales in 1790, and was the son of a Welsh market-gardener.

When about seven years old he began to draw from nature and from memory on his father's casting-slate. When about nine, his father determined to emigrate to America ; but arriving in Liverpool, his mother, who was a woman of strong will, concluded, when she saw the great ships in the docks, never to set her foot upon one of them. So the family settled in Liverpool, and " Jack " was sent to school there, but continued to draw, sometimes in school-hours, once getting severely punished therefor. At the age of fourteen he was bound apprentice to the trade of cabinet-maker ; but after remaining a year became disgusted, and persuaded his master to change his indenture and bind him to wood-carving or ornamenting furniture. Here he served another year, till he fell in with a flower-carver in marble, which greatly excited him. This man introduced him to the Messrs. Francis, who had marble works on Brownlow Hill. Mr. Gibson says : —

" They employed a Prussian workman to model and execute small figures, — his name was Lüge, — afterwards he became the head workman to Sir Francis Chantrey. No words can give an idea of the impression made on me by the models and works I saw there. In my leisure hours during the second year of my apprenticeship I modelled in clay, copying what casts I could procure. I soon began to feel the greatest contempt for my line of wood-carving, and I became very melancholy. One day I ventured to ask leave of Mr. Francis to copy in clay a small head of Bacchus by Mr. Lüge, which enchanted me with its beauty. When finished I brought my copy with the original to show Mr. Francis. He confessed that the copy was so exact that he could hardly distinguish one from the other. But at the same time he gave me to understand that, having paid a large price to the Prussian for all the models in his place, he could not allow them to be copied, and that he should lend me no more. Such an unexpected reverse of fortune fell upon my ardent soul like the chill of death. I left him in unutterable depression of spirits."

The young artist tried to induce Mr. Francis to purchase his indenture from the cabinet-makers, so that he might serve the remainder of his seven years in the practice of sculpture. But they refused to part with him on any terms, saying he was the most industrious lad they ever had. Gibson, however, persevered in his determination to

emancipate himself, and after great difficulty and some rough treatment from his master, the man concluded to accept seventy pounds, and Gibson began sculpture with the Messrs. Francis. Here he worked, perfectly happy.

"After some months there came a tall magnificent-looking old gentleman to the workshop: his hair was white as snow; aquiline nose, thick brows; and his manner was most benevolent. It was William Roscoe. The object of his visit was to order a chimney-piece for his library at Allerton. My models and numerous drawings were soon placed before him, and he said many encouraging things to me. In a few days Mr. Roscoe returned, and settled with my master about the chimney-piece; then turning to me, he said he wished me to make a basso-relievo for the centre, not in marble, but in *terra cotta*, from a print which he brought with him. He added: 'This print is of great value: it is by Marc Antonio, from Raphael.' It represented Alexander ordering Homer's Iliad to be placed in the casket taken from Darius. . . . I executed the work, which gave satisfaction, and it is preserved at this time in the Liverpool Institution."

Mr. Roscoe continued to be his patron, and gave him wholesome advice about his studies. Now commences his course of patronage. He meets with Mr. and Mrs. d'Aguilar; with John Kemble, who sits to him for his bust; with Mrs. Siddons; and with Sir John Gladstone, father of the eminent statesman. He begins to have longings to go to Rome, and has a wonderful dream of flying there on the back of an eagle. In 1817 he leaves Liverpool for London, which had once been the goal of his ambition. Now, nothing but Rome will content him. He has letters to Lord Brougham and Mr. Christie, a man of classical learning and pure taste in art, who introduces him to Mr. Watson Taylor, then one of the most liberal patrons of art, who gives him commissions for busts of himself and Mrs. Taylor and Mr. Roscoe. He has also letters to Fuseli, Flaxman, Benjamin West, and others. This same year he goes to Rome, with letters to Canova, who takes him at once into his school, treats him encouragingly, and offers to help him pecuniarily. Gibson in his later days dwells with enthusiasm upon the qualities of his celebrated master:—

"I need not say that this interview delighted me, while his gentle manners, his deep

sonorous voice, and his very finely formed features made an impression on me which time has never lessened. Dear, generous master! I see you before me now, I hear your soft Venetian dialect, and your kindly words inspiring my efforts and gently correcting my defects. Yes, my heart still swells with grateful recollection of you."

Thorwaldsen he also knew, and he gives some interesting reminiscences of this celebrated man.

In Canova's studio he studies the pure Greek style, encouraged in it by his master, and entirely bent that way by taste and principle. Here he models a sleeping shepherd, and a Mars and Cupid, for which latter group he receives a commission from the Duke of Devonshire, — his first commission in Rome. In 1822 Canova dies, beloved and regretted by his pupils and friends. In 1821 Gibson models a group of "Psyche and the Zephyrs." Sir George Beaumont (reputed to be one of the best judges of art in England) comes to Rome and is sent by Canova to Gibson's studio, and gives the young sculptor a commission for it. In 1819 he has a commission from Watson Taylor for a statue of Paris; and in 1824, from Sir George Cavendish, for the "Sleeping Shepherd Boy"; and in 1826 he has the patronage of Mr. Vernon and Sir Watkins Williams Wynn; and he is elected honorary member of the Pontifical Academy at Bologna, and subsequently member of the Academy of St. Luke, and of the Royal Academy in London; and in 1827 his "Psyche and the Zephyrs" is exhibited at the Royal Academy.

But it is needless to trace step by step Gibson's prosperous career. It seems to have been uninterrupted. In art he believed in the Greeks and no others. He was enthusiastic, industrious, and happy. And he acquired fame and competence, without swerving at all from his principles in art.

Perhaps his most striking and original work was his "Hunter and Dog." This was executed in 1838. We have an impression that when in Rome, many years ago, we saw the cast in Gibson's studio, where we went to see his famous tinted Venus. And perhaps we may be pardoned for here recording a characteristic sentence we heard from the sculptor's lips on that occasion. Something led to conversation on modern and ancient costume, when Gibson said: "If I had a wife, I would n't allow her to dress in crinoline; no, I should arrange her

dresses myself. The Greeks understood that thing." He loved the graceful contours and undulating lines of the antique. Michael Angelo never met his full sympathy: "He was a wonderful mortal; but celestial beauty and grace he never arrived at." Nor could he endure the realistic school of sculpture: "The human figure concealed under a frock-coat and trousers is not a fit subject for sculpture." And he persisted in representing Mr. Huskisson with a bare arm and shoulder. Determining to be as Greek as he could (for he used to say, "Whatever the Greeks did was right"), he ventured on giving a slight color to some of his statues. The first instance in which he tried it (and it seems rather bold, considering the subject) was in his statue of Queen Victoria. His tinted Venus we remember seeing and being very agreeably impressed with it. If any subject can bear color, we said, it is pre-eminently this. It is needless to say that the tinting was so faint, and the gold ornaments so tastefully touched, and so unobtrusive, that there was a harmony about the whole work which we were surprised at our enjoying so fully.

In character, Gibson was simple, guileless, warm in his friendships, upright and high-minded. Money was a secondary consideration with him. He lived a life of absorption in his art. The Roman revolution thunders past him. He sees a little of it, and gives us some pleasant pages thereupon; but he reverts to his dear studio and his friends. In his journeys, even in England, he makes odd mistakes in taking the wrong railway, and when he supposes he has arrived at Chichester and asks for the Cathedral, he finds he is in Portsmouth, "where there is no cathedral, no, none at all." On another occasion he says:—

"The train stopped at a small station, and seeing some people get out, I also descended, when in a moment the train moved on, faster and faster, and left me standing on the platform. . . . 'I wish to heaven,' thought I to myself, 'that I was on my way back to Rome, with a *vetturino*!' Then I observed a policeman darting his eyes upon me, as if he would look me through. Said I to the fellow, 'Where is that cursed train gone to? It's off with my luggage, and here am I!' The man asked me the name of the place where I took my ticket. 'I don't remember,' said I; 'how should I know the name of any these places,—it is as long as my arm? I have written it down

somewhere.'" The man asks if he is a foreigner. Gibson tells him no, he is a sculptor; had been living at Rome all his life, and was only here on a visit. The man seemed struck, and said that his father had been a sculptor too, and had worked for Flaxman. "So then I found him changed in manner, no longer so sharp and laconic."

Miss Harriet Hosmer, his pupil, says: "Gibson is a god in his studio, but God help him out of it. . . . On a tour in Switzerland, where Miss Hosmer formed one of the party, she extended her usual care of the master to his luggage as well. That consisted of three pieces, one of which was a hat-box. But Miss Hosmer soon observed that this box was never opened. . . . Returned to Rome, she ventured to ask what object had been served by giving the hat-box the tour, and herself the trouble of looking after it. Gibson calmly replied: 'The Greeks had a great respect for the number three,—yes, the Greeks, for the number three,'—and that was all the explanation she ever obtained."

Mr. Gibson died in Rome at the age of seventy-six. "On the 9th of January, 1866, when apparently in perfect health, he was seized with paralysis. He had shortly before received the tidings of the death of Sir Charles Eastlake, which, it is believed, expedited the fatal blow."

On the 27th of January he died, and was buried in the English cemetery at Rome.

In her life of this eminent sculptor, Lady Eastlake has given a valuable contribution to the biography of artists. She has allowed Mr. Gibson to tell his own story, wherever she could do so. Her own part is done with great ability, and with a modesty in which her ladyship leaves her personality entirely out,—her only appearance being the allusion to the death of her husband, and Mr. Gibson's letter to her on the occasion, January, 1866. These were the last words he ever penned.

We cannot pretend here to pass judgment on Mr. Gibson's works; but they may serve to suggest a few thoughts on sculpture in general. There is no doubt a truth in Gibson's saying, that whatever the Greeks did (in sculpture) was right. That is, there is a certain form or style of sculptural art, embodying the ideal as well as the realistic, which the Greeks carried to perfection. We have never got beyond Phidias and the Elgin marbles. And those wonderful sculptors of the olden times must be

always our teachers. But let us not therefore make them our absolute masters. Sculptors have filled the galleries of art with more tame imitations of the Greek than nature and art can tolerate. They have made Sculpture a mere handmaiden to the Antique. But we do not believe that the Greeks absorbed all the beauty there is in form. Still less can we believe that the ideas and aspirations of the nineteenth century must necessarily be expressed in the forms of two or three thousand years ago. Whatever of grace and beauty and poetry the Greeks teach us let us joyfully accept. But if we stand upon a loftier eminence of ideas, and a large religion of humanity, let our artists endeavor to better their instruction.

The forms of art must be adapted to the time, the race, the climate, the customs, the religion of a people. The pure nude, or the slightly nude, our fashions and climate debar the sculptor from, — unless it be in making studies of the Indian and negro. And here our admirable sculptor Mr. Ward has done nobly. But what can be said of Horatio Greenough's Washington? It is a fine piece of classicism merely, — suggesting one of the gods of Olympus, — and not by any means the well-clad and respectable father of his country.

But because the nude is out of place here, must our sculptors rush into the opposite extreme of representing man or woman in the strict fashion of the day, be that fashion what it may? This extreme would be just as contrary to the requirements of art as the other. There must be a middle ground, though sometimes difficult to attain, between excessive classicism and excessive realism. In portrait-statues the sculptor, to be sure, has little choice. He is at the mercy of the fashion of the day; and a cloak or a silk gown is often a godsend to him. Mr. Launt Thompson has made statues of Napoleon I. and of General Sedgwick. Both are in military costumes. Bonaparte is so familiar to the mind's eye, in the ungraceful coat and breeches of seventy years ago, that we almost forget the ugliness of the fashion. In the statue of Sedgwick (at West Point) the hero stands in his plain military frock-coat, which is at least infinitely better than many military costumes we have seen. Both statues are full of character and strength; but our time is fortunate in having a more natural fashion than that of the eighteenth century, and we have no doubt the sculptor fully appreciates the fact.

We have one very popular sculptor, Mr. John Rogers, who works at a class of subjects in the treatment of which he stands unrivalled, at least in this country. Mr. Rogers not merely gives us the extreme realistic treatment, in his little groups, as to costume, but ventures almost beyond the legitimate sculpturesque grouping; verging on the domain of *picture*. His object is to tell a story, and, so far as truth and expression and character go, he does it admirably. The only question is, Does he not sometimes pass beyond the bounds required in a sculptor? He has exhibited a bust in the New York Academy Exhibition, for this year, of a gentleman, with cravat and high standing collar, and he has aimed to express the iris of the eye. Nothing can be more literal and prosaic. Surely there is a medium between this and the bust with bare throat, breast, and shoulders, — between Greenough's Washington and Powers's Webster or Story's Everett."

On the whole, we conclude that though the sculptor of the nineteenth century has but little to do with the nude, and should avoid all hard literalism of costume and grouping, there is enough to occupy him in the great variety of beautiful forms that exist in nature. Let him cease to *imitate* the antique, only filling his soul with an idea for which he seeks a corresponding embodiment in nature, and the *spirit* of the antique will come to him, as it came to William Story when he made his Cleopatra and his Libyan Sybil.

*The Andes and the Amazon; or Across the Continent of South America.* By JAMES ORTON, M. A., Professor of Natural History in Vassar College, etc. *With a Map of Equatorial America and numerous Illustrations.* New York: Harper and Brothers.

PROFESSOR ORTON'S route across the South American Continent was from Guayaquil to Quito, thence across the Cordillera to the Napo River, down that river to the Amazon, down the Amazon to the Pará, and from the Pará to the sea. This vast journey has resulted in a book, which is finely emblematic of the fatigues of the expedition, and which we suspect is no bad representative of the natural superfluity and redundancy of that tropical region. The equator seems to affect travellers very oddly: they are never able to leave any-

thing out of their books, and present their readers with masses of detail which one ought to find very satisfying, but which nevertheless have little nourishment in them, and which leave one both oppressed and empty. One longs for something less of this intolerable abundance; for a little clearness of arrangement; for some preparation of the material for the ordinary digestion, which refuses those heaps of raw geographical and ethnographical facts. With half the information that Professor Orton gives, — and he is but one of many victims of equatorial prodigality, — presented in a more ordered and tangible shape, we feel that we should be much richer than with the elemental whole, for we have not looked through his book without being arrested by many curious things. One gets from it (without much direct help from the author, to be sure) an idea of the character of the people and the country, which, if not quite novel, is founded upon fresh observation and is interesting, and there are some pictures of humanity, mainly developed by the verbal magnificence and actual squalor of life in Latin-American countries which are amusing and also humorously meant. Such, for example, is this sketch of the domestic affairs of the honored chief magistrate of Papalacta, in Ecuador:

"We put up at the governor's. This edifice, the best in town, had sides of upright poles stuccoed with mud, a thatched roof, and ground floor, on which, between three stones, a fire was built for cookery and comfort. Three or four earthen kettles, and as many calabashes and wooden spoons, were the sum total of kitchen utensils. A large flat stone, with another smaller one to rub over it, was the mill for grinding corn; and we were astonished to see how quickly our hostess reduced the grains to an impalpable meal. The only thing that looked like a bed was a stiff rawhide thrown over a series of round poles running lengthwise. This primitive couch, and likewise the whole house, the obsequious governor gave up to us, insisting upon sleeping with his wife and little ones outside, though the nights were cold and uncomfortable. Parents and children were of the earth earthy, — unwashed, uncombed, and disgustingly filthy."

Generally about Ecuador Professor Orton does not tell much that is new, and he is content to quote from Mr. Hassaurek and other recent authors. He did not find the

Quitonians a neat people; the only broom which they enjoy being a besom of split stick. Since his return, he has sent a Quitonian friend a package of broom-corn seed, and he hopes clean things from this; but we fear he is too sanguine.

When he gets into the Amazon country he is more instructive in his studies, and of course the chief value of his book throughout is in the scientific observations, to which a general and literary criticism of this sort ought not to apply. He has several chapters on the animal and vegetable life of the great river and its borders, and one of these, concerning the different populations of Brazil, is interesting even to the unscientific reader. Professor Orton believes that the Indian is destined to extinction in that region as in our own, for there Nature anticipates our Piegan massacres, or rather obviates their sad necessity, and the consequent letter of any Brazilian General Sherman, by making the race very unfruitful. He advances the opinion that the tropics are not the original habitat of the race; that the Indian lives there "as a stranger, far less fitted for its climate than the negro or Caucasian." He notices all the different aboriginal breeds, and generally the chapter is one of the best in the book. The information is thrown down here, as elsewhere, haphazard, and is often surprisingly abrupt and disjointed. It is not quite fair to give the passage as an example of Professor Orton's method, but it is not unfair either to let him say here as he does in his book: "The Purí-purís bury in the sandy beaches, go naked, and have one wife."

*So Runs the World Away.* By MRS. C. A. STEELE. New York: Harper and Brothers.

A NOVEL of the "Red as a Rose is She" sort; but entirely stupid, and without any of the redeeming originality of that book, — if original sin may be considered a redeeming quality. The destroying military man rides his usual course through these pages, and breaks the heroine's heart; the baddish, beautiful woman flirts up to the brink of ruin, and tearfully retires upon the desolation of her husband. Of course there is the wonted allowance of hunting, dining and smoking, duelling and dying; and a more thoroughly disagreeable lot of people we never saw got together, — no, not in a modern English novel by a female hand.

